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ESSAYS,
SKETCHES, AND STORIES,

SELECTED FROM THE WRITINGS

OF

GEORGE BRYANT WOODS.

With a Biographical Memoir.



BOSTON:
JAMES R. OSGOOD AND COMPANY,
LATE TICKNOR & FIELDS, AND FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co.
1873.

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NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

IT is believed that the selections of which this volume is composed will be interesting to Mr. Woods's friends and acceptable to the general public; but it is felt to be doubtful whether this book or any which might be similarly made up could convey a just idea of the peculiar penetration and discrimination which characterized Mr. Woods's editorial work, and which gained for him his high position as a journalist. Much of the best writing which is done upon newspapers is ephemeral, both by reason of its subjects and of the methods of treatment employed, but none the less is its merit unquestionable and its value substantial. The very fact that many of Mr. Woods's leaders did their work, and did it well, makes their insertion in these pages impossible; for the emergency which created them has happened, has been met, and is now completely forgotten. Newspaper criticisms, also, of plays as they are performed in a great city, and of the lighter novels and

poems of the day,—no matter how excellent intrinsically, or how valuable in their time to the community,—can seldom find a proper place in a printed book. Under the pressure of this necessity, much of the best of Mr. Woods's work has been omitted from this volume; but care has been taken that specimens of all the different forms of his literary labor should be presented, in order that the reader might see the versatile vigor of a man who was an original and effective essayist, a sound and brilliant critic, a clever and graceful story-teller, and a master correspondent.

The set of sketches contributed to "Every Saturday" under the heading of "Town Talk"—of which both the idea and the title were originally suggested by Mr. Woods—has been deemed sufficiently characteristic to be reprinted entire.

The editor of this volume ventures from the routine of his duty to ask the special attention of readers to the essays entitled "How Old was Hamlet?" and "The Time of Hamlet." He believes that the clearness of vision and closeness of observation exhibited in these articles are remarkable; and he thinks it an extraordinary circumstance that it was reserved for so young a critic as Mr. Woods to discover from Shakespeare's own text a plain answer to

certain vexed questions, which does not seem to have occurred to the most eminent commentators.

A complete list of the newspapers and periodicals to which Mr. Woods at any time contributed is as follows:—The “Barre Gazette,” the “Household Monthly,” the “Worcester Evening Transcript,” the “Wide World,” the “Boston Evening Traveller,” the “Saturday Evening Gazette,” the “Worcester Evening Gazette,” the “Cincinnati Commercial,” the “Chicago Illustrated Times,” the “Chicago Times,” the “Chicago Tribune,” “Northern Lights,” the “Thursday Spectator,” the “Boston Daily Advertiser,” the “New York Tribune,” “Old and New,” “Every Saturday,” the “Atlantic Monthly,” “Temple Bar,” and the “North American Review.” Obituary and biographical articles, of which he was the subject, were printed in “Every Saturday” of May 20, 1871, in the “Boston Daily Advertiser” of May 1, in the “New York Tribune” of May 1, in the “Sunday Chronicle” of Charlestown of May 7, in the “Worcester Evening Gazette” of April 29, in the “Barre Gazette” of May 5, in the “Boston Transcript” of April 29, in the “Boston Traveller” of April 29, in the “Boston Journal” of April 29, in the “Boston Post” of May 1, in the “Springfield Republican” of May 1, in the “Worcester Spy” of

May 1, in the "Saturday Evening Gazette" of April 30, in the "Lowell Courier" of May 2, in the "Commonwealth" of May 6, in the "Boston Times" of April 30, and in the "Hartford Courant" of May 4, 1871.

IN MEMORIAM.

GEORGE BRYANT WOODS, the eldest child of Edwin Woods and Martha Angelia (Bryant) Woods, was born in Barre, Massachusetts; on the twenty-fourth day of October, 1844. As a child he was delicate in body and precocious in mind;— so delicate in body that his attendance at school was deferred till long after he had reached the age at which little country boys are usually launched into their lessons, and so precocious in mind that the assiduous efforts of parents and friends could not restrain him from the too rapid acquisition of knowledge. When seven years old, he first began regular study; but the school-house was a rustic building nestled among trees and flowering shrubs, in the garden of his father's family physician, where, as was the intention, more was done for the hearts and eyes and muscles of the pupils than for their brains. Nevertheless, we find him attending the intermediate school of his district within a year, advancing with easy swiftness through all the grades of the grammar school, and entering the high school of the town at the almost unprecedented

age of nine. The more advanced studies, in which he at once began to make extraordinary progress, fired his ambition and elicited his hearty enthusiasm ; his zeal and facility in learning had the effect, as was natural, of obscuring the fact of his excessive application, and when he was twelve years old he was suddenly stricken down with brain fever in its severest form. After his recovery, — in accordance with the advice of the late eminent Dr. Perry, of Boston, — he was never allowed to enter a school-house again, and every effort was made, both by those who cherished him and by the boy himself, to bring his body back to its true and wholesome relation with his intellect. The success of this attempt was only partial, however, in spite of the employment of every aid which athletic exercise, travel, and careful regimen could afford ; and he was never really robust or hardy as a youth or a man. This result, it may be reverently said, seemed inevitable, for even as a boy he knew the value of exercise, and practised in accordance with his knowledge ; and in after years his life, short as it was, was greatly prolonged by his conscientious and painstaking observance of the laws of health.

At a very early age George Woods showed a decided turn for literary work, composing with great freedom, and exhibiting uncommon originality both of style and thought. Fond as he was of reading, he was, even when a little fellow, studious to avoid imitating the authors whom he loved, and to culti-

vate the habit of independent thinking; and it is worthy of note, that once, when the duty of giving a "declamation" at the close of the school term had been assigned to him, he recited a poem which could not be found in the books, and the authorship of which was attributed to him from its unfamiliarity, and not from its want of merit. He was fond, too, as a boy, of writing dialogues and little plays, and entered with equal zest into the laborious pleasure of adapting them to a home-made stage, and then of acting in them. The guide of his education, the companion of his boyhood and of his youth, the moulder of his mind and habits, and his constant adviser and friend was his mother; and to her wise and tender counsels he owed no small part of his attainments, and of his characteristic gifts of justness and discrimination of mind. Early in life he had marked out the path which he intended to pursue: he meant to be an author, and to compose books that should live; and it was with this goal ever before his eyes that he strove — with real success, as his friends believe — to make for himself a style of writing which should be transparently clear but yet not inelegant, brilliant but not sensational, cultivated but not pedantic.

His first opportunity for really entering upon his chosen pursuit was afforded by an uncle, who invited him to share in the office work connected with "Bryant's Household Monthly," a magazine which reached and kept a considerable circulation during

the whole of its brief existence. The offer was eagerly accepted, of course ; and, as a matter of fact, the duties of principal and not of assistant devolved upon him within a very short time. And in June, 1859, at the age of fourteen, when his school companions were striving for small clerkships, or perhaps thinking of entering college, we find him absorbed in the hard editorial work of reading, accepting, and rejecting manuscripts offered for publication, and of writing sketches and stories of real merit and more than ordinary attractiveness. Some ten months later, when the ill health of the publisher, Mr. Bryant, compelled him to abandon his enterprise in periodical literature, George returned to his home in Barre, and remained there to be the comfort and stay of his mother's last days. For a short time within this period, namely, for the first four months of the year 1862, during the attendance of the regular official in the State Legislature, he assumed the functions of editor of the "Barre Gazette," performing the work with a spirit, skill, and sound judgment which bespoke the maturity and experience of a man rather than the undirected and effusive zeal of a boy.

The Great War meanwhile had begun ; and on the 27th of May, 1862, in answer to the urgent appeal which came from Washington after General Banks had been defeated in the Valley of the Shenandoah, Woods enlisted as a private in the Eighth Massachusetts Battery, Captain A. M. Cook,

to serve for six months. It had been found practically impossible to restrain him from entering the army, although, as was natural, friends and relatives had been united in their anxiety to turn him from his purpose, and although many of his acquaintances went so far as to predict that the fatigues and exposures of camp life would be certain death to one so delicate. His age at the date of his "mustering in" was less than the minimum permitted by the government, and the friendly eagerness of his commanding officer alone made possible his acceptance as a recruit. Like most of his companions, he was raw to military service; but he learned what was necessary with his usual rapidity; and his skill with the pen resulted in his being made the clerk of the battery, a position full of labor, and not without responsibility, and the duties of which he performed with the most thorough-going devotion and skill. The Eighth Battery, in its short time of service, had a very severe experience of bivouac, march, and battle, being concerned in the great chase after Stonewall Jackson, and then in the grand retreat with General Pope, and taking an active part in the disastrous battles of the Second Bull Run, of Chantilly and South Mountain, and of Antietam. It can be readily surmised that George Woods never made his clerical duties an excuse for shirking the sterner work of the campaign. It is recorded by his companions, that the moment the battery was summoned into action he would drop the books and accounts,

with which he was often busied on the limber of the battery wagon, run forward to the gun to which he had been assigned, and never flinch from his task so long as anything remained to be done. His cool courage in the terrible fights in which the battery was hotly engaged was really extraordinary, and excited the surprise and admiration of the men by the side of whom he was but a stripling, and who had previously looked upon him as a penman rather than a soldier. With the officers he was equally a favorite, as appeared from the fact that the offer of a lieutenancy in a new battery was made to him by Lieutenant Kirk at the end of his six months' service, and just after he had reached his eighteenth year. An incident which occurred soon after his reaching his first camp in Virginia deserves mentioning, partly because it can be given in his own language, and partly because it perfectly illustrates one of his most marked characteristics:—

“I fell very sick. With the best will in the world to enjoy military life, the exposure, the unaccustomed food, the hot climate, brought on such a sickness as most soldiers have to go through before they can call themselves seasoned, but in my case unusually severe and even dangerous. We were sending men off to the hospital every day, and there was little sympathy to spare. Major Church had double duty to do now that my help was withdrawn, and had no time for nursing. I seemed in very forlorn condition indeed. Home thoughts and memories crowded about me as

I dozed on the straw; hosts of predictions as to my inability to sustain the hardships of the camp insisted upon being remembered. I began to get blue; and I knew that in low spirits was my worst peril. Half wandering in my mind as I grew weaker, I thought of an old superstitious practice I had read of and often tried when at home, — that of opening the Bible at random and putting the finger upon some passage, as a sort of fortune-telling. The book lay in reach of my hand, and tempted me. ‘At least,’ I thought, as I tossed painfully on my straw bunk, — ‘at least it may give me some encouraging word.’ I closed my eyes, unclasped the volume, and pointed to a verse. What a shudder ran through me as I read it: ‘And the young men arose, wound him up, and carried him out and buried him.’ I doubt if there is another text anywhere which describes more accurately the fate which seemed likely to befall me in a day or two. Some sensitive natures would have received a shock from such an incident which would have made the prophecy come true. But it shocked me in another way. It aroused my combative instincts. ‘Not this time!’ I shouted. And just then Bartholomew came in with some blackberries he had walked miles to pick for me; they checked my disease, and I recovered to laugh at superstitious notions.”

This quotation is from a little manuscript volume, entitled “A Boy’s Campaign,” in which Mr. Woods not many months before his death chronicled

his military experience, with a view, not to publication, but simply to pleasing and instructing his own children. The work, however, is of exceptional merit, being characterized by remarkable freedom, vigor, and vividness of style; and American boys and girls will lose a substantial and wholesome delight if it is never printed in book form.

In spite, however, of the sickness just described, of a somewhat severe accident occasioned by a fall, and of other sufferings which he encountered in the "seasoning" process of his early campaigning, the result of his service in the army was favorable to his general health, and he returned home at the end of his term of enlistment stouter and stronger in body than he had been for several years. On the 2d of December, 1862, he was "mustered out." On the 1st of January, 1863, Mr. Woods returned to his chosen calling, accepting the position of assistant editor of the "Worcester Evening Transcript," a small daily printed in the "heart of the Commonwealth"; and this post he occupied — except during the interval between August and December, 1863 — until January, 1864. In this instance, again, as in the case of his apprenticeship with the "Household Monthly," the name of his office was a misnomer. During the greater portion of the time of his connection with the "Transcript," the editor-in-chief was absent, and Mr. Woods, as the writer has heard from his own lips, did the entire editorial and office work of the paper unassisted, — writing the

leaders, reading and cutting from the exchanges, "doing" all the locals, "making up" the sheet, and, after the paper had come from the press, folding and mailing some of the copies, and selling the rest to the newsboys; and, besides all this, keeping the books and paying the *employés*. His faculty as a journalist developed rapidly in this severe training-school, and many of his editorial articles attracted attention in Boston by their vigor and soundness. Here, as throughout his entire career, Mr. Woods's course was marked by a stout-hearted and conscientious independence, which was not truculent or quarrelsome, but which could neither be wheedled nor bullied. The quality of this independence was tested with peculiar severity at one time, when the anger of some of his fellow-townsmen reached such a point that he was threatened with a mob if he did not discontinue his sharp, outspoken criticisms upon the famous Congressional "committee on the conduct of the war,"—a body in whom Mr. Woods, though zealous both as a patriot and a partisan, had no confidence; but the menace did not make him retreat an inch from his position.

In January, 1864, Mr. Woods answered an advertisement of Mr. Charles Hale, who was then one of the principal proprietors of the "Boston Daily Advertiser," and was by him engaged to take the position of "night editor" of that journal. Mr. Woods came to Boston an entire stranger to his superiors upon the paper; but within a very few weeks

their attention was attracted by the great accuracy, intelligence, and rapidity with which he performed the tedious and exacting duties of his place. Special service in the preparation of "war extras," where he cheerfully undertook excessive and fatiguing labor, and exhibited unusual literary skill and judgment, made a great impression upon Mr. Dunbar, the editor-in-chief, and shortly after he was deputed as the special correspondent of the "Advertiser" to the Chicago Convention of 1864, which nominated Abraham Lincoln for re-election. The difficult task thus assigned to him, and to which he came without the slightest previous experience, was admirably well performed, and the letters and despatches then published over the signature "Wachusett" were the first of a long and varied series, of the value and interest of which his authorship was soon recognized by the public as a sufficient guaranty. He was regularly installed as first assistant editor of the "Daily Advertiser" in December, 1864, and from that time until a few days before his death — with an interval only of six months — he performed the manifold labors of the position, writing leaders, minor "editorials," letters, dramatic criticisms, book notices, and, on rare occasions, local articles. Several times during this period he was sent away as special correspondent, and the fruit of these missions, as well as of excursions in which he united business and pleasure, appeared in capital letters from the seat of war at Petersburg, from Richmond at the time of

the triumphal entry of our army, from Washington directly after the assassination of President Lincoln, from Northern Vermont during the Fenian invasion, and from scores of watering-places and inland and seaside resorts. From March, 1865, to June, 1865, and during the impeachment of President Johnson, he also acted as the regular Washington correspondent of the "Advertiser," and sent letters and telegraphic despatches which were models of their kind. The interval of six months, alluded to above, occurred between the January and July of 1867, for which period he was editor-in-chief of the "Saturday Evening Gazette," of Boston. Mr. Woods and the gentleman who was at that time the sole owner of the "Gazette" did not at all agree in their theories of newspaper management. The fearless and outspoken language of some of Mr. Woods's leaders proved to be very distasteful to the proprietor of the "Gazette," and on the 14th of July, 1867, the connection was terminated, to the great satisfaction of both. The article entitled "Criticism," which will be found on the third page of this volume, may perhaps derive additional interest from the fact that it especially wounded the feelings of Mr. Woods's sensitive employer.

At the same time that Mr. Woods was fulfilling the duties of his editorial chair in the "Advertiser" office, he contrived to do a great amount of outside work. He was for a long time the regular Boston correspondent of the "New York Tribune" and of

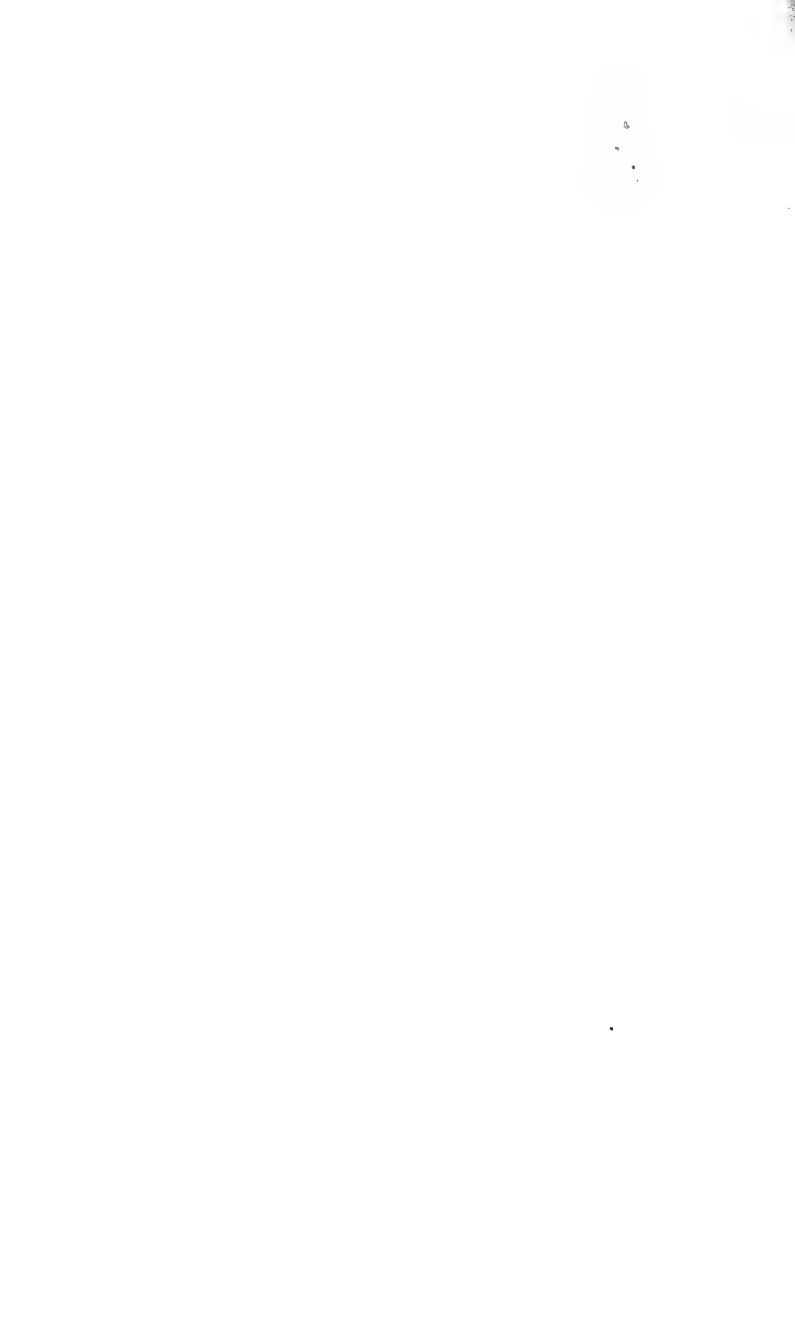
the "Chicago Tribune"; and he contributed frequently to the "Atlantic Monthly" and "Every Saturday" during the latter part of his life, and was known as an occasional writer for the "North American Review," and for the "Temple Bar" of London. With all this he kept up his reading in every important branch of politics, literature, and art, and found time in which to enjoy his home and family, and to receive and visit his friends, — pleasures in which he took special comfort and satisfaction. The secret of his immense capacity for labor was doubtless in his skill in economizing time, — a skill which was both a gift and a habit with him. His hard thinking he seemed to do at odd moments, — in wakeful hours at night, in the horse-cars, in his long walks between his office and his home; and when he sat down to write, his work appeared generally to be little more than that of transcribing what was plainly inscribed on his mind.

As early as 1866 the serious anxiety of Mr. Woods's friends was excited on the subject of his health, and in the spring of 1867 it seemed to many that he was in the last stages of pulmonary consumption. A vacation and visit to Washington in March of the latter year, however, had the effect of restoring his strength, — temporarily, as it proved, but so completely, as it then seemed, that every hope was entertained of his permanent recovery. Gradually, however, the insidious disease again advanced upon his life, and at length prevailed, though it was

resisted with a quiet persistency and courage which were nothing short of wonderful. On the 17th of March, 1871, he once more sought restoration in travel, and for the last time made a visit to Washington. But it was too late for any regimen or rest to avail; and in a few weeks he returned to his home in Boston, and there passed away peacefully on the 29th of April, 1871.

It is foreign to the purpose of this memoir to pronounce any eulogy upon the private life and personal character of George Woods. That work has already been done in the spirit both of tender affection and of careful judgment by many skilful writers connected with the press; and from them it was welcome, if not necessary. By the world at large it is inevitable that, as a man, he should be soon forgotten; while the remembrance of his spotless life and his sweet, strong, unselfish nature will be enshrined forever in the hearts of those who knew and loved him best.

H. A. C.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTE BY THE EDITOR	iii
IN MEMORIAM	vii
SOCIAL AND LITERARY TOPICS.	
Criticism	3
Our Manners	6
Co-operative Housekeeping	12
Domestic Service	14
Carriage Journeys in New England	16
A Magical Transformation	20
Cattle-Shows	23
Christmas Morning	26
Summer at the Seaside	27
Compounding Felonies	30
The Sleighing Season	33
Women in Medical Schools	38
"Our Society"	41
The Lecturers	47
The Dickens Dinner of 1842	52
Charles Dickens	62
Our Portrait Statues	67
Robert Collyer	74
Alexandre Dumas	79
Mr. Tenniel's Cartoons	84
Wendell Phillips as an Orator	90
DRAMATIC TOPICS.	
How old was Hamlet?	99
The Time of "Hamlet"	102
Hissing in the Theatre	106

"The Nightingale" at Selwyn's	109
Nilsson in the Concert-Room	111
Two Comedies	116
Dramatizations	120
Two English Artists	125
Edwin Booth's "Richelieu"	130
Opera Bouffe and its Manager	134
Charles Fechter	139
Joseph Jefferson	144
Thomas W. Robertson	149
An American Play, — "Saratoga"	154
The Lovers of the Stage	160
William Warren	165
The Menagerie	170

POLITICAL TOPICS.

Primary Meetings	177
The Punishment of Jefferson Davis	180
Mr. Sprague and his Oratory	182
Mr. Adams's Letter	186

LETTERS FROM A WANDERING CORRESPONDENT.

Inland Journeyings	191
First Day of the Journey	197
Second Day of the Journey	202
Third Day of the Journey	206
Fourth Day of the Journey	212
A Ramble through Petersburg	217
Richmond	225
Assassination of President Lincoln	246
A Week with the Fenians	250

STORIES.

A Freshman's Romance	285
The Blue River Bank Robbery	316
Our Breakfast at the Astor	340
Our Maid: How we lost and how we found her	353
Marrying a Pickpocket	377

I.

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES

ON SOCIAL AND LITERARY TOPICS.

1

A

SOCIAL AND LITERARY TOPICS.



CRITICISM.

ONE of the most peculiar traits of the American character is its combination of extreme insensibility to criticism in political matters with the most morbid sensitiveness to criticism on all other subjects. Our public men denounce each other as imbeciles, as corruptionists, as apostates, even as traitors, and nobody is offended. One distinguished man makes it his business to go about the country calling this statesman an ass, that one a mass of jelly, and another a trimmer, and at the next meeting of the friends of the prohibitory law he will be seen cordially greeting on their common platform the very men whom he has so bitterly abused. The newspapers carry their attacks upon men high in the public estimation into the realm of private life, and the enormity is accepted as a matter of course; and journalists, the most exalted in influence and reputation, in their controversies with each other exchange the lie and the foul insinuation as freely as the fishwomen of Billingsgate. The national hide seems calloused in regard to matters of this kind; and the politician or the editor who should complain of any special piece of severity as unfair or unjustifiable would only injure himself by his querulousness, and be scornfully advised to harden

his nerves. But when we leave the sphere of politics for that of literature or of the arts, all is changed, and we find a general tenderness quite as remarkable as the roughness observed before. In other countries it is not decent and perhaps not safe to call a man a drunkard or a knave simply because he has been honored with high office, or to hurl the lie in a gentleman's teeth because he conducts a political paper; but a book, a picture, a play, or a piece of acting, claims no shelter behind the personality of author or artist, but expects, even challenges, and at any rate receives, criticism upon its merits only, — and criticism becomes an art second to none other, and an important element in the structure of society.

That this is precisely reversed in America, no one needs to be told. The *prima donna* who reads of a false note in her aria or a failure in her acting seeks not to correct the faults so much as to suggest some cause for the malevolence of the critic, and perhaps to find a way to retaliate for the injury done. The picture-dealer who finds that of a certain collection the merits of some paintings are pointed out and the faults of others are indicated, does not rejoice that the public taste is educated, and his business thereby benefited if he chooses to move upward with the tide, but flies into a passion because bidders are more apt to discriminate, and less likely to buy canvas by the foot with their eyes shut. If a new book is praised, the publisher considers that the newspaper has done its duty, and rewards it with sugar-plums in the shape of advertisements; if the work is condemned, he cuts off the supplies in the same kind, and insinuates that the criticism appears because he has not been sufficiently liberal in the past. If a play is received with anything short of unqualified praise, the man-

ager vents his wrath upon the collector of the offending journal, makes the meagreness of his advertisement in its columns in striking contrast with the display of large type in its more complaisant neighbors, and perhaps descends a step lower to refuse the too frank critic a seat in his house or an admission at his door. Of course, all this is the most short-sighted folly. Honest criticism not only benefits the interests of literature and art in general, but it benefits in the most direct manner the publisher, artist, or manager, whose ventures are the subject of remark in particular. The journal which tolerates only a dead level of fulsome praise soon ceases to have its criticisms read, and the space which they occupy might just as well be left blank, so far as either critic or criticised is concerned; while the paper which gained a reputation for fair, careful, and, if need be, sharp criticism is eagerly looked to, its praise when it comes is worth having, and its comment of any kind attracts more attention to the thing discussed than a dozen advertisements. This is patent to all who intelligently observe; yet while our literature and our arts advance, at this day one may count upon his fingers the journals, from daily to quarterly, which may be constantly relied upon for independent criticism; and the digits of one hand will suffice for those producers in any class who receive such criticism in a kindly spirit, and do not treat all public mention of faults as a possible evil to be bought off by extra favors, or an accomplished injury to be avenged by direct retaliation. This is a humiliating confession; and the results of this unfortunate tendency are manifest enough; for if any one attempts to explain the lack in our civilization in any department, — as, for instance, the unsatisfactory condition of the stage, and the entire absence of any original

drama,— the demoralized condition of our criticism is first put forward, and with justice. We can only hope that each day's advance brings progress towards reform in this all-important matter. Encourage, as a public, those journals which hold the truth dearer than bread and butter, and so make truthfulness and profitableness go always hand in hand, as they are sure to do in the end; and generally cultivate that correct appreciation of the uses and value of criticism in which many large classes of the community seem, when its lash touches themselves, to be so sadly deficient.

OUR MANNERS.

THE observer of society who shuts himself up in his lodgings, and gets his notions of life from day to day and month to month by taking in the Daily Advertiser and the Atlantic, may fondly cherish the belief that we are a well-bred people, and feel a wholesome indignation at the caricatures of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Trollope, or a sincere rejoicing that the times when we were open to their criticisms have gone by forever. Our literature has grown, our artistic tastes have developed, our politics have become purified, many of our crudest characteristics have been toned down, in the last twenty years; but no one who goes about among his kind can help seeing and lamenting that, however gratifying may be the culture of some cliques and the refinement of some communities, in the point of manners we have advanced very little beyond the age when the acutest of modern observers could find among us no better national types than Elijah Pogram,

Jefferson Brick, and Hannibal Challop. These gentlemen would tell us that this people, sir, have been too busy in extending our boundaries and our currency, settling our prairies and our rebels, to attend to matters of such minor consequence as our manners. But the eloquence of Mr. Elijah Pogram cannot persuade us that this subject is of trivial importance; and the shrewdest thinkers realize that, not only in the estimation of foreigners who scrutinize us when they visit America and when we travel abroad, but in our own national self-respect, and our progress toward that height of civilization and morality as a people which is our goal, this matter of manners is an element hardly second in importance to any other.

The closet of the student may create many brilliant theories; there may be and are many parlors and circles of parlors where the finest representatives of the *salons* of Paris and the drawing-rooms of London may meet the fruit of our culture and the flower of our society on equal terms and part with mutual esteem and respect; but in the regions of fact and of active every-day life the encouraging indications are few. A recent writer in a British magazine, indeed, takes the ground that Americans are too gallant to women; but in our street-cars and public assemblies the displays of this excessive courtesy are rare indeed, though the instances of the forgetfulness of propriety on the part of the other sex, which forms the main topic of the article referred to, the omissions to express any acknowledgment for services rendered, the imperious demands for the most extreme favors as vested rights of femineity, are frequent enough. If we leave the street-car for the place of public amusement, no matter of what grade, the illustrations of the general lack of consideration for the privileges of oth-

ers become more numerous and more flagrant. At the loftiest tragedy or the rarest concert there is always a sufficient minority who forget the first of the virtues, and come straggling in with various degrees of tardiness to spoil the first portion of the programme so far as the majority are concerned; and always a larger proportion to join, from five to fifteen minutes before the close of the entertainment, the hideous stampede started by some acute observer who has detected the approach of the *dénouement*, and flees from it with his followers as from a pestilence. Then, between these left and right wings of the army of the ill-bred, who thus assault the enjoyment of their neighbors, there are always the couple who come to flirt and not to hear; the mother who brings her teething baby to the play, and enjoys the performance through its cries with calm serenity; the man who has seen the play before, and heralds every incident in trumpet whispers to an enduring companion; the man who hums and beats time to all the music; and the man who rises to a long struggle with a tight-fitting overcoat in the midst of a tableau which he hides from fifty pairs of interested eyes, when by waiting three minutes to the end of the act he would disturb nobody. The general submission to these outrages upon courtesy and the rights of the majority may indeed be adduced as a proof of the extreme politeness of the community; but there is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and a simple and stinging rebuke to these violators of the general comfort would be a good deed in the cause of manners, and in no way an offence against them.

But no experience at home can open one's eyes to the prevalence of ill-breeding as the observation for which travel gives an opportunity. The incivility of

railroad and steamboat officials has passed into a proverb; the venerable Mr. Theodore Dwight was cruelly sacrificed, not very long ago, to the brutality of a New Jersey conductor; and Mr. Bayard Taylor has just told us how in the West he has seen a gentleman knocked down with a slung-shot by a brakeman for attempting to quit a filthy smoking-car for a comfortable and half-tenanted "ladies' car." Then travel brings us in contact, not only with the class of public servants who are exceptionally boorish because it is their chief duty to be civil, but with those uncouth specimens of extraordinary abomination whose eccentricities outweigh the undemonstrative good-breeding of fifty people, and who have so naturally found their way into the note-book of every tourist who has visited our shores. We had the fortune the other day to sit next one of this class, who, without any occasion for hurry and with the calm system of everyday habit, ate a dinner of several regular courses — soup, roast, cold meat, pastry, and fruit, with the usual accompaniment of vegetables and minor dishes — in precisely eight minutes, and yet managed to find time to blow his nose on his napkin. Doubtless his doctor and dyspepsia have his punishment in store for him; but his proximity was hardly more unpleasant than that of a kindred spirit encountered at another hotel, who called the waiters invariably "Sir," and yet bullied them shamefully, grasping at one who was attending to another table, sending three or four after one order, reaching fabulous distances after the dishes of his neighbors, and committing a long catalogue of enormities for which he should have been whipped when a child of four. Both these men were arrayed in broadcloth, and apparently not wanting in intellectual ability or social position. Indeed, the most lament-

able feature of this constant cropping out of ill-breeding is that it is not confined to any class or any social grade. Fashion and taste are not exempt: the audience at the opera or at one of Ristori's performances is guilty of as many violations of taste as the spectators of "The Black Crook;" and the most ill-mannered assemblage of people we have ever seen in Boston was made up of the *crème de la crème* of Cambridge and its dependencies, who had taken tickets by subscription to aid and compliment an amateur *protégé*. Sex and position do not keep the skirts clear; for M. Blot's first class here was formed of the choicest material, yet he was forced to contemplate calling in the aid of a policeman to keep the ladies from devouring instead of tasting his specimen dishes, and from spoiling each other's dresses in their eagerness. Political eminence has no defence; for the memory of the most shameful indecency in the House of Representatives at Washington, in which the venerable so-called leader of that body took a principal part, has hardly faded away when we have an almost equally unworthy passage between two esteemed Senators, one who prides himself upon his culture, and the other the most dignified in the chamber, snapping at each other like a couple of school-boys. It is as uncommon to find a mistress who knows how to speak to a servant as an American or Irish servant who comprehends her own position; Harvard College has its hazing record, and the pulpit furnishes the cross-examiner of the license-law witnesses; and so we are forced to the conclusion that the taint is upon every class alike, and that it is unfair to attempt to throw the odium upon shoddy or the backwoods. The shoulders of the whole people must bear the burden until progress in civilization gives us the right to repudiate it.

There is, however, one exception of an entire class, sufficiently notable to be made and marked with emphasis; and this is in favor of that despised and wronged black race, which, through all its misfortunes and in spite of all its weaknesses, has maintained a propriety of manners which might well furnish a lesson to those who detest and those who patronize it. Of course, Cuffee would not shine in the drawing-room, and Dinah might be as uncomfortable a neighbor at the opera as the fair damsel who knows how to flirt, but not how to whisper; but these people have the rare faculty of preserving a bearing suitable to their place. The most amiable and stately lady may fail to elicit anything but surliness and impudence from Bridget; but whoever knows how to treat her servant properly may be sure of respectful behavior from the black domestic, whether she comes from an apprenticeship of slavery or freedom. No other servants in America seem able to maintain their dignity without insolence, to obey orders implicitly without slavish subservience. The doubter need only go from one of our own hotels where colored waiters are employed to one where they are not to perceive the contrast, — a contrast so important and so material as to make all the difference between comfort and annoyance, between a repast eaten with a relish and a meal awaited with impatience and received with disgust.

We shall have to surrender to the charge of preaching a long sermon without a practical application; for there is no recipe in any manual from Adam Smith to Pierre Blot for teaching a community the manners which its members should have learned in childhood; and the most ardent advocate of sumptuary laws would hardly vote for a statute forbidding men's eating with their knives, and compelling women

to return thanks for seats given them in the street-cars. We have only to chronicle the signs of the times, and to hope that progress, even if it be slow, may be made in the direction of refinement and not of barbarism.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

WE have lately made a careful investigation of a new attempt to establish a co-operative kitchen in this city, being inspired with the hope that a step has thus been made towards the solution of a question of no small importance in our social economy. While the enterprises undertaken by members of society for their own relief halt in the preliminary stages, this project, begun as a private speculation, covers most of the essential features of the actual need, and is well worth studying as a plan and watching as an experiment.

There seems no doubt that, in the advancing life of our cities, Boston taking the lead as is her wont, some such system as this will be incorporated among our national habits. While servants are getting rarer and rarer, and the art of managing servants is forgotten; while women grow feebler with each generation, and feel more and more inclination to give their time and thought to labors and pleasures outside the home; while people crowd into cities, and are content to live like bees in a hive for the sake of being near the gay thoroughfare, the theatre, the music-school, the lecture-room, the picture-gallery, the library; while provision-dealers are in such haste to be rich that the modest profits of their fathers seem contemptible in their

eyes; while restaurant-keepers fail to hit the happy mean of cheapness and cleanliness, good service and wholesome fare, — while these things continue, there will be a demand for institutions to supply good food from a common kitchen to the private table at a low rate.

But while acknowledging this, and that the need which has grown upon us and is still growing must be met, we still insist that the ideal life is to be found in the older fashioned ways. He whose wife does not know the difference between a skillet and a skewer, whose servant-maids have been a procession of inefficiency, stupidity followed by drunkenness, and drunkenness superseded only by larceny and impudence, who has sighed for the quiet of the hotel and the wholesome fare of the boarding-house, — may greet the teams which drive up to his door with dinner ready-made and hot, as heralds of a new era of comfort, peace, ease, and economy. But that is still the happier family which has an individuality in its cookery as in its dress, its reading, the pictures on its walls; in which the kitchen ministers to the wants of the dining-room as a horse responds to the moods of his rider; in which the housewife controls the flavor of the pudding and the amount of salt in the soup; in which the children grow up to know and love the taste of the home steak and the home waffles as they learn to love the faces and voices of father and mother. The co-operative kitchen may be the best device for the average American of the period, — living in a hurry, with no class accepting as a permanent sphere of life the position of domestic servants; but the home kitchen will, nevertheless, be at the foundation of the social structure in our highest and best civilization.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

THE compiler of the social almanac, if such a convenience is ever invented, will not fail to observe that this season of the year is the period of kitchen revolutions, and of a host of petty miseries, anxieties, and embarrassments which come from the general transfer of servants. The many families who come back from the summer journey seek busily for cooks and housemaids to re-organize their city establishments, and by their eager demands and liberal offers act as bulls in the domestic market. The households which have been in running order all summer feel the effect at once, in a general uneasiness, and willingness to terminate long-standing contracts upon the slightest pretexts. The intelligence offices and the organs of "want" advertisements profit by the general shiftings; but housekeepers, rich and poor, suffer alike, and the cries of complaint over the deficiencies of our social structure become louder than ever. The prophets of the coming dispensation of China in the kitchen are looked to in vain for relief; they can promise, even with the Pacific Railroad and Mr. Koopmanschap in energetic activity, no positive relief for the present generation. Two of the most brilliant ladies of the Beecher family have put their heads together, and made a book which aims to meet every want of the modern household; but he will consult it in vain who seeks a method of obtaining a good servant when there are none in the land.

An English literary paper surveys the field of fiction to point the moral, which for us needs no illustration, that in the Old World fidelity is a recognized and frequent quality of the attendant, while in our country

such a trait is wholly unknown. Job Trotter sticks to his master as stoutly as Sam Weller stands by his; Trim's very existence is dependent on Uncle Toby; Donner, in "Felix Holt," identified her own dignity with that of "her mistress"; Miss Muloch's books are full of faithful servitors. It is hard to recall a marked instance of treachery except that of Major Pendennis's "own man," Morgan; and he was a valet of wonderful efficiency, and a very model of respectful demeanor, until the explosion which closed his career. But in our novels, or at least in those which picture with any accuracy the condition of our society, the faithful servant is unknown, or else has a black face and tropical blood which flee far away from the frosts of New England.

It would seem that such examples as that of the head-waiter at a New York hotel, who wears shirt-studs in which is concentrated the value of five thousand dollars, would send hosts of avaricious aspirants into a calling the rewards of which are always more sure and sometimes more lucrative than the prizes of Wall Street. But no such temptation has availed to induce competent men and women to take the chances which are opened: the field is left clear to the members of a single nationality; and they, dull as they may be at the problems of a pudding, are quick to perceive their own advantage in the absence of competition, and to manifest the discovery in many offensive ways.

Under these circumstances it is cheerful to know that California and Oregon are clamoring for an increase in the supply of "female help" from New England. Misery ever loves company; and it is pleasant to hear of communities which can be worse off in this respect than ourselves. Moreover, the

offers the agents of the Pacific States make — twenty-five dollars a month in gold and a husband in a few months — are exceedingly tempting; and we may contemplate with equanimity the thought that they will draw across the continent some of the more ambitious young ladies who sit clothed in scorn at our employment-agencies and communicate their imperious demands and fastidious requirements to the public through the press. But these reflections are dashed by the thought that these eager people are much nearer the vaunted inexhaustible reservoir of Celestial labor than we are, and must have had an abundant opportunity to test its quality. If the long-cued cook from Canton be so skilful, so cleanly, so honest, so industrious as represented, why does San Francisco make extravagant bids for the experience of the tyranny under which Boston groans? Such an infatuation is incredible. The conclusion cannot be avoided, that China has a fatal flaw of which the eulogists have told us nothing; and with the discovery vanishes the last hope of a suffering community. A witty lecturer has taken for his theme “The Comedy of the Boarding-House”; but a dozen Lyceum courses would not give scope enough for adequate elucidation of the Tragedy of the Kitchen.

CARRIAGE JOURNEYS IN NEW ENGLAND.

Two tastes which are almost universal, the love of natural scenery and the fondness for driving good horseflesh over a good road, can be gratified so well by no other way of employing the summer vacation.

as by the expedition around the country in a carriage. This form of pleasure has an independence, a variety, a bluff wholesomeness about it, which can be claimed for no other method of pleasure travel except the pedestrian journey, the advantages of which are balanced by limitations which we need not enumerate. For the married pair whose relish of each other's society is so thorough as to need no added element, and for the well-regulated family in which the temper of the little folks can be depended upon under occasional trials, there are possibilities of enjoyment not easily to be reckoned in the trip which turns its back on the steamboat and keeps aloof from railroads, and combines something of the zest of the explorer in new lands with something of the racy flavor of gypsy life.

Good judgment is needed, of course, in arranging the details of the journey. The party, be they two or four, must be provided with a maximum of good-nature to a minimum of baggage. The organization must be that of a constitutional monarchy with absolute power in the hands of him who holds the reins, yet with a channel open for advice from those subject to his authority. The lunch-basket may be neglected, but the shawls and overcoats must not on any account be forgotten. The carriage may be handsome, but must be easy; and a single uncomfortable angle in one of its seats may convert the journey from a tour of pleasure into such a pilgrimage of penance as those worthy people were wont to take who walked to Rome with peas in their shoes. The harnesses do not need gilded monograms so much as uniform strength; and room should be made somewhere for a spare strap or two to make up for any possible shortcoming. The horses will do very well, though they have never accomplished a mile in three minutes, if they are equal to

fifteen or twenty miles a day for a long stretch, afraid of nothing, never given to stumbling, and willing to stand patiently in the shade if required. Moreover, one horse is better than two, if the party does not exceed two persons. The route should be so mapped out beforehand as to have certain definite aims, and yet should have such elasticity as to be capable of modification in all minor particulars; and it should be down in the bond that none of the company is either of sugar or salt to be spoiled by a wetting, and that nobody is afraid either of dust or of salt-pork.

With such careful preparation in advance as we have indicated in outline, days filled to the brim with delight may be counted upon from the beginning to the end of the excursion. New England has special advantages over any other portion of the country for carriage travel. The South has in some sections scenery as picturesque; but the roads are apt to be intolerable; and the fare has quite too liberal an infusion of swine's flesh and hominy for the good-humor which is in any way dependent upon digestion. The West is altogether too large, its prairies too monotonous, to be enjoyed at anything less than railroad speed. But New England has infinite variety of hill and valley, with plenty of water to give life to the landscape: it is by no means cultivated into tameness; its town system keeps its roads (out of sight of the state-house) in very good order; and the traveller may be reasonably sure, in almost any village, of fair accommodations for man and beast. Whether he strengthens his tugs and looks well to the breeching, and then clambers about the hills of Berkshire, or takes the lazier rides among the tobacco and broom-corn of the Connecticut valley, or wanders among the dairy farms of Worcester County, or chooses a route where

the parting forests give glimpses of the sea, and the material for the noonday lunch was drawn from its home under the waves after sunrise, the tourist can hardly go wrong in Massachusetts; and we need not say that, about the inlets of Narragansett, in the White Mountains and the Green Mountains, or away down East until civilization begins to ravel out in the numbered townships, the charms of each region will find many admirers to extol them in superlative adjectives.

The party fairly inoculated with the fascination of the independent journey will find early rising not necessary, but natural and agreeable. A good start insures a good day. The horses trot better, the birds sing more briskly, before the freshness of morning is past. Whatever part of New England is chosen, there is sure to be a variety in each day's rides. If a forest-covered mountain shades the road to-day, a river, or a plain checkered with cornfield and meadow, will open before the gaze to-morrow. A snake gliding across the road, a squirrel chattering audaciously on the wall, a laborer musically whetting his scythe, will furnish material for conversation as interesting for the nonce as the opera or the war in Europe. To enjoy fully, one should not know his road too well; for there are delicious glimpses of life and character to be gained in the pauses at lonely farm-houses to inquire the way. The villages, all bearing the New England stamp we know so well, yet with individuality enough to interest each in itself, are scattered along thickly enough to break up any tediousness which might be found in the world as its Maker left it. Then the halt for dinner is likely to be full of fun, if not of good eating; and the guest of catholic tastes is sure to find something to be enjoyed at the plainest country inn. If the bacon is hard, the eggs will be

fresh ; if the bread is charged with saleratus, there will be an apple-pie or a griddle-cake, the art of making which to perfection has been a tradition in that family for generations. Or, failing all these, there is no dessert which the Revere House could offer to compare with the privilege of stopping a mile from town, loosing the check-rein that the horse may browse by the roadside, and picking berries, which Nature has placed there on purpose, with no envious pint or quart measure to limit the quantity of the feast. Then, if one is a good questioner, each town is sure to reveal something of special interest, — some ancient burial-ground or Indian camp, some cave or natural bridge or old man of the mountain, some cascade or special view, some paper-mill or cheese-factory, a visit to which, even at the expense of a *détour*, will break the monotony of the afternoon. The day's drive is likely to end before sunset : the supper may retrieve whatever was lacking in the dinner, and at least there will be a tumbler of warm milk ; and if the village hotel offers small entertainment for the evening, going to bed early will make it all the easier to begin in good time the pleasures of the following day.

A MAGICAL TRANSFORMATION.

THE city awoke yesterday morning to find itself enchanted. Nothing had been too grand, nothing too common, to undergo a beautiful transformation. The very walls of the brick houses were veiled with a delicate fretwork of snow, the black-walnut doors having their carvings illuminated with a new elegance,

and every window-casing forming a separate picture for the study of the artist. Here and there a dingy block was changed, from eaves to foundation, to the splendor of white marble, and the real marble buildings looked dingy beside them. Every ornamental iron fence was adorned with a tracery far more graceful than the original lines; every plain post was crowned a king; every homely shed was capped with a stately dome. The very clothes-line in the backyards became great cables, big enough to hold a frigate in her moorings. The public clocks had become mere blank disks, with hands and figures alike obliterated. Every tree and shrub had a new beauty of its own, to be studied with intense enjoyment by appreciative eyes, but not to be described in words. There was something of sadness in the brilliant scene presented by the Common; for while the branches were all cloaked in snow, the snow was thickly strown with branches torn roughly off by the wind. The shield with the State arms, on the West Street gate, might have been the silver shield which the knight fought for in the old story; and a snow hand above it upheld a snow sword as the arm

“Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,”

caught by the hilt and brandished the wondrous sword Excalibur, of which

“All the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz lights, and jacinth work
Of subtlest jewelry.”

The Granary Burying-ground was one of the most exquisite spots in the city, with its bushes arched to the ground, and its aged stones of the purest white and the most perfect curves. The statue of Franklin might have been a representation of Sir John Franklin on one of his long tramps in the Arctic regions;

and the figures in the bronze bas-reliefs below looked like some of Paul Konewka's silhouettes, standing out boldly against their spotless background. Flora and Pomona, on the Horticultural Hall, facing a different way, seemed merely to have put on tippetts and sacks of ermine to protect themselves from the uncongenial season. In short, everything in the boundaries of the city had undergone a change "into something rich and strange"; and in the country the transformations wrought by the storm were even more picturesque and fantastic. Poets and children were delighted; practical people, who had to take an early walk to the railway-station, or had planned a day's shopping, grumbled and looked sour at all the glorious sights; and poor folk, who had waited all winter with hardly one fair job of snow-shovelling, were glad in their own way.

In the country, things remained about as the storm had left them; but the impatient city was not long in spoiling all the splendor which had come over it in its dreams. Gangs of men cleared the sidewalks, and knocked the dainty filigree-work from the fences from sheer vandalism; Bridget brushed the graceful mounds away from the window-copings; the sun sent the white curtains which veiled the house-fronts dripping down upon the heads of the passers; and even the trackless waste of the Common was crossed by sharp-cut paths. The hurrying teams soon turned the frequented streets to brown, and then to black; and in a few hours all had resumed the every-day aspect of the city winter.

CATTLE-SHOWS.

SEPTEMBER is a month with her special charms to the resident of the city. The season of vacations, of harbor excursions, of days at the sea-shore, is over; and the season of operas, concerts, and lectures has not begun. The excitement of politics seems still a remote possibility of the future; the chief activity is in the circles of trade; and it is generally a month of work and of preparation rather than of brisk enjoyment. But to the country people it is a month of rare excitement and pleasure. The city cousins, with their unintelligible raptures over the smell of the hay and the luxury of stillness, have flitted away; the labor of the farmer's year pauses, or puts on its pleasantest phase in the gathering of the ripened harvest; and, above all, it is the month of the agricultural fair,— that festival which, more than any other holiday in the round year may be enjoyed in the reflected glow of anticipation, brightened by the busy labor of preparing for it in all the departments which are the pride of the household and the farm.

Every morning during the present season sees, in some elm and maple shaded village of New England, the pleasant sight of which no long repetition stales the infinite variety, either to the farmer who has driven his choicest stock to the public pens every year for a lifetime, or to the sturdy boy who was not old enough last year for a place in the family wagon. Before daylight the task of currying, of harnessing, milking, dressing, and packing, begins; and sunrise sees the parties from every farm on the way to the common centre,— the cattle marching along with a dignity of demeanor as if they somehow understood the impor-

tance of the occasion, the horses snuffing the excitement of the track afar off, the pigs traversing the distance half a dozen times in their noisy unwillingness to keep on as their driver wishes, the poultry drooping and despondent under their unwonted condition of close imprisonment, the family in their Sunday best in the most spacious vehicle at their command, under the seats of which lurk pots of butter from the dairy, loaves of bread made by the oldest daughter, baskets of the biggest and ruddiest apples culled from the whole orchard, and perhaps a folded quilt, the slow and constant work of the household's grandmother for many months of matching and stitching. And by these conservative companies, as they near the fair-ground, dash the representatives of the more progressive element of the country cattle-show, — self-possessed men in skeleton sulkies, with slender horses brightly caparisoned, and long, erect whips brushing the trees which arch the road. Mowers and reapers and stump-pullers are also often encountered, driven and attended by the shrewd inventors, or the wide-awake agents of the manufacturers; and with these motley elements mingle the gaudy wagons of the soap-sellers, the razor-strop men, and Yankee prototypes of the class which Dr. Marigold represents in English literature, and the mysterious covered vans which hide the wonders of the snake-show, the wild men of Borneo, the fat woman, or the five-legged cow.

We need not sketch the scene which is formed, or the incidents which follow, when all these elements, and more, commingle within the enclosure of the fair-ground. The ploughing-match; the cavalcade; the crowded hall with its heterogeneous collection of needle-work and big squashes, triumphs of the jack-knife and miracles of pastel painting; the harsh cries of

the doorkeepers of the booths, and the venders of oysters and ten-cent watch-chains; the wilder shouts of the jockeys, and all the furious excitement of the trotting, — combine to impress the imagination, and linger in the memory, of the farmer's boy, who hardly sees the sun go down on the delicious day before he begins to look forward to the next September cattle-show. And for the slower-going veteran of the society there are the luxuries of inspection and comparison along the rows of lowing cattle, the study of the principles of the new tedder, the chat with the friend from the next town, not seen since the last year's fair, the public dinner, with its profusion of honest home viands, and the oratory which follows it, when the governor, or the senator, or the famous preacher, or the aspiring politician, whom the trustees have secured from the outside world to grace the occasion, tells the assembled company of the nobility of agriculture, and the superiority, over all other fascinations, of the charms of a farmer's life.

The cattle-show, with the variations in detail which localities or tastes dictate, has become as general and as firmly established an institution as the Thanksgiving Day, which shares with it the honors of the autumn. We rejoice to see that this year brings no sign of its decadence in popularity, and no new sign of the demoralizing influence which many have feared in the disproportionate importance given to trials of the speed of horses. It is probable that the fair will have its ups and downs, to be traced to a multitude of causes; but we have firm faith in its continuance, unimpaired in favor or in usefulness, while New England retains its character as a community, and while the land gives its best fruits to the best farmer.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

THE little stocking by the chimney-corner. The Puritan hatred for the Old World holiday, and the grim record of the first 25th of December spent on New England shores, "So no man rested all that day." The mistletoe, and the merry impudence and coy modesty beneath it. The goose. The houseless wanderer, and the duty of giving a gleam of cheerfulness to his sad day. Green wreaths smiling from every window. The great service done by Mr. Dickens's genial stories. The tree glittering with candles, and loaded with pretty things. Crowded markets and brisk trade. The pudding, the walnuts, and the wine. Mrs. Peerybingle and the cricket on the hearth. The great festival day at the English theatres, and the new extravagances of the latest clown and pantaloons. Young cheeks ruddy with pleasure, and old wrinkles rippling with enjoyment. The wassail-bowl of old days. Santa Claus loaded with gifts. The minstrels singing carols outside the window. The crisp air without and the yule-log within. Old enmities healed, and long friendships renewed and freshened. Scrooge and Mr. Fezziwig, Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim. "God bless us every one!"

We have not written the journalist's Christmas sermon; but we have given the materials of which scores of such articles are made every year, and of which scores will be made to-day; and each of our readers may adorn the frame-work to suit himself. The boy who found the dissected map or the locomotive blocks in his stocking, an hour ago, will show them how the task is to be done. But while the incidents and the phrases of Christmas-tide are so old as to be known

by heart to all of us, the lesson of the day is as new as the sunrise which lighted the frosty hills this morning. There is no man or woman who can con it too often. It is not a lesson of laziness, or personal pleasure, or selfish enjoyment. It is a lesson of effort and thoughtfulness and kindness and charity; of a warm hand, a tender heart, a cheering word, an open purse. But the day itself is the best text; and the thoughts which its associations will bring to every reader's heart are better than any sermon which the types can preach.

SUMMER AT THE SEASIDE.

THE sea-shore has one advantage over all the other rivals for favor in the summer vacation. He who sojourns there avoids the chief of the discomforts of summer, — he keeps cool. There are days in every year when the wanderer in the country village feels as great a desire to take off his flesh and sit in his bones as does the toiler in the city; when the lack of shady sides to the streets is felt to be an unparadonable drawback; when it is neither merciful nor safe to take the horse from his stall for a drive; and when night, in the small, low rooms, with their impracticable windows, is less tolerable than day. At the mountains, such days have no cool moments except on the very summit; and the exertion necessary to reach the breezy height is not to be thought of. As for the springs, compensating Nature has somehow provided that, wherever the earth flows with medicine ready mixed, the sun shall beat down with greater heat than anywhere else, so as to make medi-

cine a necessity. But by the sea, in our climate, if one chooses his place well, there is always freedom from the torment of the hot day. Places which have a land breeze are to be avoided; and spots nearly surrounded by salt water are to be sought. Then, with the tide twice a day washing everything clean and cool, with the night always bringing fresh winds, which whisper counsel of flannels and overcoats, with the bath and the boat ever at hand, one may live from June to September without once realizing that it is summer, without once feeling the impulse to consult the thermometer for sympathy.

There is a certain degree of freedom, inseparable from the sea, which also gives a residence on the shore a special charm. Dames wedded to fashion may wear silks and diamonds to breakfast in the country, as they may at Niagara or Saratoga, and rustle all day in the armor of stiffness and ceremony. But whoever ventures upon a salt-water bath surrenders in the act something of conventionality; and Mrs. Grundy and Flora McFlimsey alike descend to the level of common humanity when they run from the bathing-house across the beach like timid scarecrows, and rise from the first embrace of the surf dripping, and divested of every vestige of the dignity which is borrowed from elaborate apparel. After being bowled over by the same wave, or after being rocked in the same yacht, people feel an acquaintance, an instinct even of friendship, which is not produced by riding up a mountain in the same stage, by drinking nauseous water from the same dipper, or by dancing together all night in the same set. Thus there is gradually created a sort of family feeling among the guests of a sea-shore house, which may be looked for in vain among the boarders at inland resorts, even at the end of a summer of close contact.

Of course, there are drawbacks to be set against these special advantages, and the scores of others which might be named in a more elaborate essay upon the charms of seaside life. First and chief is likely to be the meagreness of the table, after the rich flavor of the chowder, and the dainty relish of the mackerel fresh from the hook, begin to pall upon the palate. He who has chosen with great care the sandy spit or rocky island which gives the best assurance of cool air, is apt to discover presently that the location so eligible in this respect is not suited to the production of milk in plenty, of eggs in freshness, of fruit and vegetables in the happy medium of perfect ripeness, even of tender steak or plump chickens. There are circumstances under which a hearty appetite is an aggravation, and the hungry convalescent looks back reluctantly to the days when he was content with a slice of toast and a cup of tea. It may be set down, also, on this side of the account, that the sea has dangers which the land knows not, which cause nervous mammas to spend long days of misery in apprehension lest the adventurous boy should be swept beyond his depth, should be seized by an untimely cramp, should be knocked from his boat by some unruly boom, or should be jerked off the pier by some strong-mouthed fish at the end of his line.

But, on the whole, the charms have a decided preponderance over the drawbacks; and few, at least of that large portion of mankind who are born, as Charles Dickens was, with a liking for things maritime, ever leave the sea-shore disappointed. The roar of the surf, which is like no other sound in the world, and always strikes upon the ear with a new grandeur; the sunsets more brilliant, and moonrises more ten-

der than the city or the country ever sees; the gentle romance which ever invests the passing-ship, and the grace which belongs to the roughest oarsman or the most disreputable yacht, when seen at a distance; the invigoration of the plunge into water which buoys up and encourages the swimmer as no pond or river can; the gentle interest of a search for rare shells; the joys of a swift voyage on a craft bending piquantly under the topsail till the wave kisses the gunwale, yet answering the helm with superb promptness; the very flavor of a blue-fish, which an hour ago was lounging along in the cool comfort of deep soundings,—all these are joys which the sea-shore monopolizes, and which no millionaire has yet been able to transfer to the country seat or the city mansion.

COMPOUNDING FELONIES.

At the proper interval after the last great bank robbery we have the usual crop of the reports about the robbers and the detectives which experience has made familiar. The burglars are known, but they are not to be punished. The officers of justice are after the thieves, but they are not to be expected to treat them uncivilly. If we are to believe half of what we read on every side, nothing is so easy as to find out who are the men engaged in an operation like that upon the Boylston Bank, and nothing is so absurd as to expect that they will pay any penalty for what they have done. The Boston detectives have only to ask their friends, the New York detectives, to inform them who of their intimate associates, the New York thieves, have been

away from home for the past few weeks, and the secret is discovered. But nothing follows according to old-fashioned ideas of the relations of a policeman and a thief. "Negotiations are opened," instead of traps being set. No such ugly word as "crime" is uttered. An arrest would be an insult to a man carrying in his pocket what entitles him to respect. A web of mystery is woven. All parties concerned go about with their fingers on their lips. And by and by, when the hurried public has forgotten the matter, the man who has been plundered receives back a small share of his property, and thinks himself lucky; the police officer gets his share, and thinks himself a hero; and the burglar plunges into riotous living with his share, knowing there are more strong boxes to be plundered when that is gone. The detectives of his city know his comings and goings; but if he disappears from the surface for a while, they do not follow and capture him at his work, but make a note of the fact, to be used in opening negotiations when they are again needed.

Now, all these parties in interest think any reflection upon their way of doing things is harsh and unkind. The widow who has lost her all, and longs to see a little of it back, feels any censure of the means adopted as an added injury. The policeman who helps her to some of her money thinks he should be praised and not scolded for the relief he has brought her. With what the burglar's opinion is we need not concern ourselves. But there is another party in interest who takes but a little space in the summary, yet whose rights should not be overlooked. It is a class to which the owners of the lost bonds, now naturally striving their utmost to save a plank from the wreck, belonged a week ago: we mean the public.

Any confusion of argument in this affair, and affairs

like this which are constantly coming up, arises from the fact that there are two opposing interests. It is the interest of the losers by the robbery to recover a part of their losses, whatever may become of the robbers. It is the interest of those liable to loss by future robberies that the culprits be arrested and punished, whatever may become of their plunder. All so far is clear. But when the interests of these two parties, diametrically opposed to each other, are put in the hands of the same agents, injustice and wrong are the result. The tax-payer pays the detective very meagrely to keep watch of thieves for the sake of frustrating their designs and of bringing them under the reach of the law. The loser — who is also an individual tax-payer, and feels that he has a claim on the help of the common servant — is ready to pay munificently any detective who shall turn his watchfulness of thieves to account in bargaining with them for their booty. It takes no skill to work out the equation. The loser is sometimes assisted. The criminal is hardly ever punished.

Now, it is the system which is wrong. We are far from saying that, in this particular case, if the detectives were to turn their attention that way, the dealer in fictitious bitters and his accomplices might be brought into the dock if the quarter of a million in dollars were to be sacrificed. But we do say that, so long as the detectives act in this double capacity, great robberies will be committed, will never be foiled in the act, and will never result in that punishment which bears a fruit of safety for time to come. When the two labors are made distinct; when the servants of the public give their whole time and thought and energy to the preventing of robberies in contemplation, and the detection of crimes once done; when the

private sufferers have to call on private enterprise to help them in getting back their lost possessions,—when these changes come, we shall see a different state of affairs.

THE SLEIGHING SEASON.

O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
 A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
 A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
 But urged by storms along its slippery way,
 I love thee." COWPER.

“Hear the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells, —
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
 In the icy air.” EDGAR A. POE.

ONE does not know a man thoroughly until one has seen him when the dinner is late and the soup scorched, and also after a good dinner, with his children about him. Just so it is impossible justly to understand a city until the visitor has become familiar with its wretched quarter,—its Five Points, or Ghetto, or St. Giles's,—and has tested the charms of its favorite drive. Every city has a pet drive of some sort; and though a large majority of its inhabitants never see this feature of its life, nor know any excursion for pleasure but that of the rumbling horse-car or palpitating steamboat, yet the minority who do enjoy it is made up of such notable and characteristic elements that it must be seen before the city is appreciated. The drives of the world have a local flavor, a marked individuality, which does not belong to the theatres, the dinners, the shops, the markets, or anything else by which a stranger makes up his impres-

sions. We might speak of the quaint, easy vehicle of Montreal, and the view of the city from the mountain; the brilliant, deliberate pageant of the Avenue at Newport, where everybody that is anybody has a footman in livery, and to look behind is to forfeit caste as fatally as did Lot's wife; the rattle and dash of the trip to the Lake, at Saratoga, with its memorable and monotonous fried potatoes; the perfect shell road at Savannah, where the gray moss hanging from the trees gives an air of romance and melancholy to the scene, but where the staidest horse strikes involuntarily a gait of a dozen miles an hour, or faster, and his hoofs ring against the hard surface like castanets; the spacious Cliff House Road at San Francisco, where the goal is the glittering Pacific; the versatile charms of the sedate and elegant Central Park drives, and the swifter fascinations of the way to Bloomingdale, to suit the diverse tastes of the great metropolis; the dusty, sad, beautiful journey across the Long Bridge and about Arlington, the dome of the Capitol ever present like a fairy castle in the distance, and every rod of the way burdened with tragic and heroic memories; or the more fashionable direction through Fourteenth Street in the same city, where senators are as plenty as fence-posts; the indescribable grandeur of the four-mile stretch along Nantasket Beach at low tide, where the music of the surf fills the soul with a noble rapture, where the firm sand barely takes the print of the wheels, where water-nymphs in blue flannel splash close by the carriage, and the scudding sails carry the thoughts away to distant countries; the new glory of the ride along Wabash Avenue in Chicago to the boulevard that is to be, and back by the lake, with its warp of railroad tracks and its border of palaces; the lovely view from the high ground overlooking Rich-

mond and the James, once seen, never to be forgotten, — some or all of these will occur to the reader who has travelled in his own land, and many others to those familiar with scenes abroad, as proofs of what we have tried to say of the distinct, individualized traits of the drives of different cities.

All these may be enjoyed at the favorable season of summer or autumn; but there are few cities which know the luxury of a sleighing-road, or have such opportunity to enjoy it as to impress it with the characteristics of their own life. Evanescent everywhere, except in those rural regions which know the sober reality of "six weeks' sleighing in March," the snow very rarely visits New York so as to be more than a tantalizing glimpse of a melting opportunity, too coy to be caught between clearing off and thaw. In the cities south of New York it is little more than a tradition, a miracle of so rare occurrence that the means are never at hand to improve it. It is only Boston which has a sleighing carnival as a regular incident of the year, like the coming of the tragedian, or the ripening of the strawberries, to be anticipated and provided for and made much of. And even in Boston there is a rarity and uncertainty about it, — dreadful memories of winters when the cutter never left the stable-loft, a likelihood that he who stops to think about it will lose his chance, — which, indeed, add not a little to the charm, as they add a great deal to the expense.

One great advantage of this feature of Boston life is its concentration. There are so many agreeable summer drives in the zone of villages which encircles the city, that one may ride about from June to October and never meet his neighbor. But when sleighing comes, everybody hurries to one centre. The prince and the peasant — which is a poetic way of referring to

the dignified merchant and the vociferous jockey — head their teams for the same destination. The nabob, with his heavy, hulking span, cautious driver, and profuse provision of robes and furs, and the spendthrift with his lean, shorn, showy steed, his frail shell and frailer companion, both contrive to be on the Brighton Road at the popular hour just before sunset; and it is this unanimity of choice, this tacit agreement upon place and time, which makes the sight to be seen there one of the most brilliant and exciting living panoramas which America possesses, the sensation of a first visit there one which no visitor should miss, which it is worth a special journey from afar to enjoy. It is an experience which we can only hint at rather than describe.

In the first place, those who have the pleasure yet before them should dismiss all anticipation of being particularly struck by the attractions which nature furnishes. Boston has in its suburbs an infinite variety of beautiful scenery; but the Brighton Mile and the road by which it is reached from the city have not such charms as to impress the beholder very strongly through the veil which winter spreads over land and water. The dazzling splendor of fresh-fallen snow, the wholesome intoxication of clear, frosty air, — these are the chief natural beauties; and man has done nothing but build the prosaic, forbidding houses and commonplace fences of that dullest phase of New England which is neither country nor city. The sleigh-riders bring with them the joys which they seek. There is a rare exhilaration in the spectacle of the crowded ground, dense with sleighs as far as the eye can see, a narrow strip in the middle comparatively clear for the faster ones to dash up and down at the utmost speed of their horses, two lines on each

side of quieter parties, jogging along as steadily as at Newport. A fine horse never looks so well as when newly clipped, his light burden scarcely perceptible behind him on the smooth track, his senses all aroused by the proximity of the noblest of his kind, the jingle of the bells, and the brisk, bracing atmosphere. With all the variety which wealth and ingenuity can give in wheeled vehicles, there is never the graceful picturesqueness so simply to be attained in the curves and tints of the sleigh. A pretty woman never looks so well as in the inspiring hour of the sleigh-ride, in the fleeting moment before her nose reddens too deeply, and her tresses are blown into too palpable disorder. There is no such background in art or nature as the crisp snow, setting out everything admirable in as bold relief as that of Konewka's silhouettes.

With such reasons as these for the enjoyment which the stranger may feel, the *habitué* of the road has the pleasure of the recognition of the faces of people, whose heterogeneous mixture has all the effect of the perpetual astonishments of the kaleidoscope. There is not to be seen here the Boston of the Dickens reading, of the Fechter benefit, of the oratorio, or the Emerson lecture; but there is a mingling not a whit the less delightful to look upon. Drawn by one common taste, which is the only thing possessed in common, here are the veteran politician, the tranquil gambler, the lady of fashion, and the lady whom society ignores, the journalist, the merchant, the actor, the preacher, the dowager, the sophomore, the college president, each with his turn-out in harmony with his tastes or his pocket-book, and not one without a certain pride and pleasure in the presence of the rest. Then the butcher-boy and the expressman have as good a right to the road as anybody, and their occa-

sional transit adds a practical but not disagreeable element to the motley company ; while now and then a comet whirls through the constellations in the shape of a tandem team, or other eccentricity, or the gorgeous trappings and liveries which the spoils of a stolen railroad have paid for.

There are many other features of the scene which we cannot touch upon, even incidentally : the possible pause at the wayside inn, where one seems transported into the primitive ways of fifty years ago, and where flip and punch flow freely in apparent universal unconsciousness of the statutes framed under the dome a few miles away ; the hot moment of excitement when a runaway pair darts down into the labyrinth, smashing and wounding as it goes, and giving that tang of danger which, to some natures, adds the highest zest to any enjoyment ; the wild shouts of the racing men, who begin to claim the road for their own as sunset approaches, and the slower classes retire to their waiting dinner-tables, — the reader's memory or his imagination must supply all these things. For, lo ! the next morning dawns, and a thaw has set in, or the thin snow has been worn out with one afternoon's multitudinous use ; and only by the memory or the imagination can be commanded the transient pleasures of a sleighing afternoon on the Brighton Road.

WOMEN IN MEDICAL SCHOOLS.

THE medical students of Philadelphia have done more than any institution of medicine has yet done, have accomplished more than any orator of the cause of woman's rights has yet effected, towards the free

admission of women to the study and practice of medicine.. By their demonstrations of turbulence, their shouting, and stamping of feet, their attempts to insult the women seeking instruction in their lecture-room, they have supplied an argument, not logical but powerful, which has been used with great effect, and will be prized as an invaluable weapon for a long time to come. Students of medicine generally have never been esteemed a class of the community to whom we should look for teaching or example on great and delicate points of moral questions. Though from their ranks must come the men whom we honor and respect almost above any other profession, and to whom we intrust our lives and the welfare of our families, yet upon doctors in the embryo there has always been a disposition to look with something of distrust. The Bob Sawyer and Sam Huter of the novelists have been types of the prejudices of a world of readers. But setting aside this antipathy, for which an abundance of reasons might be assigned upon analysis, there is a grossness and bitterness of persecution about the conduct of the young men in Philadelphia which produces a great sympathy with the persecuted in the outside world. All good things, it is argued, have been reviled and mobbed in their beginning; therefore anything which excites the opposition of the mob-spirit is good. And straightway we have a great deal of encouragement and support from all quarters for the undertaking of young women to study anatomy and disease in the company of young men.

But such an inference is not always safe; and therefore we are glad to see the real question at issue calmly and fairly put by the physicians of Philadelphia. The professors of two institutions for medical instruction, the officers of ten hospitals, and over

seventy doctors in active practice, join unanimously in signing this paper, protesting against clinical instruction to mixed classes of male and female students of medicine. The reasons which they give, guarded and reserved as they must be in their expression, seem unanswerable. So long as no reformer can abolish the fact of sex, it is difficult to see how any sincere demand can be made for the examination, in the presence of young men and maidens sitting together as pupils, of all the organs of the body, and a performance of all the operations of surgery upon patients of both sexes. But if in the progress of the age the qualities of womanliness and modesty, as our fathers understood them, are so far lost in some cases that such a demand is made, it is right that it should be resisted: justice to the teacher, to the patient, to the student, to the interests of science, all require it; and the sanctity of womanhood requires it no less, though women may be found, influenced by ambition and enthusiasm, who themselves forget it. And when resistance comes, it is infinitely better that it should come with the voice of dignity and experience, as in the remonstrance of the physicians of Philadelphia, than in the clamor of a rabble.

It can hardly fail to be understood that this discussion has no bearing on the question of the right of women to study and practise medicine, and of the propriety of their entering the profession if they choose. There are certain classes of cases for which they seem peculiarly fitted, many others in which they have equal qualifications with men. But so long as there is a class of cases in which they could never be called to attend, it is unjustifiable for them to intrude themselves upon and embarrass the study of such cases; and so long as sex exists it is simply right that they should pursue some of their studies by themselves.

“OUR SOCIETY.”

“If gilt were only gold, or sugar-candy common-sense, what a fine thing our society would be!”—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

“’T is pleasant, sure, to see one’s name in print.”

BYRON.

TWENTY years ago a brilliant essayist, in the first flush of his youthful eloquence, wrote a pungent paper beginning with the words we have quoted above, exposing the emptiness, the frivolity, the intellectual squalor, amid the utmost splendor wealth could command, which characterized what called itself “Our Best Society” in those days. The essay appeared in “Putnam’s Monthly,” and was town-talk for many weeks; it did more to make its author famous than the two delightful books of Eastern travel he had previously published; and, with the series of papers which followed it, analyzing more in detail the character of Mrs. Potiphar and her friends, it made his place in American literature secure. But what would he have done had he the motive and the cue for satire that we have? Surely he would not fail to—

“Make mad the guilty and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.”

For we have before us a journal — a handsome sheet issued in the best style of modern printing — called “Our Society,” the revelations of which cast everything disclosed about the circle of Mrs. Potiphar entirely into the shade.

We could wish, if it were possible, to give our readers in small space an adequate idea of this publication, as the “London Times” was photographed down to the size of a fig-leaf for its journey to Paris in the days of the siege. But of such a result we despair,

since it is a quarto sheet of ten closely printed pages, not one line of which can be spared from a perusal which shall give a clear conception of its character,—so full is each paragraph of the spirit of the whole, and yet so charged with new surprises to the reader in the development of possibilities of which he had not dreamed. We must rely, therefore, upon such general description and such meagre extracts as we can give to convey an approximate notion of one of the most amazing social phenomena of our time. But before attempting even this we must premise that this is no exceptional and eccentric freak of a moment, which it is best to pass by with a glance. Strange fish come into the net of the newspaper exchange list; and from much of it it is not safe to generalize. There is the “National Moonly Voice,” for example, a sheet of stark, staring lunacy, which comes to us from somewhere in New Jersey: it is not just to infer from it that the editor addresses an audience to whom his madness seems to have method, or that there is a community in New Jersey, where, to borrow from “Hamlet” once more, it is no great matter, for all the men are as mad as he. “Our Society” is no such fruit of the folly of a day. The number before us is the twenty-first of the series; its comely and costly dress indicates substantial prosperity; its managers have advanced the price of advertising in its columns a hundred per cent since it was established; and, moreover, we have the testimony of eighty newsdealers of New York that they sell regularly more copies of this than of any other weekly paper upon their stands.

It is worth while, therefore, to make this paper the subject of a serious analysis. And in the first place it is, not only handsomely printed, as we have said, but it is printed upon paper of a delicate “tea-rose

shade,” — the latest achievement of the skill of the manufacturer, devised expressly for the peculiar needs of this journal, and quite impossible to imitate. Hardly have we recovered from the effect of this discovery, when we are electrified by another, — that the second distinguishing feature of the paper is its bad grammar. Hardly a sentence in its editorial columns is without some hideous inelegance, some word wrongly used, some tangling of relatives and pronouns. Tea-rose shade, and wretched English, flavored with worse French, — what could be a better introduction to “Our Society”?

We despair of giving our readers any notion of the contents of the paper, except by reproducing them; and yet we shrink from copying the names it so freely gives in full, lest here and there one of them may have been used without the consent of the owner. The public is informed that Mr. Eugene So-and-so — his residence appended to prevent any mistake — is “a general favorite among ladies.” Miss Louise Blank, a few lines farther on, “has hosts of admirers among the young gentlemen. She is entitled to them.” There is a curious gradation of compliment in these brief references to ladies, of which the first page of “Our Society” has about eighty. One is “both witty and musical”; another is “noted for her beautiful hair, *au naturel*, also for her musical talent”; a third is “quite a favorite among the military gentlemen of the navy-yards”; another is “a general Society favorite”; and to two married ladies who are named is awarded the honor, which we take to be the highest “Our Society” can confer, of being “considered the most *distingué* ladies in our city.” It is not confined to belles, this sort of gentle adulation. Male creatures have it. “Mr. Harry Dash is one of the handsomest

Benedicts in our city." Churches are flattered,— not for the good work they do, however. "It is acknowledged that more handsome ladies attend the Church of the Heavenly Rest than any other church of its size in New York." Note how carefully that qualification, "of its size," was put in, to avoid any possible jealousy among the churches on this point. Children also are judiciously tickled. "Master Clifford Asterisk, at the Metropolitan Hotel, is a special favorite with all who know him." Imagine the influence upon the mind of a nice little boy of such a paragraph! But we are convinced that we know nothing about the children of Society (our paper always prints this mystic word with a capital letter), when we read in the column of "Receptions," that a certain entertainment at a "palatial home" was "given in honor of Master Charley's *third* birthday"; that about seventy-five young masters and misses were present; that "the *supper* was superb, and the music all that could be desired," with further details about the flowers presented to Charley by the "young lady" guests, and names of the "Masters" whom "we noticed" as present.

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

But we have not reached the end yet. A little further on is an elaborate account of a "brilliant reception" on the occasion of "the *début* of Fanchon, a superb and sweet-faced doll." This doll, we learn, had a *trousseau* of over five hundred pieces, including an elegant Indian shawl, imported expressly for it, and everything that goes to make up "a Society lady's wardrobe." It was a gift to "a little Miss of *four* years"; and we are told, in defiance of all our ex-

perience of children of that age, that she "highly appreciated" the toy. And then the narrative goes on to catalogue the diamonds, satins, court trains, and point laces of the ladies who were present at this worthy celebration.

After all this there is a peculiar shock in reading that Mrs. Somebody of Cincinnati "has been greatly missed from Society this winter, from which she has retired since the death of her little child." Do little children, then, die in Society? What a pity they are not all sweet-faced dolls, who may be packed in cotton and preserved without trouble, or, if lost, replaced without inconvenient and troublesome mourning!

We cannot go through all the departments of this astonishing journal in detail. We notice that a graceful writer in one place, speaking of the gentlemanly floor-managers at a certain ball, remarks that "to say that they were not energetic in their efforts to please would indeed be superfluous." We pause also at a request that, if any representative of "Our Society," being an invited guest at any entertainment, violates the strictest decorum in any way, the editor may be at once informed of the fact. Have we not seen a similar notice at the foot of some bills of fare, having reference to the waiters? Here is another warning, too savage to be particular about grammar: "Any party sending us false information, whether used or not, will be published in an editorial and full address given." There is a column for "Our Approaching Marriages," in which various engagements are given upon rumor, and a fair proportion of the betrothals announced the week before are contradicted, or declared "premature." A popular "evangelical" church on a fashionable avenue is puffed, not only for the

eloquence of the preacher, but for the music and the flowers, and a list is given of the more fashionable people present. And as we read this, and glance over the five or six hundred feminine toilets described, or rather catalogued, in the different departments of the paper, we are driven to the conclusion that it is the people themselves who report these things. It is Mrs. Fifth Avenue who writes out an account of her party, and casually mentions that the host gave entire *carte blanche* to the caterer. It is perhaps not the Rev. Boanerges Thunder who sends in a notice of the beauty and dress represented in his congregation, but it is somebody in his confidence. Perhaps it is not Miss Fanny Frivolous who contributes to "Our Society" the information that that young lady "is known as a brilliant conversationalist," but it is surely done by her lover; and is not this a modern improvement on the old style of sending a painful sonnet "To F. F." to the poet's corner of a newspaper? and may we not expect that for the next number a soft feminine hand will confide to the editor of "Our Society" the information that Mr. Augustus Spoonbill parts his hair very accurately in the middle, and is celebrated for his delicate lisp and overpowering manners? But "Our Society" is altogether too droll to be successfully parodied; and, on the other hand, it is in some views too serious a matter to be laughed at. And so we leave such a faint sketch as we have been able to make of it for the edification of our readers, — tea-rose shade, clumsy grammar, doll's parties, enormous circulation, and all.

THE LECTURERS.

“ Happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.”

POPE'S *Essay on Man*.

“ How the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps, turn out a sermon.”

BURNS'S *Epistle to a Young Friend*.

It is fashionable to sneer at the motley programmes of the variety theatres, where the *trapéze* and the comic song, the concentrated melodrama and the educated mice, the Arab from the desert and the lady on parlor skates, follow each other in rapid succession on the same crowded evening. But the mixture is not more heterogeneous than that made up by most respectable committees, who sell with one piece of pasteboard the right to hear Mr. Beecher and to see Mrs. Scott-Siddons; to listen to General Butler on the charms of war and to Mr. Sumner on the glories of peace; to be thrilled by Wendell Phillips, charmed by George William Curtis, and convulsed by Petroleum V. Nasby. It is quite like one of Dr. Marigold's irresistible parcels,—a pair of razors, a flatiron, a frying-pan, a genuine chronometer watch, and a half-dozen dinner-plates. Does nobody bid? Then the enterprising committee adds an orchestral concert and an evening with the stereopticon, and sells its season-tickets for two dollars, just as the Cheap Jack throws in a rolling-pin and a looking-glass, and then names a price so low that everybody opens his eyes with wonder, and makes a bid in spite of himself. After the marvellous combinations of this kind with which custom has made us familiar, the sense of the harmony

of things is too far dulled to be seriously shocked by the announcement, made not long since by a Western manager, that the same fifty cents would cover admission to a lecture by Mr. Emerson and to a dance at the village hotel to follow the intellectual entertainment. Even the appearance upon the lecture platform of a conspirator against the life of Abraham Lincoln, taking that infamous plot as his theme, has hardly disturbed the public equanimity; and, with a few more turns of the wheel of fortune in Europe, we might be treated to a programme like this: Unparalleled Attraction! The World's Star Course! Opening Lecture, The Secret History of the Coup d'État, Louis Napoleon; Why the Good Cause did not Succeed, Jefferson Davis; How the Empire was Built, and the Causes of its Downfall, Count von Bismarck; Flirtation and its Consequences, Isabella; The True Record of the Burdell Affair, Mrs. Cunningham; The Power of the Pulpit, Mr. Spurgeon; Grand Concluding Entertainment, Ode by Victor Hugo, Song by Mlle. Schneider, Poem by Mr. Swinburne, and brief Farewell Address by Mr. Disraeli, on Literature, Criticism, and Politics.

Raillery aside, however, there is abundant cause for congratulation in the prosperity of the lyceum in America, — an institution so peculiarly our own that even the word by which we have named it has no such meaning across the water. In spite of many gloomy prophets, the prosperity of the system grows with every year; and how much it does for popular culture and refinement cannot be estimated. To be sure, the golden days which Colonel Ingham has celebrated in the introduction to one of his cleverest stories, when people left their homes on winter evenings solely to be instructed and informed, have

gone by forever. But as we do not read Shakespeare to be instructed, nor Goldsmith to be informed, so we may not be ashamed if we go to hear Robert Collyer and Mrs. Livermore primarily for the intellectual entertainment they offer; and, as he who knows a little Shakespeare and nothing else is a fuller man than he who knows a little algebra and nothing else, so he who goes away saturated with the earnest eloquence of the Chicago preacher, erst the Yorkshire blacksmith, may have spent his evening quite as profitably as his neighbor who has listened to a summing-up of all the world knows as to geology, which the discoveries of the next century may utterly supersede.

But the great virtue of our lyceum system is in its wide range, not in subjects but in territory. The great cities have many means of culture. They have great libraries, and many journals, theatres, concert-rooms, and art-galleries. The lecture is but an incident of their crowded winter. In the country towns it is the one great event, the single window by which eager minds can look into the world of literature and all the higher phases of civilization. Miss Nilsson, Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Booth, immense as are the numbers of their admirers, are limited to a comparatively narrow circle of large cities; but Mr. Gough packs his supporting company, his organ and orchestra, his scenery and properties, into his carpet-bag, and carries his treasury of delight to the little settlements, which next year may be cities, in Kansas and Michigan, to the thriving communities in Ohio and Indiana, to the scores of minor cities between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, and gives to every listener just as rich a treat as he gives to the great audiences of New York and Philadelphia and Chicago. His fun and his pathos

are town-talk in all the little Washingtons and Franklins of the West, just as the fine touches of Mr. Church's last picture, and the delicate points of Mr. Fechter's Hamlet, are town-talk in London and in Boston. And following in his wake, a small army of wise and witty men and brilliant women are traveling up and down the land in the paths arranged by the lecture agencies,

“A mighty maze, but not without a plan,”

as King William's Uhlans were scattered over France. The essays they read may not be of the very highest order of literary merit: they may work, consciously or unconsciously, with a little bolder hand than when they write for the cold permanency of a book; but it is something that they are all facing the right way (with a few such exceptions as the demagogue who strives to excite a people to a needless war, and the escaped conspirator who glories in his own crimes), and all using such influence as they have for good. Miss Kate Field and Mr. Curtis pointing out the grandeur of Dickens's genius, Miss Dickinson rehearsing the heroic career of Joan of Arc, may not directly utter a single profitable maxim, but they are pointing to noble ideals; and the listener may go away as keenly stimulated to a higher ambition and purer life than he knew before as if he had heard a sermon on the Ten Commandments. Lecturers differ, of course, as all honest men differ, on a host of subjects; but they are very few in number who go about the country advocating anything wrong, or petty, or mean,—defending the condition of the civil service, for example, or glorifying the career of the barons of Erie; and the man or woman who makes a very serious blunder on the platform, either in taste or ethics, very

seldom receives a second invitation from the same locality, and so passes presently on the shelf, while new aspirants are sought for; and only worthy veterans keep the field.

Another way of estimating the value of the platform is to reflect how much we owe to it, not in practical leadership and the formation and guidance of public sentiment, but in personal acquaintance, as it were, with men whom their books only half make known to the public. How the lad of to-day will prize, for example, as he looks back upon it thirty or forty years hence, the memory of the night when he saw Emerson in the lecture-room, with his grave, sweet presence, his gentle yet strong face, through which you can see the thoughts strike fire; his odd awkwardness with his manuscript, which is so much better than some men's grace and ease; his rich, pure voice, which, without a gesture or a suggestion of elocution, makes the grandest poetry seem grander in his recitation of it! What a new light on "School-Days at Rugby" was enjoyed by those, comparatively few in number, in two great cities, who heard Tom Brown in the flesh—the same sturdy Tom Brown of the football match, but grown grave and bald in the passing of years—trying to reconcile two nations, or telling of the struggles of labor! What is the worth, in dollars and cents, of the treasured experience of those who saw Thackeray in one of his American tours, and heard him tell the story of that Dick Steele whom he so loved, or of that Fourth George whom he so despised? All these priceless things we owe to the lecture-committee: so let us forgive them if they occasionally give a vantage-ground to a charlatan unworthy of a public hearing, or if every feature in their programmes does not appeal to the highest tastes.

THE DICKENS DINNER OF 1842.

It is a little more than twenty-five years since the visit of Charles Dickens—then a young man, the author of “Pickwick” and two or three other successful books—created a great sensation in this country, and was made the occasion for demonstrations of cordial hospitality and admiring enthusiasm without a parallel in the memories of the people or in the experience of their guest. The near approach of the same gentleman—himself matured, and his fame rounded and made symmetrical by a long succession of works, displaying a wider grasp and a firmer hand than his early productions—to the same community which greeted him before, and which also he will find that the hand of change has not left untouched, gives a peculiar interest just now to the incidents of that memorable first visit. Perhaps the whole journey had no more notable occasion than the dinner given by “the young gentlemen of Boston” to Mr. Dickens, on the first day of February, 1842; and we invite our readers to follow us in a search among the musty records of that brilliant evening. The dinner was spread in the most suitable place which the accommodations of that day afforded,—in Mr. Papanti’s hall in Tremont Street. The tables were “splendidly laid and profusely,”—if we may credit the glowing report in the “Daily Advertiser and Patriot” of the next day but one,—by Mr. Barton, the experienced and successful caterer of the Albion. The guests numbered about two hundred. The whole affair was in the hands of the young men of the city; and so the Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., presided at the tables, and his assistant vice-presidents were Dr. Oliver

Wendell Holmes, and Messrs. George S. Hillard, Edward G. Loring, and J. Thomas Stevenson. This array, we may remark in passing, was considered brilliant even in those youthful days of the distinguished men mentioned; for in the later hours of the evening, when wine and wit ran sparkling together, Mr. T. C. Grattan, then the British consul at this port, remarked that "the president's four vices were equal to the four cardinal virtues of any other man." The report before us mentions, as active in the management of the festival, Messrs. E. H. Eldridge, W. W. Tucker, S. A. Appleton, Henry Lee, Jr., and Samuel E. Guild; and in the addresses of some of the letters of apology we find the names of George Tyler Bigelow, Nathan Hale, Jonathan F. Barrett, Fred. W. Crocker, and W. W. Story, who served as the committee of invitation. These were the young gentlemen of Boston; but they graciously admitted their seniors to a share in the feast; and so among the invited guests we note Mr. President Quincy of Harvard University, even then of venerable age; Governor Davis, whom indisposition compelled to retire early, and without making a speech; as well as Washington Allston, Judge Warren, Mayor Chapman, George Bancroft, Richard H. Dana, Sr., Franklin Dexter, and Dr. Jacob Bigelow.

The feast began at five, and the *naïf* reporter observes, at another stage of the proceedings, that it was "an advanced hour for a dinner-party." The company was formed, and marshalled into the dining-room to the strains of "Washington's March," followed by "God save the Queen." The Rev. Dr. Parkman invoked a benediction before the removal of the covers, and thanked Heaven for the presence of "the distinguished stranger." The substantial repast of course preceded all further speech-making; and then came

toasts and fun and eloquence in rapid succession. The most peculiar feature of the dinner, which distinguished it from all other dinners, was that one personage was, at every pause and in every exigency, called upon to bring down the company with a laugh, and made to do a most unfair share of the work of entertainment. That hardly served personage was Mr. Samuel Weller. Did anybody wish to begin his speech with a telling point, or end it with a snapper, he quoted Sam Weller. Did the president of the evening wish to introduce a new speaker effectively, or compliment one who had just taken his seat, he drew upon Sam Weller. Did he wish to brighten up the party when somebody had been dull, and the flow of soul seemed to flag, he opened the volume of "Pickwick," and read a saying of Sam Weller. But it should be remembered that Mr. Dickens had written but few books then. The number of his characters had not become a multitude: even Micawber and Pecksniff and Tom Pinch did not then exist, to say nothing of the still later creations of Wegg and Joe Gargery, and the young man of the name of Guppy, or even of the Peerybingles and Dr. Marigold, and the host of Christmas folk; so the public made all the more of what it had, and fondled Sam Weller and Little Nell and Barnaby's Raven all the more affectionately.

Mr. Josiah Quincy, Jr., of course, began the speech-making *ex-officio*; and, as in duty bound, was warmly and enthusiastically complimentary to Mr. Dickens, running pleasantly over the list of his characters, as well known on this side of the ocean as in their native land, and especially emphasizing the fact that in all the novelist's works there was a reforming object and a high moral tone, and that they were

directed against the abuses of the day. He concluded with the toast which follows, and which was received with tremendous and prolonged cheering, — “Health, happiness, and a hearty welcome, to Charles Dickens.”

Mr. Dickens responded with an exceedingly well-written address, delivered, in the judgment of our old-time reporter, “in a warm, fluent, and manly tone.” He gracefully expressed his thanks for the welcome given him, and said he had dreamed for years by day and by night of that visit to America which he had now begun, and had come “with all his sympathies clustering richly about this land and people.” He then spoke, with no affectation of modesty in the matter, about his own writings, and the theory of the nobility of virtue, however poor, and the hatefulness of vice, however rich, which he had kept in view in his books. He spoke with feeling of an allusion made to “a little heroine of mine who died in her youth,” whom he seemed to regard with peculiar fondness, and told of the letters he had received, many from the far West, giving histories of domestic joys or sorrows in which the children — generally lost children over whom the mother wept — in this or that respect resembled Nell. And then, with characteristic oddity of fancy, Mr. Dickens said that his entertainers here had no chance of spoiling him; for he felt as though they were merely agreeing about third parties, and at every new act of kindness said to himself, “‘That’s for Oliver, — I should not wonder if that were meant for Smike, — I have no doubt that is intended for Nell’; and so I become a much happier, certainly, but a more sober and retiring, man than I ever was before.” The speaker closed by laying particular stress on the need of an international copyright between England and America, “firstly, because it is justice; and, secondly, because without it

you never can have and keep a literature of your own"; and offered the toast, "America and England; and may they never have any division but the Atlantic between them."

The president then alluded to the theory that poets and painters, in ideal pictures of female loveliness, unconsciously sketched the features of her who was dearest to their hearts, and offered a sentiment in that connection which was drunk standing, with three times three cheers, "The health of the lady of our distinguished guest. If she were the model of the pure and elevated females of his works, it might be well said that she was the better half even of Charles Dickens."

Mr. Edward G. Loring spoke eloquently of the bonds of union between England and America in their common parentage, history, language, and literature, and common devotion to liberty. He closed with a reference to Harvard College, and a compliment to the representative of the University at the banquet. "It is n't quite fair, gentlemen: it is n't quite fair," began Mr. President Quincy, as the storm of applause called him from his seat; and then he went on with a speech so apt, so witty, so running over with humor, that the genial reflection of its fun was cast over the whole remainder of the evening. He said, in regard to the idea of his making a speech in such a youthful assembly, "I felt like giving myself the same advice that Swift gave to the man. Said the man, 'I have set up for a wit.' 'Well,' replied Swift, 'I would now advise you to sit down.'" A man of threescore and ten, he said, should no more be expected to make an after-dinner speech than to dance a hornpipe. It requires wit as well as wisdom and abundance of imagination; the speech "should be strewn with roses such as are grown on the sides of Parnassus; there should

be alternate layers of the *utile* and the *dulce*; and on the top of all there should be a layer of sugared sentiment." Such a compound requires both memory and fancy; and an old man has neither. "To an old man Memory is an arrant jade, and she is in no way delicate in letting him know that, like the rest of her sex, she gives young men the preference." But he had consented to come among the young men this time at their urgent solicitation, feeling a curiosity regarding the composition of the meeting "much as Sam Weller did when he was invited to dine upon veal-pie, — 'A weal-pie is a werry nice thing, when you know the lady as made it, and are quite sure it ain't kittens.'" But none of Mr. Quincy's jokes created so much fun as an accident which befell him. As he drew his remarks to a close, he fell into a graver strain, and presently said, "I will conclude by giving you a toast, if my treacherous memory will so far serve me. I will give you, *Genius*, — in — in — in —" But here the venerable gentleman's memory did desert him; and, after striving a moment or so to catch the fugitive words, he looked around pleasantly, and said, "Gentlemen, a good memory is a great thing; and I will give you all a piece of advice which it may be useful to you to remember: when you are not certain that you can keep a thing in your memory, be sure to keep it in your pocket." And then, as if to enforce his precept by example, Mr. Quincy did draw from his own pocket a scrap of paper, and read from the manuscript the toast which had eluded him. This set the company in a roar: and then Mr. Quincy, Jr., found a text appropriate to the occasion concerning Mr. Sam Weller and his father, which set them into another roar; so that it was some time before they were sufficiently recovered to listen to the next

speaker. This was Mr. George S. Hillard, who took up the subject of English literature in an admirable address to which no summary can do justice. Mr. Thomas C. Grattan, one of whose jokes we have quoted above, followed, and, like Mr. Quincy, deemed it necessary to apologize for being present at a young men's party. He said he had "thought of laying some 'flattering unction' to his hair and whiskers, to change their rather equivocal tints," and so, deceiving his juvenile friends, to turn Papanti's assembly-room into another "Do-the-boys Hall"; but when he heard who was to be the president of the evening, he saw "that the very head and front of offending was his as well," and thought he would be safe in serving under the banner which Mr. Quincy, Jr., hung out. To this sally the president retorted by quoting Sam Weller, that it was "addin' insult to injury, as the parrot said ven they not only took him from his native land, but made him talk the English language afterwards." Mr. Richard H. Dana, Jr., was then called upon, and made only a brief response, as being "among the youngest of those present." A requisition was next made upon Dr. Holmes, who, "without a single apology," favored the company with the song to the air of "Gramachree," written for the occasion, which appears in his published works, and in which

" Dewy blossoms wave
Alike o'er Juliet's storied tomb
And Nelly's nameless grave."

Mr. Washington Allston was the next gentleman up, but spoke in so low a tone, having been recently ill, that the reporters could not catch a sentence except the concluding toast: "The Prophetic Raven, who spoke to posterity when he said 'Never say die' to Barnaby Rudge."

The merchants of Boston were honored in the next sentiment; and Mr. J. Thomas Stevenson responded in their behalf, in a speech bristling with puns, and closing with a punning toast concerning the "right hand of the law raised for no sinister purpose," which of course brought up Mr. Franklin Dexter. He, declaring himself "more punned against than punning," spoke only soberly and briefly.

A letter was then read from Mr. William H. Prescott, bearing date at his house in Bedford Street, and excusing his absence on account of the irritable state of his eyes, which would be sure to suffer from the excitement and heat of such an occasion. Mr. George Bancroft was present, however, to respond for both to "The Historians of America," in a speech in which he took occasion to express his great admiration for the works of Lord Byron, and closed with a toast to the memory of the poet.

In introducing the next speaker, the Hon. Jonathan Chapman, the president ingeniously quoted a passage from "Pickwick" concerning a certain calamitous ride of the members of the club, and gave, "The horse that Mr. Pickwick could not get rid of, and the mayor that nobody ever wants to get rid of." Mayor Chapman followed up the vein, so popular with many of the speakers of the evening, by informing the company that he had been called upon that day by the veritable Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, who came to express a fear lest the editor of their doings should be utterly extinguished by the attentions showered upon him, and killed with kindness. The fancy was quaintly managed in a narrative of some length, perhaps the best thing in which was an observation of Mr. Pickwick: "I stand in a peculiar relation to the young man, one never known before; indeed, in a truly Pick-

wickian relation, namely, that he first created me and then I made him." Mr. Stevenson then remarked that, whether Mr. Dickens was to be extinguished by attentions or not, it was hoped he would not be put out by anything taking place on the present occasion. The next incident of the evening was a song by Mr. J. M. Field, then well known as "Straws," and whose daughter has become known to the readers of this generation over the signature of "Straws, Junior." This song purported to be "The very last Observations of Weller, Senior," was set to a popular air, and made a great hit, being at once placed on sale at the music-stores. We make room for two of the most telling stanzas:—

"They'll eat you, Boz, in Boston! and
 They'll eat you in New York!
 Wherever caught, they'll play a blessed
 game of knife and fork!
 There's prayers in Boston now, that Cu-
 nard's biler may not burst;
 Because their savage hope it is,
 Dear Boz, to eat you first!

"I'll tell you vot you does, Boz,
 Since go, it seems, you vill:
 If you would not expose, Boz,
 Yourself their maws to fill,
 Just 'Marryatt' or 'Trollope,' Boz,
 Within your pocket hem;
 For blow me if I ever thinks
 They'll ever swallow them!"

This must have brought the evening on to a late hour, for the subsequent proceedings were rapid. Mr. Richard H. Dana, Sr., spoke briefly, the point of his remarks being a direct application to Mr. Dickens of a question quoted from Mr. Bob Sawyer, but we hardly think original with that gentleman, "If he would take something to drink." Rev. Dr. Palfrey reiterated the arguments in favor of an international

copyright; and Judge Warren spoke on the same point and in favor of the same end. Dr. Jacob Bigelow had something witty to say, as a medical man, about the newly imported medicine coming among us in Pickwick papers, which need not be shaken before taken, because those who took it were sure to shake themselves; and which sent people into convulsions, happily without serious consequences. The Rev. Caleb Stetson told how a child had once assured him of his personal resemblance to Mr. Pickwick. Other brief speeches were made, which are not fully reported, by Mr. William H. Gardiner, Mr. Clifford of New Bedford, Mr. J. C. Park, and Mr. George F. Minns. Letters of apology were read from Washington Irving at Sunnyside; from Judge Story at Washington; from Rev. Dr. William Ellery Channing; from Rev. Dr. Moses Stuart at Andover; from Mr. John Neal at Portland, expressing his esteem for "Dickens the reformer"; from Mr. Charles Sprague; from N. P. Willis at Glenmary, with a toast in honor of "Master Humphrey's Clock, — wound up to run with the stars"; and from Louis Gaylord Clark, with a sentiment to "the health of Charles Sprague, our poet of the heart, who, amid the cares and turmoils of active life, keeps his holier affections and better thoughts unspotted from the world." It was near one o'clock when the president and the guest of the evening withdrew; but the faithful reporter informs us that Mr. J. T. Stevenson took the chair, and that a few more songs and volunteer sentiments intervened to make a night of it before the jolly company broke up.

CHARLES DICKENS.

MEN die every day, in all grades of life, and comparatively small circles are stirred by their departure. Their places may seem great; yet the world gets along without them very easily, and presently they are hardly missed. But to-day the world is not as it was yesterday; every heart feels a blow, every eye recognizes a gap; the people of two great nations have suffered a bereavement which none of this generation will ever cease to feel keenly as a personal loss. Charles Dickens is dead. Suddenly as the news came to us in America, even more abruptly than the shock itself fell upon the stricken family, the first instinct was to disbelieve the terrible news. But confirmation and details soon left no room for doubt; and men and women throughout all the English-speaking countries felt such a pang of regret as will follow the loss of no monarch, no statesman, no warrior, no author, whom he has left behind him.

Dickens was not an old man; but as we look back over his life, it seems as if it had been a long one. In fact, he began his work very young, and worked very busily and very hard. He was born in 1812, at Portsmouth, the son of a naval clerk. Of his childhood and boyhood there is very little printed record. He had no liberal education, though from the mention which may be gathered here and there of "certain tragedies achieved at the mature age of eight or ten, and represented with great applause to overflowing nurseries," and of the "not very robust child with his head full of Partridge, Strap, Tom Pipes, and Sancho Panza," we may guess that the tastes of his life were of early development. They were not sufficiently

marked, however, to prevent an attempt of his father to article the lad to an attorney,—an episode to which we are asked to attribute the familiarity with some phases of the legal profession to be seen in nearly all his novels. But it may be remarked that an almost equal familiarity is displayed with other branches of life; and, were the records to be swept away, as in the case of Shakespeare, the analyzing critics of the future would have no difficulty in proving Mr. Dickens's apprenticeship to a score or two of avocations. He had not long passed the gates of manhood when he began to tend toward the ways in which his feet were born to walk. He entered literature through the stubbly path of short-hand writing in the service of a morning newspaper; but soon he gave such signs of a strong hand in his sketches of London life, contributed to a daily journal and a monthly magazine, that the happy prescience of a publisher selected him for the job-work of writing a serial story to fit some comic pictures. "The Pickwick Papers" was the result; and no sudden fame of Byron or the author of "Waverley" can parallel the blaze of popularity which shone upon the book and its author before the rambling work was completed. Its characters were the talk of all England as the numbers appeared; and though the criticism was not all friendly, and there were many weak spots in the fabric, when the last number was issued the world was ready to bow down and acknowledge a new humorist in this young man of six-and-twenty. The book showed only one side of his genius; but already "Oliver Twist" was coming out in the same fragmentary way to which the author ever afterwards adhered, exhibiting a very different phase of the same matchless power. We need not rehearse the biography, the principal incidents of which mark new experi-

ences of delight on the part of all our readers; the marvellously swift succession of novels, which left hardly a month for many years without its instalment of pleasure; the inestimable service to many great reforms; the brief deviation into another sphere of service in the establishment of the "Daily News"; the brilliant episode of the Christmas stories; the sad disclosure of domestic unhappiness in a life which seemed to deserve so much of the richest joys of home and love; the splendidly successful experiment of the readings; the two visits to this country; the ready aid given to a host of enterprises of charity and education; the wealth gradually amassed and liberally used; the last unfinished novel. All is too familiar to need minute rehearsal; and now the day has come to which he looked forward as he closed his last completed story five years ago: he has "parted company with his readers forever;" and there "is written against his life the two words," which he that day penned thoughtfully, — "the end." It is something to be thankful for on his behalf, that the end came painlessly, bearing him away without the interval of suffering, the anguish of parting, which is the lot of the mass of humanity, but with the unconscious departure vouchsafed also to Thackeray, to Hawthorne, to Irving, to Macaulay, and to many of the brightest minds of our day.

This is not the time to estimate calmly the rank which the verdict of the future will give to Charles Dickens as an artist. He will undoubtedly be valued chiefly for his humor, which, in its richness, its originality, its breadth of range, is worthy to be compared with that of Shakespeare. If in the other walks of his art there were limitations, if his rhetoric was somewhat florid, if his prose was apt to become blank verse, if his drama was inclined to melodrama, if his pathos showed

a tendency to sentimentalism, if the great depths of passion were very rarely reached, there were at least no bounds to the infinite variety or the abundant felicity of his powers as a humorist. There was as delicate a touch in Goldsmith, as graphic a pencil in Fielding; but we cannot speak of either of them in comparison, when we remember but a tithe of the great multitude of personages who have leaped from the pen of Dickens into the memories, the affections, the familiar language of the world, each one stamped with an individuality perfect and unmistakable. And it is especially to be set down to the honor of the man and the praise of the artist, that, writing in a language in which almost every humorist has been gross, living in an age when even the poets have dabbled in impurity, and emulated each other by plunging more deeply into foulness, his books are as clean as new-fallen snow.

As a literary artist, Mr. Dickens's power of throwing his whole energy into his characterization, his prodigious observation, and his care in detail were his most remarkable traits. He lived his books. When he wrote the stormy "Tale of Two Cities," he "so far verified what is said and done in its pages, that he certainly did and suffered it all himself." As he completed a book, he seemed to himself to be "dismissing some portion of himself into the shadowy world when the crowd of the creatures of his brain were going from him forever." When he had written the chapter describing the death of little Paul Dombey, he wandered for a whole winter night, restlessly and with a heavy heart, about the streets of Paris. To the acuteness of his observation every page of his novels bears witness. His eyes seemed to photograph the scenes of cities, the traits of people casually met, the ways of animals, and his memory held and reproduced them all. There

is not a character in all his books that is not drawn from life; and if the color is filled in so warmly that Mrs. Nickleby does not know herself, and the brothers Cheeryble have no suspicion of their identity, the skill of the artist is no less great. To the care of his workmanship his biographer must testify. From the time when he went down into Yorkshire in a bleak winter to look for a school for an imaginary orphan, and was warned away by a real John Browdie to the night last October when he explored the opium dens of London to obtain material for the opening of "Edwin Drood," reproducing in the first number word for word the very dialogue to which he listened, he always studied from the life. And though the historical novel was not his forte, his tales of the French Revolution and the Gordon Riots were based upon as careful study, and were as faithful in detail, as anything done by Scott or Thackeray.

Of the private character of Mr. Dickens as a man, his own friends will speak in the proper time and way. He was never the *bon vivant* of the popular notion, but prudent, abstemious, temperate; an indomitable worker, a systematic man of affairs, keen and ready in business, generous and open-handed, brilliant in conversation, incomparably happy in the oratory of festival occasions, the warmest and most sympathetic friend, faithful to every duty of life, with a rounded character which drew to him such a multitude of personal friends as have gathered about very few men in any age.

The crudest reference to Charles Dickens would be incomplete without a reference to that genius as an actor which was only less than his genius as a creator because it appealed to a smaller public in his own day, and leaves nothing behind for future generations to

enjoy. To those who never saw the reader at his desk, no words can convey a conception of his power; and of the multitude who gained an appreciation of it by Mr. Dickens's visit here two years ago, very few can need a reminder in words to call up the memory of that lithe figure under the "garish lights," or of those quick, picturesque gestures, those flitting expressions of feature, those sympathetic tones, which put a character before us as no device of the stage, with all the accessories of paint and costume, could do it, and painted a personage by a wave of the hand, an intonation, or the curving of an eyebrow. All who have read "David Copperfield" can mourn sincerely for the death of the great author; but only those have tested the full measure of the genius now snatched from the earth who have sat in tears and laughter under the spell of the author's impersonation of the "Christmas Carol."

OUR PORTRAIT STATUES.

"The statue is but newly fixed."

Winter's Tale.

"Beauty will not come at the call of a legislature, nor will it repeat in England or America its history in Greece." — EMERSON.

IF material encouragement could insure the development of a branch of art, we should surely rise to a pre-eminence among the nations of the earth and of history in portrait sculpture. It may well be doubted if the artists of Greece or Rome were ever so busy in this class of tasks for any equal period as American artists have been within the last five-and-twenty years.

The patronage is ample, the stimulant of that fervent approval which may pass for fame is not wanting, and the prices paid are enormous, compared with any standard which may be chosen. We pay, for example, treble or quadruple the rates which European governments offer for original statues; and our sculptors work in the same marble, hire the same assistants, have every facility open to the artists of Italy and France. As to the patronage, there seems no limit to it. If a great man dies, there is an immediate crop of orders for statues of him. If a man rises to fame or wealth, his friends or his wife serve as a convenient stalking-horse for his vanity by insisting upon at least a bust. If a man seems in a fair way to earn an infamous name by corrupt conduct in public station, the first step he takes in self-defence is to procure a statue in the suggestive purity of marble. If a young girl shows a taste for modelling and a tact for lobbying, a complacent Congress votes her a commission for a full-length statue of one of the most difficult subjects, and sends her to Europe to execute the work. Even architecture, in its earliest infancy with us, is beginning to call in the service of sculpture for decoration; and still the portrait statue is preferred to the ideal.

In glancing at the results of all this lavishness, we are not called upon to notice the new figure of Abraham Lincoln by Miss Vinnie Ream, which we have not seen, or the statue of Mr. Tweed of New York, which we believe is not yet in actual existence. We speak only of works of art worthy of the name. And in a general survey of results we are inclined to think that unbiassed criticism would admit that our art has accomplished more of real value in this line of portrait statues than in any other. There may be

a doubt, or something stronger than a doubt, whether *The Greek Slave*, or *Zenobia*, or Bierstadt's enormous and showy canvases will very deeply impress the next generation; but there does not seem room for question that the *Beethoven* of Crawford in the Boston Music Hall will be treasured more and more dearly as the years pass, and will have an incalculable educating and refining influence on the Bostonians of ages to come. It is so admirable as a statue, it so triumphs over the stumbling-blocks of costume, and it so thoroughly embodies the traits of the great composer, — the mental and spiritual characteristics of the man as well as his external aspect, — that we cannot but think well of the possibilities of art in the country which has produced such a work, though the hand which fashioned it is cold in the grave. And the same lamented artist has left in Richmond a still more admirable and thoroughly American memorial in the monument to Washington, and other worthies of Virginia. The equestrian statue of Washington which surmounts the structure is a most excellent piece of work, stamped with genius in every part, and only marred in effect by a slight inadequacy of the base to sustain such a figure. It lifts the soul of the spectator, and brings back, not only the Father of his Country, but the time in which he lived, and the grandeur of the cause for which he fought. Such of the surrounding figures as are from Crawford's models are in good harmony with the main work. The statue of Patrick Henry in the very act of passionate oratory is a brilliant victory of audacity, which should teach the sculptor that there is nothing which may not be done in his art if it be only done with skill. About the poorest parts of this noble work of art, added in the recent completion of the elaborate design, there is nothing

so absolutely bad as to offend the eye. One would imagine that it would have an elevating, refining influence on the life, the thought, the moral tone of the city in which it stands; and so doubtless it does, intangibly and invisibly; but when Richmond went into rebellion, instead of striving to dignify the hour by homage to these Virginia rebels here immortalized in bronze, she could think of nothing better than to seat a grinning slave on the shoulders of Washington; and throughout the war the monument was probably never regarded with such genuine respect as when the Northern soldiers poured into the city, and gathered round it in silent admiration, and when the newly-freed negroes chose it as the rallying-point for their meetings of jubilee.

It is unfortunate that the national capital should display such sorry specimens of art, since it is there that foreign critics look for our best achievements, and there only that citizens of different parts of our own country meet on a common footing, free from any incitement to local jealousies. But it is a consequence of our way of doing things, which gives to men like Mr. Clark Mills a vantage simply from being on the ground, and thrusting their rearing horses upon the sight of every passenger who approaches the Capitol. It follows, therefore, that, in any survey of American portrait sculpture intended to be comforting to our self-esteem, we must not pause for an instant to look at the careering steeds and fantastic statesmen who constantly pop out upon the vision from amid the shrubbery of the squares, and in the corridors of the public buildings. The half-naked Washington with the sword is the most offensive of all, and fully meets the assaults of artists and critics upon the costume of our age, calling up Hawthorne's remark on modern

nude statuary in "The Marble Faun": "I am weary, even more than I am ashamed, of seeing such things. Nowadays people are as good as born in their clothes, and there is practically not a nude human being in existence."

The arrangement of the costume of Launt Thompson's bronze statue of General Sedgwick, at West Point, would have pleased Hawthorne. The loose blouse of the Sixth Army Corps and the high cavalry-boots are a thousand-fold more effective than the traditional toga and sandals which are so absurdly made to do duty in many of our statues. This work and Quincy Ward's Shakespeare—judging the latter by the small plaster model, for the statue itself is not finished—deserve a high rank for their artistic conception and execution. We are warranted in looking to both these sculptors for many more works of enduring merit.

The newest addition to our stock of portrait sculpture, and that which makes the general subject an appropriate theme for the comments of town-talk at this time, is the marble statue of John A. Andrew, by Thomas Ball, which has been placed in the State House in Boston. Now, Boston has not been uniformly lucky in her ventures in this direction. With the best intentions, there have come, in several instances, the worst results; and ready as the residents of the city usually are to stand stoutly by their local institutions, and to proclaim their geese the most swanlike of swans, there are no Bostonians who will confess to being proud of the clumsy Webster with his cruelly inappropriate *fasces*,—signifying that magisterial authority and honor which Webster craved, but never gained; the crude and ungainly Horace Mann; the granite Hamilton, swathed like an infant or a mum-

my; or the ungraceful image of the ever-graceful Everett, who might be holding up his hand to catch the jokes and sneers, so many have been hurled at the statue by the public which respected and loved the man. In the other scale of the balance are the grand Beethoven which we have mentioned; the somewhat realistic but still powerful equestrian Washington of Ball, in the Public Garden, the prosaic and yet somehow agreeable and deservedly popular Franklin; the worthier work of Story in the portrayal of his father; and the other statues which, like that, deserved to be transferred to a place more familiar to the public eye than the "dim, religious light" of the chapel at Mount Auburn. We may not pause to mention the beautiful memorial statue by Richard S. Greenough, lately placed in the hall of the Latin School, or the group which commemorates the discovery of etherization, since we have restricted ourselves to portrait, as distinguished from ideal, sculpture.

It seems to us that the statue of the War Governor, though not above criticism, is to be added to the list of successful work. The artist has had a difficulty to contend with in the figure of the subject hardly less serious than confronts those who have to deal with the gaunt angularity of Lincoln; and he has had also the ever-vexatious problem of clothes. He has very happily conquered the first, idealizing slightly the rotund outlines of the well-known form so that grace is attained, and yet preserving its essential characteristics sufficiently for all purposes of likeness. In meeting the latter, he has been aided by the habit of Governor Andrew—who had ever a taste for the imposing and picturesque—of wearing a graceful military cloak; so that there was no need to borrow a garment for the sake of getting the necessary ampli-

tude of drapery. So far all is well; but in the greater task of the trousers the sculptor has not vanquished the tailor. The apparel thrusts itself upon the eye; it is not subordinate to the man within. But partial failure here is only failure where few indeed have won success and we cannot but think it is better than the subterfuge of wrapping the legs in impossible swaddling-clothes, which has been adopted in some of the statues we have mentioned. It is when we come to the head; that we appreciate the full merit of the work. It is not only faithful portraiture, — always Mr. Ball's strong point, — but there is something better than literal likeness about it — an incorporation into the marble of the noble nature of the man — which is the highest achievement of art. John A. Andrew's was not a coldly immaculate character. He had a fiery temper, he made mistakes, he erred sometimes in judgment of measures and of men. But there was nothing ignoble about him, nothing mean. He never thought of himself first and the State second. His heart was always hot with patriotism, and tender with charity to all men. He never bated a jot from principle for the sake of popularity, and more than once breasted the current of public opinion. All these traits we see, or think we see, suggested in the fine, clear-cut face, the firm lips and delicate nostril and grand forehead, the symmetrical shape and dignified pose of the head, especially when it is seen in profile. There is, too, a glimpse of the personality of the subject, as well as the skill of the sculptor, in the hands, — so admirably combining beauty and strength and delicacy of texture that one feels that the grasp of such a hand was warm and earnest, its blow direct and irresistible. Altogether the statue moves the spectator to hearty liking; and we feel sure that it will grow into the

popular heart, as it stands close by where the govern-
or toiled and thought through five exhausting years,
surrounded by the tattered flags of the thousands of
Massachusetts boys who, like him, gave their utmost
effort for nationality and liberty, and many of whom,
like him, sealed the sacrifice with death.

ROBERT COLLYER.

“A man he was to all the country dear.”

GOLDSMITH.

“And the hearts of the people where he passed
Swayed as the reeds sway in the blast,
Under the spell of a voice which took
In its compass the flow of Siloa's brook,
And the mystical chime of the bells of gold
On the ephod's hem of the priest of old.”

WHITTIER.

THE time has gone by when the reputation of the
preacher was merely local, like that of the doctor and
the schoolmaster. A generation or two ago the most
eminent pulpit orator was known only in his own
county. He made the exchanges which his people
grudgingly permitted in the towns clustering about
his own parish; and beyond the radius which his stout
but not showy horse could travel in a day his name
was an empty sound. Such pilgrimages as that of
Whitefield, who traversed the nation from Georgia to
Massachusetts, and in whose route

“The flood of emotion, deep and strong,
Troubled the land as it swept along,
But left a result of holier lives,”

were rare and memorable exceptions. But now we

have not a few preachers of national renown, whose characteristics are commented upon from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, if not from one ocean to the other. Mr. Beecher has built up in Brooklyn a fame so broad and strong that whoever visits the metropolis, let his creed be what it may, come he from Kansas or Constantinople, is very sure to give his first Sunday to Plymouth Church, where a perfume of geniality, almost of hilarity, pervades the atmosphere, where children play fearlessly on the pulpit stairs, where the preacher makes gentle jokes now and then, yet where the listener's heart is sure to be moved by evidences which he cannot question of earnest devotion, of sincere faith, and of a big heart full of love for man and for his Maker, beating responsive in preacher and congregation. Other clergymen do not exert such a powerful magnetic influence, drawing their hearers from all over the land; nor is it needed. Exchanges are made over distances limited only by the breadth of the continent. Last year a Boston clergyman and the most popular preacher of San Francisco filled each other's pulpits for the Sundays of a month, meeting and passing in the gorges of the Rocky Mountains far too swiftly for the dignified greeting, the comparison of texts, and the friendly mug of flip which the New England pastor of the olden time, in similar circumstances, used to enjoy at the half-way tavern. So the author of "A Man without a Country" and the author of "Nature and Life" more recently made a like barter, to the great satisfaction of themselves and their congregations. As for the leading preachers of New York, they make nothing of a flitting every few weeks to Boston or to Philadelphia for a Sunday. Then, almost all ministers at some time in their lives enter the lyceum circuit,

in order to obey the Divine injunction, and make to themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness in the readiest way open to men of brains in America. But even those who do not venture outside the pulpit at all, by the system of exchanges we have mentioned gradually extend their fame and influence to the people of all the great cities, at least to those inside their own denominations; and thus it is that the name of Robert Collyer, whose noble eloquence is the dearest jewel in the crown of Chicago, will kindle a flush of enthusiasm on the faces of thousands of men and women who never saw the busy, precocious, egotistical, thriving city by the Western lake.

It is to be said, in the first place, of Robert Collyer, as of Henry Ward Beecher, that he belongs in the pulpit. An active mind does many things outside its vocation. Mr. Beecher has lectured hundreds of times, has edited various newspapers, has dabbled in politics, has written delightful little essays by the bushel, has written, or tried to write, a serial novel. Mr. Collyer has done some of these things, and besides has made, we believe, many excellent horse-shoes. But it was the true gravitation that drew both these men to the real work of their lives; and no one can claim any thorough knowledge or appreciation of their traits who has not sat under the shadow of their pulpits. Mr. Beecher, especially, addresses every week an immense audience who never saw his face; but not one of them knows the best half of the man. So with Mr. Collyer: we dare say many who read these lines may turn to the next published words from his pen, and find there little depth of thought or elegance of expression, who yet, if they could once experience the magnetism of his presence, would find those same

words to sing with the music of a poem of that other northern-born Robert, whose character the Chicago preacher has so fondly and beautifully pictured in one of his lectures.

A hearty, bluff, white-haired man, of burly frame and large, kindly features, who looks as if he never knew the meaning of sickness or of languor, rises in the pulpit. His prayers are short and simple; there is nothing in his reading of Scripture or hymn to attract attention as out of the common, except that he looks always "up and not down," as a colaborer of his in the same field advises, aiming his words at the chandelier or the organ-loft instead of at the pews below him, and that now and then a word has a curious broadness and bluntness of pronunciation, such as belongs to not one of the several American dialects. But there is nothing marked enough to excite the special attention of the tired church-goer, wearied with the cares of the week and familiar with the ways of many admirable preachers, until the sermon begins.

The speaker sets out as if he were in a prodigious hurry, and, from text to conclusion, goes on with a rush, pausing nowhere, dwelling upon nothing, never hesitating for a word or to find a lost place in his manuscript, never stopping to beat out the text while his thoughts and energies rally for a new start. His only difficulty seems to be that too many things crowd upon him to be said in the little time at his command. But before he has gone far on his swift journey, the dullest listener is aroused, and "cannot choose but hear." How earnest he is! How far from shouting, how gentle and conciliatory in manner, yet how he moves his hearer to catch every word as if it were a pearl! How sunny is his face, how tender his voice, as he speaks of some

natural beauty, — the daisy or the, heather or the ocean! And here we hit upon one of the most salient traits of the man, in his affection for the little beauties of this beautiful world, — never forced, never over-demonstrative, never dwelling in detailed and minute description, but breathing through his every utterance and lurking in his every thought. It is there, bounding through his pulses, just as it leaps along in the lines of Jean Ingelow more than in those of any other poet of this generation, so that you know she is thinking of daisies and buttercups, linnets and hedge-sparrows, though she may not once mention them from the beginning to the end of the ballad. Robert Collyer cannot speak of the blue sky without your seeing, or seeming to see, the grand dome of heaven, warm, lovely, and illimitable, above; and, what is more, when you think of the man afterward, you seem to see it again in exquisite beauty, like the one perfect day of many remembered Junes.

Closely akin to this is the warm sympathy of the preacher with human nature, his love for what is good in it under all its flaws and frailties. There is no thunder in his voice, nothing terrible in his creed. He is pre-eminently the disciple of a cheerful Christianity. Let him discourse upon sin as he may, one leaves the church thinking, not of the hideousness of sin, but of the beauty of virtue; not abasing himself in the dust, but seeking some poor brother whom he may lift up out of it; with a warmer hand-clasp for every friend, a readier forgiveness for every hurt. The sermon rushes on like a mountain torrent, bearing illustrations snatched from every shore, from literature, from travel, from every-day life, from a rich personal experience of infinite variety. No one sobs, no one laughs; but every face ripples with a smile, every eye

glistens with unconscious tears. The Yorkshire burr is forgotten; nobody has an inclination to criticise manner or matter; the congregation of strangers feels like a family party. Then the end is reached; and the preacher stops, not because his theme is exhausted, but because his time is up; and the auditor feels, and may prove by actual test if he pleases, that the orator is just as fresh and full of electric force for an afternoon or an evening sermon as if he had passed the morning on the sofa in his study.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

“Ah, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, you are a magnificent trio! . . . I think of the prodigal banquets to which this Lucullus of a man has invited me, with thanks and wonder.”—THACKERAY'S *Round-about Papers*.

HAD it occurred a year ago, the death of Alexandre Dumas would have been town-talk in Paris for nine days, and then for nine days more. The airy, gay, luxurious, wicked old fellow had furnished so much pleasant entertainment to the wicked, luxurious, gay, airy city that everybody would have been moved to chat about him; and his life was so full, not of heroism, not of instruction, but of the material for gossip which Paris relished, that the journals would have been busy with him for weeks; and the boulevards and the *cafés* would have echoed many stories, true and false, not to be printed even in Parisian journals. But now, if perchance the pigeon which bears the news under its wing loses its way, or flies within range of a needle-gun, Paris will not even know that he is dead;

or perhaps the tidings may be carried in on the day of the entrance of the German armies, and will hardly be noticed in the confusion of the hour, and while the humiliation of the proud capital fills with bitterness every heart within its gates.

Only a Frenchman can speak with genuine appreciation and sympathy of Dumas, the most thoroughly French of any man of his generation. The mere story of his life makes a picture at which an American looks with amazement and incredulity. There is nothing in "Monte Cristo" itself more extravagant than the realities of this man's career. The mere trivial incidents of his life are *bizarre* to the last degree. Imagine him lying silent on his back for two days on the deck of a yacht in the Mediterranean, at the end of the time rising, and calling for dinner, with a novel complete in his head, and all ready to be written off at railroad speed, faster than three expert scribes could copy. But very few of his works appear to have required so much thought in advance as this. Fancy him, again, sitting in a little room, big enough only "for a table, a pen, and an inkstand," in a gorgeous and fantastic palace built from his own designs out of the profits of one or two of his books, surrounded by an artificial lake, and approachable only by a drawbridge, which the writer in his tower raised and lowered by touching a golden knob at his right hand. Fancy him entrapped by an ingenious manager, confined in a gorgeous chamber adjoining the apartment of a pretty actress, and kept a close prisoner there for eight days, until a drama he had bargained to write was finished. Think of the man's making an elaborate toilet to take part in the barricade-building of the revolution of July; of his having written a cookery-book, and an account of his emotions on

Mount Sinai ; of his campaign with Garibaldi ; of his fragment of an autobiography in twenty-seven volumes. Then try to imagine Thackeray, or Dickens, or Charles Reade working under similar conditions, doing such things, leaving such a record, and you realize how much more is the British Channel than forty rough miles of salt water.

Endeavoring in these rambling paragraphs, not to criticise or to analyze Dumas or his books, but simply to crystallize a little of the endless variety of gossip which his name suggests, it is worth while to note that he was a dramatist before he was a novelist, and that it is to the French stage, more than to French literature, that he belongs. Perhaps he is not exactly a product to be envied ; but we cannot help sighing for the day when we, too, shall have an original stage, capable of giving birth to a dramatist who shall satisfy the needs of America and represent America as Dumas satisfied and represented France. There is no page in the story of his career which more strikingly illustrates the enormous gulf that separates the world we live in from the world he lived in than that which tells of his first play. It was about the year 1827. Alexandre Dumas, a quadroon youth of four-and-twenty, was a clerk in the office of the Secretary of the Duke of Orleans, — a clerk appointed only on the strength of his neat handwriting, and because his father had been a gallant officer. He had already been reduced in rank once for indolence and inattention to duty. His salary was twenty dollars a month. He had written a historical play, and a manager had accepted it. He called on the Duke of Orleans, and requested that royal personage — afterwards King of France — to attend his first night. The invitation was courteously declined, because the Duke had engaged to entertain

a score of princes and princesses at dinner at almost the very hour the play was to begin. But Dumas was not abashed. He suggested that if the dinner could be set an hour earlier, he would make the performance begin an hour later, and would find seats for all the noble company. The Duke, amused at his audacity, consented. The piece was played before a brilliant audience and a balcony glittering with royal spectators. The prestige thus given was matched by the originality, imagination, and wit displayed in the drama; and next morning Dumas was the most famous man in Paris. Managers and publishers were running after him; not long after he had eighty works under contract, and engaged with a newspaper to write in addition eleven novels a year for five years, for a splendid salary; and for forty years he made fortune after fortune with a swift pen, and spent his wealth as rapidly with a lavish hand.

We have no princes in America; but we have colored boys, whose fathers fought in the army, in petty clerkships in the government service. We make more boast of the equality of men than France ever made. But we will not tax the imagination of our readers by asking them to conceive a smart quadroom youngster in the Treasury Department inviting Secretary Boutwell to see his new play, and to suppose that officer and a bright bevy of generals and admirals, judges and senators, lending *éclat* to the initial performance. The parallel is quite too extravagant to be carried out, even in the imagination.

In the words we have placed at the head of this paper, Thackeray testified his warm admiration for the teller of twelve hundred stories; and he has expressed the same feeling many times in his books. The great English humorist had the true novel-read-

er's instinct. He enjoyed a story for a story's sake, and relished Walter Scott and Wilkie Collins, "Don Quixote" and "Tom Jones," Gil Blas and Leatherstocking, with a true catholicity of taste. It were curious to know what Dumas thought of Thackeray. It is doubtful whether he would find anything in "Esmond" to please him. He professed, it is true, to adore Shakespeare; but he professed also to make the great dramatist his model, and it is probable that he understood no better than he imitated him. We are told that Dumas could not read "The Scarlet Letter," finding it so dull; and his knowledge of American literature covered little besides Cooper, whose books, he said in his French way, "were grand enough to make one believe in the immortality of the soul." In fine, his taste in sauces was better than his taste in books; but for his own books, they display the same matchless fertility of invention which he showed in devising sauces. No one who can enjoy the exercise of the imagination pure and simple — without humor, without thought, without conscience, but imagination of the same rich quality which may be tasted in "The Arabian Nights," saturated with the spirit of the France of the nineteenth century — need fear to confess an honest liking for the books which Thackeray owned he had "read from sunrise to sunset with the utmost contentment of mind."

MR. TENNIEL'S CARTOONS.

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this."

Hamlet.

"Punch is the comic version of English good sense. Many of its caricatures are equal to the best pamphlets, and will convey to the eye in an instant the popular view which was taken of each turn of public affairs. Its sketches are usually made by masterly hands, and sometimes with genius." — EMERSON, *English Traits*.

IT has for several years been fashionable and proper to sneer at Punch. Long before its editor, Mark Lemon, died, it had ceased to command any such circle of wits as gathered around its cradle, — when a Christmas number might chance to contain "The Song of the Shirt," when Thackeray in his obscure, vigorous prime poured in ballads and dissected snobs from week to week, and Douglas Jerrold told "The Story of a Feather" and rehearsed "The Caudle Lectures." One by one they have passed away; and the greatest loss of all, from the Punch public's point of view, must have been when John Leech died, and those matchless sketches of English life and character, those hunting-parties and children's balls and servants' colloquies, ceased to be a feature of every number of the little paper. But Punch still lives and thrives in spite of the sneerers who announce the appearance of a real joke in its columns as almost as rare a phenomenon as an earthquake. Still the opened numbers attract the gaze of the public to the shop-windows where they are suspended; and still he who would understand England, who would know the tone of British sentiment at any crisis, must examine Punch as surely as he must consult the Times.

When we come to analyze this persistent power and popularity, we speedily discover that Punch as it

exists to-day rests mainly upon the shoulders of one man, and that man Mr. John Tenniel. Its reading columns must be acknowledged to be dull. There is commonly food for smiles in the gentle humor of Mr. Burnand's contributions; but Mr. Burnand seems to have but one vein, and after a series of years even that becomes tiresome to the constant reader; while as for the rest of the letter-press, one is more apt to check himself sighing over it than to be forced to laugh. But the pictures are always worth looking at; and the leading cartoon, which is almost always from the same pencil, is worth study and preservation. For many years Mr. John Tenniel has stood at the head of this department of art,—a department requiring peculiar powers, not only of artistic execution, but of judgment, of wit, of command of classical allusion, and of a certain nameless facility in catching the spirit of an event and presenting it in a new form which is worth all the other qualities together. Mr. Leech used now and then to undertake political cartoons; but his success was nothing like that he attained in the more congenial work of social sketches. Mr. Tenniel stands without a rival in our time; and when we compare his delicacy and strength with the coarse brutality of Gillray and the inferiority of many others who have gone before, we feel confident that in him England possesses one of the greatest caricaturists that ever lived, and that the judgment of the future will assign him a unique place and an enduring fame, like that attained by that great humorist of another school, William Hogarth.

Were we to go back in a long survey of Mr. Tenniel's notable work, we should be brought face to face with the fact that he, like so many other Englishmen, misinterpreted our war, and, in his caricatures of Mr.

Lincoln, went beyond the bounds of artistic exaggeration to which he has generally adhered, —

“ With mocking pencil went to trace
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

“ His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.”

But this would remind us that he bore a part in the manly avowal of error which Punch made when the assassination of the President opened its eyes, and that, with that memorable poem from which we have quoted, in which the “scurril jester” acknowledged the greatness of the man he had flouted, was a cartoon by Tenniel, showing Britannia placing a wreath upon the bier by which Columbia and the negro sobbed in sympathy.

Or, did we design to point out the skill and pungency with which the wide variety of subjects coming within the scope of Punch’s comment are treated, we should be at a loss which to select from the multitude of political cartoons which press upon the memory. It would have been impossible to give more accurately in a volume of discussion the English view of the Irish question, during the heat of the Fenian excitements, than did Mr. Tenniel when he condensed it into a picture of a scene from “The Tempest.” Mr. Gladstone, as Prospero, stands calm and dignified, his wand the Irish land bill. Gentle Hibernia, as Miranda, clings affrighted to the serene magician. Caliban — an Irish Caliban, the ugliest creature pencil could devise — rages before them with frenzied face and furious fists; and the inscription is: —

“ This island’s mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak’st from me.”

Or, in another vein, what could be better than the picture entitled "Critics," — two gentlemen at a book-stall, unconscious of each other's presence; Mr. Gladstone sternly turning over the pages of "Lothair," with "Hm! Flippant!" and Mr. Disraeli airily skimming through "Juventus Mundi," with "Ha! Prosy!" As good as either, and illustrating an era which seems far back in the past, though really less than a twelve-month ago, was the cartoon which followed the French *plébiscite*, — Madame La France, as a buxom, comfortable *bourgeoise* landlady, looking over a paper she is about to sign, while a peasant in wooden shoes, but with the unmistakable aquiline profile and waxed mustache, waits in company with his comely, frank-faced boy. Says Louis, the tenant, "Madame will not object, I hope, to *two* lives in the lease?" "Hm," says madame, aside, "I suppose I *can't* object."

It is our purpose, however, in the space which is left us, to recall some of the more striking features of Mr. Tenniel's treatment of the war just ended on the Continent. We cannot reproduce the skilful, vigorous drawing of his figures, but we can indicate something of the happiness with which he catches the prevailing feeling of his country as to the prominent event of the week, and the force with which he embodies his conception. There is a tradition that the cartoon is a matter of debate at the weekly council of Punch editors and contributors over the publishers' dinner-table; but we cannot err in ascribing the main credit of the felicitous invention to the artist whose hand does the work, since such a uniformity of character marks all his pictures, not only as designs, but as embodiments of opinion.

The first war cartoon appeared in Punch of July 23. Was it a happy hit only, or a fine sagacity, which

called the struggle even then "A Duel to the Death"? The duelists are stripped to their shirts and trousers, rapiers in hand, arms bared, poised for the encounter. Matronly Britannia strives to remonstrate. The king stands cold and silent. Napoleon says, "Pray stand back, madame: you mean well, but this is an old family quarrel, and we must *fight it out*." How terse, how clearly cut, how precisely in the right words, and not one wasted, are these inscriptions! quite as good in their way as those of Leech to his pictures, in which there was often a humor as rich as Dickens's own. The very next week's picture seems in the light of to-day like a bit of prophecy. The two Louises are riding at the head of a numberless army of Frenchmen, the Emperor cloaked and seemingly shivering as if the night were chilly, the boy prince with a juvenile jauntiness of bearing. The ghost of Napoleon I. on horseback and in his famous military surtout confronts them in the path; and the one word of the inscription is "Beware!"

A little later the flurry of the secret treaty revelation engaged England's attention, and gave an opportunity for lighter humorous treatment. The whole essence of a fortnight's excitement, of scores of despatches and contradictions, of hundreds of newspaper columns, is distilled into one picture. John Bull sits at his table, the secret treaty spread before him, his frame dilating, and his face radiant, with wrath, his eyes upon the two monarchs before him. "'Pon my word," he exclaims, "you 're a nice couple!" France is represented by Napoleon, with the most elaborately deprecating, insinuating manner, and the words, "Blague! Mon cher! It is nothing! If I'd wanted Belgium, why have I not taken it any time these five years?" Prussia, embodied in King Wil-

liam, stands erect, with an air of injured dignity, and exclaims, "Mein lieber Johann! You cannot believe that I, — a so respectable, so religious friend, — connected by marriage, also? You cannot believe it!" And Mr. Punch expresses his opinion and the opinion of England when he gives his bright sketch its title, — "Six of One and Half a Dozen of the Other."

It was after Sedan that the war assumed its saddest, its most tragic phase, which the cartoons of Punch adequately reflected. After the disappearance of Napoleon from the scene, Mr. Tenniel caught the conception of the new France as a woman with a suggestion of Joan of Arc about her, with features bearing in their energy and determination a resemblance to those of the American eulogist of the Maid of Orleans when lighted up by the excitement of oratory, to which he afterwards adhered to the end. We saw her at every stage of the struggle, — in armor and hopeful, giving elevation to the heavy artillery of the Paris ramparts, with the cap and bells and other symbols of Parisian folly trodden under her feet; shouting the rallying-cry of the "Marseillaise," with the banner of the republic held aloft; solaced with lying bulletins by Gambetta, while Truth is repelled at the door; crouching in agony by her gun, while "Germany's Ally," a ghostly, hooded figure of Famine, is stretching its hands over her; hurling a last defiance to "the new Cæsar"; driven to her knees, but still brandishing her broken and dripping sword at the German Emperor, who waits in patience surrounded by his princes; at length, in her final extremity, covering her face, and tearing her hair, the hideous hounds of Fire, Famine, and Sword showing their fangs about her, William, Bismarck, and Von Moltke still calmly looking on, and the passionate inscription,

"Call off the Dogs," telling that the story is at an end.

These pictures are much more than ephemeral caricatures. They are works of art of a very high order, and deserve more minute comment, more worthy description, than our mere hints of their general character and purpose. They must often have been done in haste, and with no opportunity for finishing touches; but they show no signs of hurry, are at once marvellously graceful and superbly vigorous, and very rarely defaced by any defective drawing. May the succession long continue, and may it be many years before the familiar signature of "J. T." disappears from the leading page of *Punch*!

WENDELL PHILLIPS AS AN ORATOR.

"Thence to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
 Shook th' arsenal, and fulminated over Greece."

MILTON.

"His hard head went through, in childhood, the drill of Calvinism, with text and mortification, so that he stands in the New England assembly a purer bit of New England than they, and flings his sarcasms right and left. . . . This man scornfully renounces your civil organizations, — county, or city, or governor, or army, — is his own navy and artillery, judge and jury, legislature and executive. He has learned his lessons in a bitter school." — EMERSON.

It is difficult to treat a man like Wendell Phillips in a single character, even though that phase be the one in which he stands most prominently before the world. Mr. Phillips has made a mark upon his time otherwise than as an orator. A leader in one great reform movement for nearly thirty years, he has been

active also in various other reforms ; he has been all his life a political critic, not only through his platform utterances, but by his pen in different journals ; he has been a recognized power in politics, though never until last year himself a candidate for office or identified with any party ; and if his own desire or opinion were to settle the matter, it would hardly be as an orator that he would stand in history. But it is his oratorical power which makes him a theme for the gallery of town-talk ; it is that quality which makes cities and towns from one end of the country to the other vie in entreaty for a visit from him, and gathers great audiences to listen to expressions of opinion with which, perhaps, not one man among them agrees ; and it is as an orator that we desire to consider him here, studying the secret of his skill as we might that of a tragedian or a sculptor, and setting completely aside what he says, to treat the manner in which he says it.

And, first of all, we are struck by the difficulty of comparing him with anybody. Wendell Phillips stands alone. His style is unique. It is impossible to apply to him even the universal maxim of Demosthenes. "Action, action, action," is not the first requisite with him, for it is by no means an essential element of his oratory. We cannot imagine him declaiming the "Give me liberty, or give me death" of Patrick Henry, or piling up the massive perorations of Daniel Webster. His intensity of passion is as unlike the exuberant tropical fervor of Rufus Choate as his calmness is unlike the elaborate and impressive dignity of Edward Everett. It is impossible to conceive of Wendell Phillips resorting to such tricks as the dagger of Chatham or the fainting of Sheridan after his plea in the Hastings impeachment ; yet Chatham and Sheridan were reckoned the two great-

est orators of the eighteenth century. We think we have approached a glimpse of him when we read that Warren Hastings said, after Burke's presentation of the charges against him, "As I listened to the orator, I felt for more than half an hour as if I were the most culpable being on earth"; but in a moment we remember that Burke, with all the splendor of his intellect, was never orator enough to bind the multitude, and that his stately style is totally unlike that of the American speaker. John Bright furnishes no better basis for a comparison than does Lamartine. We must abandon the search for a comparison, and study Mr. Phillips by the light of no genius but his own.

And the first trait which deserves mention — as in the analysis of greatness in so many other spheres of effort — is that of simplicity. So simple, pure, and direct is the oratory of Mr. Phillips that it evades description. We can dwell upon the manifold beauties of a picture by a great artist; but it is difficult to dilate upon Giotto's O. There it stands. It is without a flaw. It completely answers the purpose for which it was intended. There is nothing more to be said about it. So it is with the eloquence of Mr. Phillips. He stands erect and quiet beside his desk, or without any desk, rarely changing his place upon the platform more than once in the evening. He begins in a somewhat low voice, but in a few sentences attains the even tone which is kept up to the end, every word of which can be heard throughout the hall, but not one word of which sounds particularly loud to any listener, though he sit within arm's length of the speaker. He appears to think his speech out as he utters it, — at least he has no manuscript or memoranda, never seems to trouble his memory, and arranges his topics according to the warning of the clock. Does he make

any gestures? They are of the very gentlest sort, — a clasping and unclasping of the hands, a slight waving of one hand, — and we doubt if Mr. Phillips ever raised his arm in the attitude of the Everett statue, or once struck the table with his fist as Sergeant Buzfuz does at the close of every resounding paragraph. Raising neither his voice nor his hand, he talks on with an utterance which, if pleasant to the ear, has none of the silvery cadence of Curtis; and the listener, never inattentive for an instant, thinks, not of the man, nor the tone, nor the manner, but only of what is said. The orator culls none of the flowers of rhetoric as he goes: you may search in vain through his volume of published speeches for one beautiful metaphor, one brilliant antithesis, one elaborately constructed period. He has no perorations. But, on the other hand, he never utters a sentence that a child might not comprehend; he uses no illustration the force of which would not be apparent to the group about the stove in a country store; he discusses political issues in such a way that the young girl who has come to the lecture with her lover, who never read a debate in Congress in her life, and does not know the names of the Senators from her own State, understands what he says, and is interested.

These are very indifferent virtues, says the reader who has never experienced Mr. Phillips's fascinations, and is trying to get an idea of them from our feeble essay. The man talks in a pleasant voice, uses simple and universally intelligible language, addresses the common apprehension, is not awkward in bearing, has none of the vices of exuberant rhetoric. Of how many may all these things be said, who yet are not orators in any sense of the word. Yet it is these things, with a nameless something else which may not be caught

with types and ink, which make Wendell Phillips the most charming orator in America, perhaps in the world. The magnetism of his presence is too subtle to be photographed. He is always plainly dressed, and has a very rare and enviable faculty of never having his garments appear new. He has not those flashing, speaking eyes which imagination attributes to the orator; indeed, his eyes are so nearly closed as he speaks, especially if the light be strong, that the auditor a few seats away could not tell whether the lecturer were a blind man or not. His smile is singularly pleasant and winning; but his lips seldom break into a smile on the platform, except when the speaker feels that somebody else is wincing under his savage words. To say that Mr. Phillips's bearing toward his audience is cold would be to use a wholly inadequate term. It is oftener hostile, not seldom defiant. He delights to assume that his listeners are offended by what he says, are admirers of the men at whom he points his arrows of scorn; and a chorus of hisses, and the retort which springs to his lips at the sound of a hiss, seem to be to him the most agreeable possible incident of an evening.

And yet Mr. Phillips has such command over his audience as very few men can ever attain. He is satisfied to use it to compel their attention; and this he always does. But he can use it, wherever he so wills, to command their applause. There is a little story which he often tells, in which it is necessary, to make his point, that the audience should clap their hands at a certain point; and the audience always falls into the trap, as the spectators at a legerdemain entertainment always draw the cards the magician chooses. It is a story of a hunker college president in the old days before the war, who, in a speech to the

students, offered to give them a motto for their political action. "No slavery anywhere," — the audience applauds. "You applaud," says Mr. Phillips; "so did the students; but the president's hand came up to the level, and checked them: 'I am not done yet. No slavery anywhere, — outside the Slave States!'" Now, there is no reason under the sun why an assemblage in New England, in this decade should be moved to a demonstration of enthusiasm by such a cheap sentiment as "No slavery anywhere." Let anybody try to raise applause with it in his next speech in the lyceum, the town-meeting, or the common council, and see for himself. But it suits Mr. Phillips's special purpose to have a round of applause just at this point; and he gets it just as readily as a child might pick up an apple. But he uses this power very seldom. He has tested the value of plaudits long ago. When they would have been sweet to him, he got little but hisses and abuse: he speaks for something else. When he does draw down the house in applause, it is commonly by the mention, with two or three curt words of eulogy, of the public man who is his favorite at the moment, and not for any eloquently uttered sentiment of his own.

And this brings us to say — what we must say in conclusion, though the subject is very far from being exhausted by our surface treatment — that Mr. Phillips is most brilliant as an orator when he is most bitter. The listener who goes away at the end without hearing one of his acid sentences about some leader whose course has offended him feels that he has been cheated of his privilege; but it is very seldom that there is cause for any such disappointment. This brilliancy in bitterness is as hard to analyze as the other qualities of Mr. Phillips's eloquence. It is not invective, as invective is commonly under-

stood,— a torrent of scathing words. He commonly beheads his victims with a single stroke of his blade. He wastes no words, either in praise or in censure. His heartiest eulogy of the politician in whom, apparently, he most fervently believes, was uttered when he called him “the grim soldier who held New Orleans.” It was the same stern economy of words that labelled Abraham Lincoln “the slave-hound of Illinois.” In twenty different speeches he has called Mr. Seward a bottle of cologne-water, placed him in opposition, now to nitric acid, and now to the Rock of Gibraltar, and there left him. There is little in these phrases when they are read; but in the manner of their utterance, albeit calm and smooth as ice, there is a power that electrifies the listener like the sound of a trumpet. Who that heard Mr. Phillips say in one of his Massachusetts campaign speeches a few years ago “I announced that I never again would speak to William Claflin,” did not feel at the instant that William Claflin was withered up and puffed away like a rose-leaf; and yet who, reading the remark in the faithful newspaper report next morning, could discover where lay the eloquence of the arrogant words?

We have said little, after all, of the eloquence of Wendell Phillips, except that it cannot be described. No man who has heard it has ever denied its marvellous power; no man has ever imitated it, or conveyed a conception of its fascination to another; no man who has not heard it will ever know what makes it great. And this, after all, is the fate of the orator, as of the actor and the singer: he is of priceless value to his own generation; but to those to come, or to the world outside his own circle, he is nothing but the glitter of a name. His genius is grander, perhaps, than that displayed in any other art; but it reaches no farther than his voice, and its triumphs perish with his life.

II.

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES
ON DRAMATIC TOPICS.

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DRAMATIC TOPICS.

HOW OLD WAS HAMLET?

THE new analysis of "Hamlet," which Mr. Richard Grant White has added to the already mountainous accumulation of commentaries on the same subject, contains many fine suggestions in regard to the meaning and purpose of the tragedy. Some of them may have been offered before by English and German writers, but most are new and original; the form in which they are put is unique and attractive; and the appearance of the article in a popular magazine at this time, when a concurrence of circumstances has directed the attention of the public of our principal cities anew to "Hamlet," cannot but do good in showing the host of readers and theatre-goers how much there is below the surface to reward attentive study in this and every other work of Shakespeare.

Mr. White's comments upon Hamlet's assumed insanity, his weakness of purpose, his ambition, his intellectual quickness, and all the traits of his character as skilfully developed by the dramatist in the successive incidents of the play, seem to us very judicious and well considered. His interpretations of many special points are ingenious; as, for example, where he points out that, in the frenzy to which Hamlet gave way at Ophelia's grave, he claimed the royal rank,

his right to which he had long been brooding over, by announcing himself as *The Dane*. But there is one theory to which the critic has been led in his minute study of the development of Hamlet's character which seems to us so preposterous that the author himself must abandon it now that he looks at his words in the cool permanence of print. This is nothing less than that Hamlet was only twenty years old when his father died, and was thirty when he killed his uncle, having spent ten years in the irresolute debates and devices which are the theme of the tragedy. Absurd as this seems at first glance, Mr. White finds some ground for it in Hamlet's studentship at Wittenberg, and in the references to his youth in the early part of the play. But we cannot allow Shakespeare to be so misrepresented. Though forced to disregard the unities in his historical plays, he was too consummate an artist to violate the consistency of time and place when he was not compelled to do so; and in his ideal tragedies, and in "*Hamlet*" especially, he has not only himself been consistent, but has taken pains to tell the spectators of the lapses of time in the course of the drama as plainly as modern dramatists set them down in the play-bills, and so that it would seem that he who runs through it at railroad speed must understand.

Hamlet the elder died; "within a month" his widow married his murderer; when he was "two months dead," his ghost appeared to Hamlet the younger, and the Prince thought himself ready to sweep to his revenge "with wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love." But he delayed and debated, feigned madness, devised plans; and the dramatist has very clearly indicated how much time his irresolution thus consumed by Ophelia's statement in the

play scene, that it is now four months since the King died. That very night Hamlet killed Polonius; the next day he was sent to England; and here occurs the only other break in the continuous action of the play. It was long enough for Hamlet, "two days old at sea," to be transferred by accident to the deck of a pirate, and so brought home again, arriving on the same day of the death of Ophelia, in the new madness caused by her father's loss. On the day of her funeral the dramatist, that we may be in the dark about nothing necessary to a full understanding of his conceptions, goes out of his way to inform us that Hamlet was thirty years old. It all holds together like a chain; and on any comparison of the text of the tragedy it will be seen that its auxiliary incidents—the mission of Cornelius and Voltimand to Norway and their return, the journeys of Laertes, the expedition of Fortinbras—all fit in precisely; not, perhaps, with any known guide-book of geography and of the modes of locomotion of any particular age,—for these things Shakespeare cared very little about,—but with each other and with the main action of the tragedy.

It seems incredible that an acute critic like Mr. White should be led away into so manifest a perversion of the intention of the writer he has studied so long as to stretch these few months into ten years; but it is a new illustration added to many of the delusions which the best minds will fall into by dwelling upon and magnifying detached texts in which they fancy they have found a new meaning. A like instance of error, but in a matter of far less consequence, is seen in the assertion that the Ghost, when Horatio and the soldiers saw it, disappeared upon "the *midnight* cock-crowing." The passage of every hour is made clear in the tragedy, though in the stage

version all is jumbled together. Francisco was relieved at twelve, "most carefully upon the hour"; after some chat, "the bell then beating one," the Ghost appeared. After it "stalked away," the watchers beguiled the slow passage of the night with talk of politics and history; it came again, and disappeared upon the note of "the bird of dawning," "the trumpet to the morn"; and immediately the coming of the day was seen in the east. It is most curious, upon any examination of Shakespeare upon such little points, to see in what workmanlike fashion he wrote; how carefully he gathered up all loose threads, not as if constructing hurriedly for the stage of his theatre, but as if foreseeing how the critics of future ages would pry and scrutinize, and determined to make all clear to the dullest, and all smooth to the most captious. Yet he saw no such coming critics, and the perfection of his detail was merely the fruit of the artistic instinct, stronger in his mind than in that of any other man from the birth of the world.

THE TIME OF "HAMLET."

It is half a year or more since Mr. Richard Grant White, in the revival of discussion and criticism of "Hamlet" started by Mr. Fechter's remarkable performance of the leading character, took the amazing ground that Shakespeare's intent was to show the Danish prince at the beginning of the play as a youth of twenty, and at the end of it as a man of thirty, ten years being spent in doubtings and vacillations between the demand of the Ghost for revenge and

the killing of the King and Queen. A little examination of the text showed that even this careful and learned Shakespearian scholar had been hasty in adopting a forced interpretation, which not only the instinct of the reader but the explicit words of the dramatist contradicted. But a new attack is made upon Mr. White's position in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* by Miss Kate Field, who is not content with denying it, but asserts a new theory of her own,—that the action of the tragedy covers only ten days, four of which are necessarily occupied by Hamlet's voyage toward England, "two days old at sea," and back again by the pirate ship. This theory, which gives only six days to all the host of events represented and spoken of, occurs very naturally in a eulogy of the performance of Mr. Fechter, whose Hamlet has been found fault with because he has no irresolution in his temperament, no apparent tendency to doubt and delay, but would surely have swept to his revenge as swift as the thoughts of love, instead of stopping to debate about it. If Miss Field is right, Mr. Fechter is right. Their conception of Shakespeare's idea is the same. But it seems to us that they are both wrong, and can be proved to be wrong, not by any subtleties of speculative criticism, but by a plain citation of the text, which cannot be overthrown.

We need not go over the whole of Miss Field's chain, the result of "carefully scanning the play." It is all strong as steel except one link. Its weak point only need be mentioned. She says that the second act must succeed the first with only a day's interval, because Hamlet's purpose of assuming madness is hinted at the end of the first act, and its first symptom appears early in the second; "not more than

a day is likely to have elapsed between the conception and the execution of his plan." This is assuming a great deal too much. What Hamlet says is, —

“I, perchance, *hereafter* shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on.”

This by no means necessarily implies an *immediate* assumption of madness. That it does not imply that is plainly shown by the dates the dramatist is careful to give. In the first scene in which he appears, the same day of the appearance of the Ghost, Hamlet says his father is

“But two months dead, — nay, not so much, not two.”

In the third act, the play scene, — which by Miss Field's chronology is only two days after the Ghost's revelation, — Hamlet in his assumed madness says, —

“Look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within two hours.”

Ophelia promptly and simply replies,

“Nay, 'tis *twice two months*, my lord!”

In this statement Hamlet at once acquiesces.

On the testimony of these two witnesses, Hamlet and Ophelia, made in each case before the witness can be impeached by any suspicion of the clouded intellect which afterwards might be suspected to confuse their notions of dates, we may be content to rest our case. We would take the word of this unfortunate lady and gentleman in this matter for a thousand pound, against any opinion of any actor or critic who ever lived. Shakespeare never put the statements into their mouths without meaning something by it; and he meant to tell us that it was two months after Hamlet heard of his father's murder before he made up his mind to test his uncle's conscience by means of the players, just as plainly as he meant to tell us

Hamlet's age by the grave-digger's conversation in the last act. All the other dates in the play are indicated just as clearly, and Miss Field states the rest of them all rightly.

But if corroborating evidence were necessary further to fortify this impregnable proof, there is plenty of it. Ophelia would not say,

" My lord, I have remembrances of yours
That I have longed *long* to redeliver,"

if she had only taken the notion since the day before yesterday. Nor, in the same scene, if she had parted from Hamlet within forty-eight hours, would she greet the Prince with the words, —

" How does your Honor for this many a day? "

Nor can we readily imagine Hamlet explaining to his friends, " I have of late lost all my mirth," and so following, if he had only adopted his disguised bearing the day before. It is obvious also that the King would not have had time to send for Rosencrantz to pry into the causes of Hamlet's conduct on such a supposition. Nor is it natural to suppose that Polonius would send an agent to carry money to his son, and spy into his behavior in Paris, the very day after Laertes himself had sailed from Denmark. Polonius himself is not exactly the best witness to call as an expert in cases of insanity; but his phrases are worth something as shedding light on the passage of time, and we find that his theory is, that, after the repulse of his love-letters and visits by Ophelia, Hamlet

" Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves."

Even Polonius would not describe in this fashion a tumble through all these stages which took only a

few hours. In the same connection we may note that, in the course of the drama, Fortinbras prepares to make war on Denmark; is compelled by his uncle, "Old Norway," to desist; turns his armies against "the Polack"; marches across Denmark, wins a victory, and marches back again in time to be in at the deaths of the Danish royal family. Diplomacy and arms could not be conceived to accomplish all this in ten days, even if Shakespeare were dreaming of the telegraph and the needle-gun. In short, it is only necessary to admit that Shakespeare wrote with his eyes open, and, while disregarding the unities and the probabilities, still made the different parts of his work hang together, and rarely wrote a blundering line, to see that the action of "Hamlet" occupies between two and three months, no more and no less.

The remainder of Miss Field's essay is a very keen and clever analysis of Mr. Fechter's rendering of Hamlet, pointing out its many beauties with rare nicety of discernment.

HISSING IN THE THEATRE.

If the drama decays and good acting becomes rare in America, no small share of the blame must lie with that cultivation of amenity which has abolished the hiss as a method of criticism. We have mended our manners at the expense of our enjoyment. The hiss is as obsolete in our theatres as the rushlight and the epilogue; and we doubt if any badness in a play short of absolute indecency, any shortcoming of an actor less flagrant than manifest drunkenness on the boards,

would call forth a sibilant reproof from the audience; and even then the first spectator to venture upon such an expression of rebuke would be very likely to be made to feel, by the interference of a policeman or the dismay of his neighbors, that he was almost as much in fault as the offending artist.

They manage these matters, as they do so many others, much better in France. There the hiss is recognized, systematized. At the October opening of the year's season in the provincial cities, several nights are set apart expressly to obtain the expression of public opinion. The engagements of individual artists are often made dependent upon it. The programmes are so arranged as to introduce the whole company. When the curtain falls, the manager comes forward, and calls out, one by one, the names of the different actors and actresses. After each name follows a pause. If the audience applauds, the artist is approved; if it hisses, he is dismissed. If it is complained that this summary disapproval — for which a man or woman listens heart-sick with apprehension, his bread depending on the verdict — is cruel and heartless, it is deemed a sufficient answer to point out that the whole year's entertainment of the town depends upon securing a clever company. The same general principle applies to the reception of plays. It will hardly be urged that the French are not a polite people. And as a result of this disregard, in the interests of art, of what we call politeness, the French actors are the best in the world, and the plays of Parisian dramatists are the magazine from which the amusement of both hemispheres is drawn. We do not learn that anybody suffers seriously by the practice. People who can earn a good living as barbers and ladies'-maids are prevented from continuing a hopeless career

on the lower rounds of the dramatic ladder. One poor fellow who thought himself qualified as first tenor was undeceived by a tempest of hisses at Bordeaux, and on the spot, choking with emotion, begged a few weeks' trial in a lower position, in which he promised to do his best. The audience consented; and the young man by hard work rose to a high place on the operatic stage of the capital; but it is doubtful whether he would ever have found his level if he had begun where he wished.

One of the many evils of the universal American *complaisance*, which contrasts so strongly with this system, is the undue responsibility which it throws upon the dramatic critics of the press. Except in a few instances where extraordinary success is indicated by very great applause, the audience waits dumb as an oyster, and gets its opinions from the newspaper of the next day. Thus, upon a few men in each city is cast in a great measure the regulation, the censure-ship, the very fortunes, of the theatres. The liability to injustice is great. A single bad dinner, or an attack of spleen, may lead thousands of readers to look frowningly on a meritorious play. Or one soft heart may awaken false hopes in the most thoroughly unqualified actor. But where a national habit like this is once formed, there is slight prospect of any radical amendment. We shall look for no hissing judgments from American audiences during this generation; nor, were the innovation to be made, would it be at once indicative of a trustworthy opinion; for the power of quick criticism comes only with experience, and a public needs to be educated into the art of hissing, just as much as the player needs to be educated into the art of acting.

“THE NIGHTINGALE” AT SELWYN’S.

SLOW poison and slow music. A stolen child and a sham tombstone. Forgery, robbery, murder, treachery, and an avenging pistol-shot. Blue gauze and darkness, and a maniac mother in a drifting boat. The chief villain of the Indian mutiny with a tawny skin and a French accent, Bahawder Khan, rolling in wealth in England, now in a dress-coat and a breast sparkling with orders, now in a gorgeous Oriental dress and a dagger, attending parties, practising medicine, managing a swindling company, kidnapping babies, and popping up at every corner like the fiend in a poor pantomime. A hero who is a parson in one act and a soldier in another, without needing to be either for any purpose in the plot, and who comes to nothing in the end. A heroine who makes a tremendous hit as a *prima-donna* in Italian opera in London, and then goes to singing ballads in the streets for a living. All these component parts mixed together in about as much confusion as we have enumerated them must make a new play by Mr. Robertson, for so the bills assure us. But it cannot be the clever dramatist of “School” and “Caste”; such a combination would be more incongruous than anything in the drama. It may be the work of Robertson the schoolboy, done years ago, in his first dreams of seeking fame and fortune as a playwright. Or, if not, it is the work of Robertson exhausted by the unreasonable demands of the managers, crazed by the applause of the public, maddened by the censure of the critics, who has found his brain unequal to the task of producing a drama, and has called in Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Dion Bourcicault, Dr. J. S. Jones, and Miss Braddon, and mixed

the potions they have prescribed for him in one incomprehensible draught.

We have not described the five-act play of "The Nightingale." Such a task would be impossible. But we have hinted at it. We have only to say, in addition, that the artists of Selwyn's theatre have entered earnestly into an effort to make something of the piece. Mr. Robinson has dyed his face and hands, and generally disguised himself with great skill, and brought a great deal of force and vigor to the performance of the Franco-Turkish Indian, whose dark deeds call on Mr. Koppitz for an aggregate of an hour or two of tremulous fiddle-strings. Mrs. Barry has summoned a great deal of pathos and pitifulness to the rendering of the persecuted heroine. Miss Kitty Blanchard has rallied all her vivacity to the task of keeping an audience good-humored while setting out the Nightingale, in which she has the solitary but efficient assistance of Miss Mary Wells in a single act. Mr. Bascomb has departed from his usual duties of smooth lines and mild protestations, to paint his face with furrows, and go through all the agonies of a death by poison in the presence of the audience. The management has supplied several bushels of snow, and employed men to turn out and relight the gas every few minutes. The gentleman of the bass-viol has been willing to do double duty all the evening in furnishing thrilling accompaniments. Everybody, in short, has done his best. But we cannot hope that Mr. Robertson will be informed by cable of any transcendent success for his play, as the result of all these efforts. There are some things which cannot be saved.

NILSSON IN THE CONCERT-ROOM.

“ Oh! could you view the melody
 Of every grace,
 And music of her face,
 You 'd drop a tear;
 Seeing more harmony
 In her bright eye,
 Than now you hear.”

RICHARD LOVELACE.

“ Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
 But rather loosens from the lip
 Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
 Their wings in tears, and skim away.”

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*.

IF there is any one subject more peculiarly than another the theme of town talk, it is the new *prima donna*. The benighted people of the villages have no share in the whirl of excitement which the comet of the concert-room or the opera creates in her flight over the country; for her notes, her beauty, and her graces, so much more costly than wisdom of Emerson or eloquence of Phillips, are luxuries only to be afforded by crowded cities, which can offer thousands of dollars for an evening's pleasure. So it is the great towns only which are talking about Miss Nilsson, naming hats and tints after her, buying paper collars and perfumery because the wrappers bear the image of her placid brow and yellow curls, and inquiring, Philadelphia of New York, and New York of Boston, and Boston of her own fastidious high-priests of criticism, “ Have you seen her? how do you like her? and how does she compare with Malibran and Sontag and Jenny Lind and Parepa and all the bright procession which has gone before? ”

A great deal of the town talk which bubbles and

foams through the drawing-rooms on the advent of a new singer comes from those who know no more about music as an art than they know about Greek; who discern no difference between *smorzati* and *solfeggio*; who listen with forced attention, yet find their thoughts wandering off now and then in the midst of the most intricate and brilliant passages of song; and who go away to chat about the value of the singer's diamonds, the pattern of her skirt, the archness of her smile, and the winsome simplicity of her manner. Many of these men and women, it is true, find themselves thrilled to the very soul, without knowing why, by the melody of some trivial ballad, or the magnetic loveliness of a single clear note in the very centre of some gorgeous aria; but they are sniffed out of the way by the oracles of music as an art, who say that the lady may do these things well enough, but if she is well advised she will do them no more. It is by no means to be hinted that this dull portion of the audience, whose ears might almost as well be stuffed with cotton, for all the pleasure they get through them, should stay away, and devote their time to the comedy, the panorama, the lecture, which they can enjoy thoroughly, or at least appreciate understandingly. For fashion dictates such matters as this; and he who lives in town may as well resign his right to a share in the talk of the hour altogether, may as well pass Thanksgiving Day without a dinner, or Christmas without good cheer, as fail to see the singer who happens to be the rage. Thus it is that the opinions of this section of the public must be consulted, and their tastes be deferred to. Thus it is that a singer, though her voice be perfection itself, could never attain to the first rank in popularity, were she absolutely plain of feature or awkward in bearing. And thus it

is that we may endeavor to crystallize some of the town talk about Miss Nilsson, as she flits over the land, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, without venturing into the discussion whether she sings or merely vocalizes, whether the vibrations are judicious or the *pianissimo* exaggerated, or indeed entering at all into the wide field of criticism offered by her voice and her use of it.

The most marked impression of the Swedish singer's appearance which the spectator of a single evening bears away with him is its changeableness. Cleopatra herself had not such infinite variety. Endeavor to fix upon the mental retina some aspect of this woman's presence, and it is gone, and another, different even to contrast, has taken its place. This is the reason why the photographers have had such bad luck; and why the art-stores and the music-shops are flooded with so many portraits which give no satisfactory idea of a living face. A tall, slender figure comes forward on the platform, sweeping a long train; with what serene dignity, almost sad, almost stern, she surveys the waiting, eager throng below! How like a queen she bears herself! And yet a second look, and it is the peasant girl of Smaland who stands there, fresh from the spinning-wheel and the cow-house, wearing her gorgeous robes with a certain *gaucherie*, like the damsel of the farm in unaccustomed masquerade. How simple and sweet is the expression of her face, how mild the glance of her gentle eyes! She turns but a hair's-breadth to the right or the left, and lo! it is the woman of the world who stands scornfully before us, as cold as she is graceful, as haughty as she is beautiful, knowing the precise effect of every attitude, the artistic value of every fold of her costly dress. An instant more, and she is an ardent, passionate girl, full of

wild impulses and emotions which she is too inexperienced to conceal. As she turns again to one side, or as a new thought flits over her mind, she seems the skilled, audacious, merry, cruel coquette, bartering smiles for hearts, and keeping a record of victims on her ivory tablets. But before her fascinations have had their full effect, the face is a mask again, or, rather, wears another mask, and the keenest eye can see nothing there but placid composure, or dreamy devotion to an exalted ideal of art. All this is not only while she is singing, or while she is enacting the heroine of some opera, or giving expression to the sentiment of some tender ballad; it is while we have a right to look for the woman herself, as she enters the platform or quits it, or as she oddly simulates in silence the singing of an air while the orchestra is playing the introductory strains. She is Dante's Beatrice, and then Shakespeare's; she is the Scandinavian maiden whom Arne loved, and in the same instant she is the Zenobia of Hawthorne's imagination. And while to some observers all these phases are equally apparent, and, evanescent as they are, go to make up the impression which the mind carries away with it, others catch only one aspect; and thus it is that the listener to the comments of the lobbies, or he who gathers up the judgments of the next morning, finds current the most diverse descriptions of the singer's airs and her simplicity, of her ease and her awkwardness, of her fervor and her frigidity.

One obvious inference from this versatility of temperament is, that the person so made up must be the possessor of dramatic power. And this is the salient comment which town talk has to make upon the *prima donna* whose coming is the event of the city season. America will not half know her if she goes back

having sung in our concert-rooms only. If the criticisms of Paris and London are studied, it will be seen that eulogy dwells far more upon her acting than upon her singing; more upon the infusion of her own individuality into Margaret and Lucia and Ophelia than upon any merely vocal achievement. It is the displays of this order of genius that have won her the most enthusiastic applause in her concerts here; but such displays on the platform are hampered with every disadvantage. Ophelia pacing up and down a narrow area in splendid silks and an elaborate *chevelure*, strewing imaginary flowers and accosting imaginary companions; Leonora addressing her wails of lamentation to a green baize screen, behind which stands a corpulent tenor in dress-coat and prominent watch-chain,—if these impress the beholder, what must be the effect of the same powers exerted with all the favoring circumstances of the stage to aid them? It is as if we had seen Edwin Booth only in his recitation of Manfred at the Philharmonic Concerts; as if our only knowledge of Fechter's Hamlet were derived from such elocutionary interpretation of the tragedy as he could give in full evening dress behind a reading-desk, a nosegay in his button-hole, a big folio before him, a glass of water at his right hand, and a shaded gas-jet at his left. Fate will be very unkind if it sends Christine Nilsson back to her rivalry with Patti in the opera-houses of London and St. Petersburg without giving us one glimpse of her genius as it shines across the footlights of the lyric stage.

TWO COMEDIES.

Two modern plays have this year especially delighted the English-speaking public of the world,—beginning in London a career which extends, not only to Liverpool and Manchester and Dublin, not only to New York and Boston and Philadelphia and Chicago, but on and on until the actor, going west from San Francisco, with his manuscript of a new piece in his pocket, meets the actor coming east from Melbourne and Victoria, armed in the same way. These are “M. P.,” by Mr. Robertson, and “The Two Roses,” by Mr. Albery,—the works respectively of a veteran of many victories, of whom, nevertheless, very few people had heard four years ago, and of a young knight whose very first tilt has wreathed his crest with laurels. They are very much alike in the essential elements, although each has a strong and unmistakable individuality of its own. Neither of them has a single murder, or even a forgery; neither depends for its effect upon a house on fire, or a child stolen by gypsies, or a detective in disguise; they introduce us to neither burglars nor libertines; compared with “Othello” or with “Monte Cristo,” or with “The Colleen Bawn,” they are both as mild as milk. They deal with the English society of to-day, with no extremes of high or low classes to mark a contrast, and with no more exciting incidents than the gain and loss of a fortune, and the record of a contested parliamentary election. And it is not even to these incidents that the attention of the spectator is chiefly directed, but to the picture of the minor social customs of every-day life, to the delicately drawn love-stories in which sentiment rather than passion is mir-

rored, to the sketches of character, and to the wit and humor which the two playwrights have infused into the dialogue. It is by such traits as these that they have charmed the British metropolis, and that they have pleased the audiences of a long list of American cities.

The day of dramatic literature is probably over,—the time, that is to say, when plays are written which are interesting and profitable to read. Shakespeare wrote his plays with no thought of the printer; but they have been esteemed worth reading by several generations, and those of his contemporaries are only less valuable than his. From Addison's time to Sheridan's, plays were written almost as much for the publisher as for the manager; and often the sale of the book brought the author more money than his share of the receipts at the box-office. But that all belongs to the past. So much of the charm of the best comedies of our day depends upon the inarticulate parts,—the trifling with a pitcher, with a sewing-machine, a perambulator, the cooking of a dinner in barracks,—that nobody but an actor could read them understandingly; and even were they all as closely packed with wit as Mr. Alhery's "Two Roses," in which every sentence has a pun for a snapper and every rejoinder is a repartee, they would be pronounced very slight stuff in the chilly atmosphere of the library. But this is not condemnation. A play is made to be played, after all; and if a comedy pleases the refined tastes of cultivated people when neatly represented on the stage, if its literary and dramatic qualities win the applause of the moment and leave an impression of pleasure in the mind, the author has not a little to be proud of. Mr. Robertson has shot his shaft into the very centre of the target again and again, in a series of plays

which have done more than meet the public taste,— have educated and improved it; he has done absolutely well in “Caste” and “School” and “Ours,” and almost as well in “Society” and “Home” and “M. P.”; and if he has done very badly in “The Nightingale,” and one or two other unfortunate deviations from his chosen path, the public is very quick to forget the failures of a successful playwright, and he has no spectre of “Collected Works” and “Complete Editions” to bring up his blunders to bear witness against him continually. Mr. Albery, following very closely in Mr. Robertson’s path, though with a vigorous gait of his own, has produced an admirable piece of work in “The Two Roses,” with an obvious fault in the too great stress laid now and then upon details inevitably petty, and with a peculiar merit in the delicacy and wholesomeness of the sentiment, and the lively play of the wit which flashes about the stage from the rising of the curtain to its going down.

The American spectator rises from the enjoyment of such plays as these with a keen regret that we can have such a pleasure only by importation. English critics are constantly harping upon the poverty of their stage, and sneering at the obligation they are under to the French; yet how rich is London compared to New York in this respect! It is an old question why we have no American plays worth having, and it is a question to which there is no answer. Certainly it is neither because our life does not furnish material, nor because our audiences lack appreciation. If there were a play of American society and manners which should give such photographic glimpses of the everyday experiences of the war of the Rebellion as “Ours” gives of the Crimean War, how people would rush to see it! How the eyes which fill to the brim and run over, from the mere tender suggestion of our own war

days, and the music of "Annie Laurie," played by the band of the regiment marching by the drawing-room window, would glisten could the strains of the "Hallelujah Chorus" be introduced with similar skill in a drama of our own. Nor is the war our only treasury. Our politics are full of rich things for the dramatist. The audience which relishes the election scenes in "M. P.," though the main "motive" of indispensable bribery, is unknown to our campaigns, and though half the technical allusions are absolutely unintelligible, would be carried away with enthusiasm, could a congressional election be set before them on the stage with an equal approach to fidelity. Familiarity with the theme breeds contempt in such matters only when the work is done clumsily. Let it be managed with an artist's hand, like Mr. Robertson's, and there is wealth and fame waiting to reward success. Our late "domestic institution" was too dark and tragic in its elements and situations to furnish the best material for the stage; yet how quick was the response to Mr. Boucicault's use of it in "The Octoroon," though he worked, as he always does, with a big brush. We have not the gradations of classes which English authors have used for the framework of hundreds of dramas, nor the loose condition of society which gives congenial themes to the Parisian playwrights; but we have a field all our own, and all the better because it is fresh, in the excitements of New York business life, in the countless complications of politics, in the swift shiftings of fortune, in such episodes as Fenian raids and oil bubbles and Crispin strikes and Chinese experiments. We see nowhere even the cloud of dust which may indicate the approach of the coming man in this department of our national life; but we wait with eagerness and almost with confidence for his arrival, notwithstanding.

DRAMATIZATIONS.

“ Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee ! thou art translated.”
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

“ Fro' first to last, a muddle.”
 STEPHEN BLACKPOOL, in *Hard Times.*

THE genius of our time and language has its best expression in prose fiction. What the drama was in Elizabeth's day the novel is in Victoria's. If Dickens had lived two hundred years ago, he would have written plays, and acted in them ; if Shakespeare had been born in the nineteenth century, he would have given the world a series of stories. But the stage still exists, and the public enjoys it as well, appreciates it as highly, spends money upon it as liberally, as at any time since the days of “ Gammer Gurton's Needle.” In return, the English-speaking stage offers great and original actors, but no great and original plays ; and in the lack of these it draws its supply from two sources, — the fertile ingenuity of the French dramatists, and the rich abundance of the novel-writers. Just now, and for three or four months past, the creation of comedy in Paris has been checked by the tremendous tragedy in which Napoleon and William, Bismarck, Trochu, Bazaine, and Von Moltke have borne the leading parts with immense armies of supernumeraries and a reckless disregard of expense. So the other reservoir has been forced to supply the whole demand ; and thus it is that the world of theatre-goers has almost a surfeit of “ Barnaby Rudge ” and “ Man and Wife ” ; that a vivacious little Bohemian of California training is going up and down the earth professing to play Little Nell and the Marchioness ; that another sprightly lady, who erst was delighting the public

with a chase of a chicken and a dance with her shadow, is striving to embody the sombre experiences of Jane Eyre; and that even that saddest tragedy of all our literature, the unsolved "Mystery of Edwin Drood," has found several dramatists bold enough to cope with its problem, and to bring its tangled plot to a happy ending on the stage.

The cause which we have indicated has produced just now an unusual proportion of the plays in which an adapter seeks to climb into public favor from the shoulders of a successful novelist. But from a generation past, these productions have been as plenty as blackberries. The sensational actors and actresses seek for their prey the sensation novelist, and so each thrives upon his kind. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is acted yet, though the little girl who used to play Eva has grown old enough for Miss Ophelia; and probably the piece will continue to draw occasional crowds just as the novel continues to be sold to new readers, long after the great crime it pictured has ceased to exist in the land. We hear of few people now reading "East Lynne"; but the play is amazingly popular with a large class, and managers are besieged with applications to revive it again and again. Authors are not apt to be pleased with the dramatic versions of their books, and no wonder; but they all have to submit to it. Thackeray was almost the only prominent novelist of our day whose productions were not voraciously snatched by managers' hacks; and he had a compensating cause for regret in the fact that his genius was so essentially undramatic that even when he wrote a comedy the theatre which his friend managed could do nothing with it, and he was forced to turn the thing into his poorest novel before he could get a penny for it. Charles Reade is the one writer who is so much at

home on the stage that his best book was made by himself into a capital play which deserves to become standard, and which is so neat and workmanlike in its construction that the keenest critic may be defied to tell whether "Masks and Faces" is a dramatization of "Peg Woffington," or whether the tale is the comedy expanded into a book. As for Dickens, the adapters began to work upon him as soon as he began to write, without the slightest regard for suitability; even rambling "Pickwick" has been made into a play, with thirty or forty characters and ever so many acts; and we should hardly be surprised at an announcement of "American Notes" as a comedietta, or "A Child's Dream of a Star" as a sentimental drama. The great humorist, who got angry, as he did everything else, with his whole heart and soul and strength, devoted a page of "Nicholas Nickleby" to a very wrathful excoriation of a presuming playwright who had put the story on the stage before it was near completion, and forced the novelist to devise a new and somewhat absurd conclusion in self-defence. The passionate young author made out the dramatizer to be far more wicked than the pickpocket. But even Dickens acquiesced in the inevitable in the later years of his life; he made treaties with the theatres, made sure that the adaptation was confided to friendly hands, and paid compliments to actors and actresses who assumed his characters, — O, how far from as well as he could play them himself! Indeed, one of his last Christmas stories, written in conjunction with Mr. Wilkie Collins, was planned less as a literary work than to give an opportunity for the display of the powers of his friend, Mr. Fechter, in the character of Obenreizer, — a character, by the way, a performance of which thousands of the American admir-

ers of the novelist and the actor are waiting impatiently to see.

It remains to be said that a novel, which affords the very highest pleasure to cultivated people in the reading, becomes, when adapted for the stage in the usual way, almost unbearable stuff to the same class of minds, though to a lower order of tastes it is very enjoyable in its new form. Those who cannot appreciate the charm of the literary work can relish the play; but to those who can fully appreciate the novel the play is an offence. Who that can enter into the spirit of the exquisite fun of the Marchioness, broad but still tender, almost farcical, perhaps, yet almost tragic too, does not feel insulted by the travesty of the small servant which Mr. John Brougham and Miss Lotta have devised between them, — a bold, eccentric creature, who plays a banjo and dances a clog-dance, and who bewilders an audience with the freaks of her heels. As to the Little Nell which the same actress offers in the same play, it is not to be spoken of without overstepping the bounds of proper indignation. It is as if a trained monkey — and one rather poorly trained at that — were to offer to fill the character of Desdemona. The success of Mr. Stuart Robson in his performance of Simon Tappertit has become a tale of two cities; but the spectator who knows "Barnaby Rudge" cannot help wishing that the extravagant drollery of voice and action, the comic songs and imitations of actors, were exhibited in some burlesque which professed to be nothing else, and not where to the fresh mind they will inevitably color and pervert the impressions of Dickens's character to be gained in the future. But there are many people so deficient in imagination that a character, however vividly drawn, is lifeless to them in the printed page,

but can be realized and enjoyed when distorted in the convex mirror of the actor's fancy; and these are they who flock to enjoy the dramatizations, and afterwards can read the book with a keen pleasure, so that profitable sales of the novel are made at the box-office of the theatre to a public who never otherwise would read it.

Those at all fastidious are repelled, not only by the transformed characters of the stage versions,—in whom they can recognize nothing of their old friends but the costume,—but also by the confusion into which the framework of the novel is thrown by the unskilled literary carpenters of the theatre. The labyrinth of incident which Mr. Wilkie Collins has elaborated in scores of closely packed chapters cannot fairly be made intelligible to an audience in a half-dozen scenes. The exigencies of the stage even divorce Barnaby from his Raven, and in the same way cut the events of the story from their proper connection, until he who has not read the book cannot understand, and he who has read it cannot endure, the play. This is in a measure to be avoided by a playwright with discernment enough to select a single episode of the story for dramatic presentation, and to reproduce only the characters necessary for its development, as Mr. Andrew Halliday did with "David Copperfield" in his "Little Em'ly," and as he is likely to do with "The Old Curiosity Shop" in the "Nell" which he now has in hand; but it is inevitable with those artisans who undertake to cram the essence of five hundred pages into an evening, and to bring several scores of principal and minor characters together upon the stage. It is a task like that of the fisherman in the Arabian story who has to get an Afrite, towering to the clouds, into a little black jar,—only a miracle can accomplish it.

TWO ENGLISH ARTISTS.

“A foreign nation is a kind of contemporaneous posterity.” — *The Recollections of a Man of the World.*

“The lady doth protest too much, methinks.” — *Hamlet.*

“On their own merits modest men are dumb.” — *The Heir at Law.*

THE English stage is not rich in great tragic actors. Garrick and Edmund Kean have left no successors in this generation. From Mrs. Siddons to Mrs. Scott-Siddons is a long step, but it is fairly typical of the inferiority of the genius of our time to that of the days when there were giants on the London stage. Comedians are plenty enough; the era is favorable to them; but the England of to-day furnishes no wearers of the buskin. It is a Frenchman who has given to London its greatest theatrical excitement for the past decade; it is an American girl who draws the largest houses in all the British cities year after year. Thus it is that it is worth while for foreigners to devote the prodigious labor necessary for acquiring the complete mastery of a new tongue in mature life, to satisfy the earnest demand of the English-speaking public for good serious acting. Philosophy might find a reason for this in the training and habits of thought, the literature and politics, of the English community, and might point out subtle lines of connection between Leech and Thackeray and Toole and Buckstone, between the peaceful policy of Gladstone and Bright, and the absence of any brilliant light from the English stage. But we do not care to follow the matter so far, and only speak of it as having a bearing upon the visit to our own cities this season of two English artists of the loftiest aspirations, and to explain why we need not doff our hats and fall on our knees at

once upon the advent of Miss Isabella Glyn and Mr. Walter Montgomery, but may test their quality by the same cool criticism which we should give to Americans making the same attempts to win the public favor.

The lady and gentleman do not come in company, but their ambition lies very nearly on the same line; so that while Miss Glyn was reading Cleopatra in New York, Mr. Montgomery was playing Antony in Boston. There may be objection to treating them both as English, since one is a Scotch woman, and the other was born within sight of the steeples of New York; but it is the London stage which has given them their training, and to the London press and public they owe their reputations. So it seems fair to speak of them both as English products, and to deal with them both together, — the more so as both of them, and the gentleman especially, have come heralded by that florid and patronizing style of advertising which, in view of the notorious poverty of the English stage to which we have alluded, is doubly offensive. It may give a Yankee a friendly interest to know that Charles Dickens admired the readings of Miss Glyn; but it is surely an impertinence to expatiate to us on the favor shown to Mr. Montgomery by the Prince of Wales and the royal family. His Royal Highness has tastes which make him a better judge of the antics of Schneider than of any acting in "Hamlet"; and we who have produced Edwin Booth and Charlotte Cushman and Joseph Jefferson are not to be awed out of the free exercise of our own good judgment by such august recommendations.

Miss Glyn's portraiture of Cleopatra may be made the subject of much honest commendation. Her reading of the play is a frame for this, and nothing more;

all the other characters come like shadows, so depart. It is evidently the result of long and loving study; in reckoning its shortcomings, the extreme difficulty of the part must be considered; and in comparison with her large and vigorous handling the efforts of ordinary actresses seem tame and dull. She does not lead us to imagine Cleopatra in the guise of the British matron of the period, for a description of whose type the reader must be referred to the memorable paragraphs in Hawthorne's essay on "Leamington Spa"; but she achieves what is perhaps more difficult, in creating upon the mind's eye of the spectator a distinct conception of the Egyptian queen in her varying moods, in her lion-like love and her tiger-like hate, quite distinct from the personality before him. As she succeeds in doing so much in the reading-desk, Miss Glyn is perhaps wise in avoiding the stage, even though in her youth her best victories were won there; for there are many obstacles to be overcome in the acting which do not stand in the way of the reader. And, having said so much in praise of Miss Glyn's reading of her favorite character, we are bound to make admissions which bring us back near our starting-point. With all her richness and power of voice, with all the energy which makes possible such an enormous sustained effort as each of her evenings, with all the force and ardor which she throws into her interpretation of Cleopatra,—we do not recognize a spark of the fire of genius in it. There is a constant straining for effect, shown even in overloading the minor passages with passion, in the determination that nothing shall be lost. But after all the effect is not attained. The audience is never thrilled to the spinal marrow by the magnetic fire of grand acting, as we can all remember to have been thrilled when we first heard Ristori in

Mary Stuart taunt Elizabeth with the frailties of Anne Boleyn; when we first saw Rip Van Winkle driven out in the storm; when Meg Merrilies rushed upon the stage without speaking; when Edwin Booth's Brutus ordered the execution of his son. We go away with heads quite cool and pulses entirely calm, discussing the passages where the reader's emphasis has missed the plain meaning of the text; and, seeing her again in woful misinterpretations of "Macbeth" and "Hamlet," our verdict is confirmed. Miss Glyn is an actress of rather more than ordinary ability, who by sympathetic study has drawn very near to one of Shakespeare's greatest and most difficult creations; but she has no tragic genius, nor even that inferior but still rare faculty which qualifies one properly to read to an audience of culture and intelligence a play of greatness thoroughly familiar and crowded with individualized characters. That it is possible to possess this power without being a very great actress, Fanny Kemble proved to the world in those "precious evenings, all too swiftly sped," the charm of which Longfellow has crystallized in a sonnet telling, —

"How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read,
Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages
Of the great poet who foreruns the ages,
Anticipating all that shall be said."

But Miss Glyn has given us no new proof.

Of Mr. Walter Montgomery substantially the same is to be said. The impersonations of Shakespearian characters, with which he is making the tour of our cities, show a noble ambition; and this is much: for if to love the Lady Elizabeth Hastings was a liberal education, to admire Shakespeare ardently is a great deal in an actor's favor. But we may safely go further, and credit

Mr. Montgomery with intelligent assumptions, which is much more than was to be expected from the author of such amazing advertisements and childish manifestoes as it his habit to pelt the public with through the newspapers. He bears himself handsomely, and plays with spirit and good discretion. But for genius, we are unable to detect the slightest gleam of it.

Now we fear that, for an entirely successful starring tour in this country at this time, some degree of genius is absolutely essential. In a London fog, a link-boy's torch may pass for a star; but where other luminaries are shining clearly to compare it with, there is no reason for rating it above its value. Both the artists of whom we have spoken are entitled to a cordial welcome here, as faithful, honest students, doing careful and conscientious work in a department where such attempts are rare at the best, and only mediocrity and quackery are common. But if—in a vanity which we may speak of without delicacy, since it seems to be a professional trait and not a weakness to be personally responsible for — they have looked for a career here of greater brilliancy, such as genius of the first rank commands, whether displayed on the stage, the concert platform, or in the reading-desk, they are doomed to a common disappointment, which no courtesy of the critical pen can alleviate.

EDWIN BOOTH'S "RICHELIEU."

"Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city." — *Hamlet*.

"The Minister is here." — *Twelfth Night*.

If the spirit of Shakespeare ever exercises the privilege which he himself bestowed upon the ghosts of so many of his characters, and comes back for night walks about the earth, it must often have occasion for such degree of surprise as spirits are capable of. It would encounter various Globe Theatres scattered about the world, all named in honor of the establishment where the new tragedy of "Macbeth" had its "first performance on any stage"; it would find "Hamlet" and "Othello" more in favor than in their fresh days, and played with many subtleties of interpretation never dreamed of when the author himself took minor parts and superintended rehearsals. But it would also find that scenes indicated in Elizabeth's day by roughly painted signs posted among the fashionable gallants who sat upon the rush-strewn stage — "This is an Orchard," "A Room in the Palace" — are now pictured to the eye by elaborate achievements of painting and canvas architecture, costing more money than Shakespeare ever possessed, and their splendor made a leading feature of the entertainment. To pass from the impossible to the merely improbable, it would be really worth the while of the venerable baronet who has written the most popular plays of our era to make a trip to this country to see with what a rare combination of taste and magnificence an American actor and manager has placed upon the stage his favorite drama, in the production

of "Richelieu," to run, as the custom is, for the entire winter, at Edwin Booth's theatre in New York.

If Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton were to act upon this suggestion, and make a pilgrimage to New York, his taste for the gorgeous and superb, as it is indicated in his own rhetoric in prose and verse, could not fail to be struck by the rich dress in which his play has been presented to the American public. He would note that the opening scene—a gambling-room in the house of Marion de Lorme, which the exigencies of the stage commonly require to be represented by a meagre "front flat"—is a rich and brilliant apartment, elegantly furnished and ornamented, the gamesters who are plucking that gay pigeon, De Mauprat, occupying an alcove in the rear, so that it is not an absurdity for the political conspirators to be talking over their intrigue in the main apartment. He would see this elaborate stage-picture give place, as easily as the phantasmagoria of the magic-lantern dissolve one into another, to the room in the Palais Cardinal, where the premier of Louis XIII. carries on the affairs of state,—a room in a palace, indeed, with walls and ceiling, doors and fireplaces, no less faithfully presented to the eye than the furniture of the period, the carved chairs and footstools, the quaint clock, the armor, the busts and statues in various niches, the odd little brass disk, which, struck by a hammer, summons different attendants, according to the number of blows given,—all faithfully studied from museums and antiquarian research, and having the effect, not of painful imitation, but of reality itself. The Gothic chamber in the Castle at Ruelle is another picture of the same sort, widely different in detail but equally striking in effect. The noble open-air view of the gardens of the Louvre, with the lofty

flight of steps leading to the door of the palace, whence the king descends, attended by his staff of gentlemen in waiting, and its marble statue of a classic figure standing boldly out upon its pedestal, seems the climax of the series of stage pictures; but it in turn is surpassed by the grand saloon of the Louvre, copied from the historic reality, even to the broad arch of the ceiling, frescoed with rare grace of design and softness of coloring, and with every detail in harmony, which deserves to be long remembered and carefully studied, as the finest achievement of the kind ever reached on the American, or perhaps on any stage.

But after all has been said that there is room for upon this theme,—and we might continue at much greater length did space permit,—after the full splendor of the stage setting is appreciated, and the great expenditure of money is taken into account, it is not to be forgotten that if this were all, the praise to be awarded would be that which might be given to a panorama or a puppet-show. The devising of these difficult and admirable pictures requires art, but not the highest art. Acting, nevertheless, remains the province and the glory of the stage. We give credit to our public in the belief that, with all the finery of Booth's Theatre in scenery and costume redoubled, if that were possible, they would not go to see "Richelieu" if it had not the tragedian's genius to illumine the principal part; and we go further, and believe that his genius would attract the public as it does now, were he to play among the signboard substitutes for scenes of the old Globe Theatre. It is to his honor, therefore, that he devotes such liberality and study to the setting of the jewel; and its richness should not be permitted to distract attention from the gem itself.

Edwin Booth's Richelieu, if not so magnetic as his Hamlet, so intense as his Iago, so simply great as his Brutus, must still rank among the noblest of his assumptions. It is not merely a cluster of fine histrionic bursts of passion, but a symmetrical and artistic whole as a conception of character,—perhaps not historically faultless, but consistent with itself and with the play, which is all that can reasonably be required in historical drama. Mr. Booth does not cough through the part, like an actress in the last scenes of "Camille," as some players think it needful to do; but it seems to us that he indicates the age and infirmity of the Cardinal sufficiently, and adheres faithfully to these conditions in every step, every tone, every gesture. He has succeeded, as he has improved and polished his rendering from year to year, in elaborating the nice details without sacrificing the salient points of power which such elaboration is apt to endanger. Thus his threat of the curse of Rome in the fourth act is as great in its way as any effort known to the stage of our time, suggesting the traditions of Edmund Kean, and producing an electric effect which leaves the listener without the power to criticise details or methods; but we place close beside it, as worthy of almost equal praise, those delicate touches of the earlier scenes, in which the humor of the old statesman, his irony and sense of fun, are delineated. Everywhere there are nice bits of detail, which show the careful artist; and among them we cannot omit to notice Richelieu's grasping at his little crucifix when the steel of the assassin is close to his heart, and his fumbling of the symbol all through the defiance which the unarmed priest hurls at the mailed murderer,—so much does it convey, to those who notice it, of the character of the man and the emotions of the moment.

But we cannot continue to point out the little traits of excellence which go to make up the complete and admirable whole.

Mr. Booth has chosen to surround himself with matchless scenery and properties rather than with actors of noteworthy skill in the minor parts; but the latter are not so easily obtained, even with money, and the public must be reconciled to a little less than absolute excellence somewhere.

OPERA BOUFFE AND ITS MANAGER.

“A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.”

King Henry VIII.

“Unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk.”

The Mask of Comus.

“Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoiled the sweet world's taste,
That it yields naught but shame and bitterness.

And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.”

King John.

WHEN the foulest phase of French opera was at its height in New York, the chief applause in that infamous work, “Genevieve de Brabant,” even the *motif* of which is unspeakable to modest ears, was won by a skilful actor in the part of a comic soldier. His droll gestures and grimaces became the sensation of the hour; and the little scene in which he appeared had to be repeated again and again every night, amid the applause of delighted audiences. This actor, whose name was Gabel, had been in his time a real soldier,

and the power of drollery which fascinated the audiences of America was trained in the frolics of French camp-fires. When the war with Prussia broke out last summer, he joined his old regiment, with patriotic ardor undiminished by absence, by profitable occupation, or by the less perilous glory of the footlights. He handled his *chassepot* like a serious soldier, and not a comic one; and in the charge which decided the fate of the tottering empire, at Sedan, Gabel was killed by a German shell.

We might use this incident as a type of the extinction of the class of operas in which this man played; for the empire of Louis Napoleon furnished the congenial soil in which this degradation of art flourished, and with the downfall of his power it ought to disappear from the face of the earth. But it has not yet perished. Paris, indeed, thinks little of opera to-day, either serious or comic; but we doubt not that, with the first return of cheerfulness and peace to the city, its wickedness will blossom out again in full flower. And in the American metropolis the prettiest of all the theatres is devoted to this same meretricious entertainment, and more money than ever before is spent in fostering it. We find a loophole of promise, however, in the fact that this outlay, lavish as it is, produces no corresponding liberality on the part of the public, and that the enterprise is a losing speculation, carried on for the amusement and gratification of one man. Dazzling and demoralizing entertainments were essential to the Paris of Napoleon III., and in just the same way they are essential to the New York of James Fisk, Jr.; but the seed in the one case was planted so deep that the crop will long outlast the sower, while in the other the harvest is withered and blighted already.

It is not our purpose to enter into criticism in detail

of the French troupe now under Mr. Fisk's management. It is a company of very large numbers, with many men of that native talent, that inborn comedy, that skill in all the minutiae of the stage, that admirable art which conceals the fact that it is art at all, which is so common among French actors and so rare among those of other nations. There is also a large proportion of those easy, confident, occasionally audacious women, who know just how far it is safe to go with an audience to whom modesty and awkwardness are alike unknown, who are to be found in Paris and nowhere else, though there are strenuous efforts to imitate them in other countries, which result only in offensive failures. These people combine to give, with a rattle and dash, a spirit and fire, which we should like to see copied in more wholesome entertainments, the operas of Offenbach,—now one in which mere fun predominates, so that the purest maiden could enjoy it without a blush, if she understands no French, and does not follow the libretto too curiously; and now one so full of odious suggestion and abominable stuff of every sort that the whole air of the theatre is poisonous with wickedness, and no honest woman who has strayed in unawares can look her neighbor in the face. But both classes alike fail to attract the public, and the management seeks to tempt it by odd devices, such as having one character played by three actresses in one evening, much as the appetite which retains no liking for simple food may be aroused by extravagant doses of red pepper.

But there is not so much material for edification in the spectacle on the stage, the merry, brilliant music, the bright dresses, and uproarious fun, the foulness leering out from amid the gayety, as in the figure in the box at the left. It is the man whose name is on

every tongue in New York, yet by none mentioned with respect, save by a little circle of satellites dependent upon his bounty. He sits radiant with jewels, surrounded with such company as the Prodigal Son kept, before he consorted with honest pigs, gazing now at the show which costs him a little fortune every month, now at the superb structure in whose lofty vestibule his initials are emblazoned. He has no more worlds to conquer. He draws his revenues from a great railway, one of the most important thoroughfares of the country, which he has captured and put in his pocket. He spends his wealth upon such gorgeous follies as we see before us. He gives his spare time to smaller theatres, to hotels, to steamboat lines, to country-seats, to militia regiments, which he has bought with the plunder of his principal operations. He is in alliance with the political adventurers who rule the great city seething without, and all its citizens pay tribute to the band to which he belongs. His name is mentioned in every newspaper, and except in the two or three journals which receive his subsidies, always with bitterness and contempt; but that is of little moment to him, so long as he is kept before the public in some way. Every week some new scandal, some railroad war, or political intrigue, or vulgar quarrel over the favors of the frail, keeps up his notoriety. He counts among his servitors various judges, who sit upon the bench at his will, and to do his bidding; and foremost on his pay-roll are certain distinguished lawyers, men of brains and social rank, who study to protect him in his fortress of robbery and fraud.

It is not a picture on which we as Americans may look with pride; but when we look it fairly in the face, it is not one of which we may seriously fear the

demoralizing influence. For evidently this man, who has satisfied every dream of his ignoble ambition, has even in his own estimate gained nothing like what he has lost. He sits in the box of his magnificent theatre, or in the gorgeously furnished apartments of his office in the same great castle, and every man who looks upon him sees a face from which not only have honor and shame vanished long ago, but from which the knowledge of pleasure has gradually gone too. We should not fear to set before him the most impressible, the most energetic Yankee boy, such as this worn and weary man himself doubtless was thirty years ago, and say, "If you can envy this man, imitate him. If what he has become pleases you, make his career your model." It is not that conscience troubles him; conscience may be snuffed out, in some natures, like a candle; but in the darkness that follows, there is more of wretchedness than of enjoyment. And, moreover, if he listens to the voices which whisper his name up and down the metropolis, he knows that all are looking for his fall from the semblance of wealth which he has attained. He must not only fight his battle every day, but he must struggle with the consciousness that defeat is the only end which can come, and that defeat to him means friendless ignominy of the most miserable sort.

The music strikes up gayly; the laughing chorus echoes from stage and balconies. It is the opera of "The Brigands." These gay fellows have a merry life; they corrupt all the innocence of the village, and attach youth and beauty to their own camp; they plunder with a jest; they disguise themselves as beggars to rob the innkeeper, put on his apron to rob the traveller, and don his cloak and wig to entrap the next arrival. They swagger and boast, and pick every

pocket with neatness and despatch. Does the man with the waxed mustache and lack-lustre eyes, who looks listlessly at the play from the manager's box, see in their exploits a reflection of his own career? The brigands are a jolly crew, says the libretto; but they come to grief in the last scene, even with no loftier poetical justice than that of Offenbach; the millions they would have swept into their coffers prove to have melted away; they are sure to have their masks torn off at last.

CHARLES FECHTER.

“His was the spell o'er hearts
 Which only Acting lends, —
 The youngest of the sister arts,
 Where all their beauty blends;
 For ill can Poetry express
 Full many a tone of thought sublime;
 And Painting, mute and motionless,
 Steals but a glance at time;
 But by the mighty Actor brought,
 Illusion's perfect triumphs come,
 Verse ceases to be airy thought,
 And sculpture to be dumb.”

CAMPBELL.

“The company seemed not much to disapprove of me for an associate. They all, however, apprised me of the importance of the task at which I aimed; that the public was a many-headed monster, and that only such as had very good heads could please it; that acting was not to be learnt in a day; and that, without some traditional shrugs which had been on the stage, and only on the stage, these hundred years, I could never pretend to please. The next difficulty was in fitting me with parts, as almost every character was in keeping.”—
The Vicar of Wakefield.

Now that Mr. Fechter has fairly abdicated his Boston throne, has shown a brief glimpse of his face

to New York, has plunged into the smoke of Pittsburg, and is on his way to face the difficult, capricious audiences of Chicago, calm criticism of his characteristics as an artist seems again to be in order. This was clearly impossible during the last weeks of Mr. Fechter's stay in his chosen American home, when charges and counter-charges hurtled through the air; when reporters rushed up and down the earth, and out to Long Branch, to contribute spicy dishes of scandal to the feast of controversy; when street-cars and club-rooms echoed with the encounters of partisans, and rival choruses of bitter sneers and exaggerated adulation rose about the retiring manager in disagreeable din. Then any question as to Mr. Fechter's reading of a soliloquy, his conception of a character, was complicated with countless side issues, entirely irrelevant to art, as to his manners, his temper, his sagacity, his punctuality, his arrogance, his salary, and so forth. Now it seems possible to brush all these aside, and to discuss his acting with no more reference to his management of the Globe than we should give, in considering the rank of Edmund Kean as a tragedian, to the affair with Mrs. Alderman Cox.

Mr. Fechter is to us a great actor. There are some candid critics who, stumbling at the threshold upon his French accent, or looking chiefly at his Shakespearian interpretation, deny him this rank altogether; but, with the most moderate estimate of the personal magnetism of the man, his unquenchable fire and vigor, his power over an audience of cultivated people, we cannot but pronounce him an artist of positive genius. This very matter of the accent is at the bottom of much of the wide difference of opinion about Mr. Fechter. To some ears such violence as

he does to the natural emphasis of an English sentence is destructive of all enjoyment of it, as a spoonful of castor-oil might ruin the taste of a beaker of the best wine. To others it scarcely interferes at all with the brilliancy of the acting itself, which may be admired as we should admire the grandeur of Niagara, though compelled to look at it through tinted spectacles. The qualities we have named may command appreciation in spite of any such drawback, and custom may make it seem slighter every day, until one almost forgets that Claude's speeches are not as purely and crisply uttered as Pauline's.

Passing this consideration by, therefore, as we may be justified in doing, as incidental and immaterial, we recognize in Mr. Fechter's acting in most of his chosen parts a glow of genuine fire, which shines in brilliant contrast with most of the tragic torchlights of the day. It is spontaneous and unforced; it has no ranting and rushing about the stage, no conventional bursts and poses, but always an attainment of effects by the simplest means, which, for the moment, seem like nature itself. It is not nature precisely; for the plays which Mr. Fechter affects are of a class in which nature has very little part. It can only be said that, given a Ruy Blas or Edmund Dantes, the manner in which this actor plays them is consistent with the ideal of the drama and with itself. He embodies romance as no other actor has done; he makes every man in his audience a Melnotte, every woman feel a reflection of the ardor of the Lyons belle, for the hour or two the play holds their imaginations. The method by which this is attained is beyond analysis. We may note the never-failing grace, the always picturesque and fitting gesture, the art which leaves no instant without its proper expression of face and

figure, the energy which seems to take possession of the man and carry him along without an effort; but, after all, we cannot catch and put upon paper the essential something which goes with all these traits, and makes great what would otherwise deserve only a tamer adjective. See Mr. Fechter in the last act of "Ruy Blas," when he stealthily locks the door, snatches his enemy's sword, and announces himself his executioner; see him in "Monte Cristo," when, just as he has challenged a lad to a duel which is to complete an elaborate vengeance, he learns that he is planning to kill his own son: see these marvellous triumphs of acting, which need not a spoken word to interpret the mighty emotions expressed, then try to describe them in detail an hour later, and you will not expect the critic to enumerate all the elements which go to make up the charm of the artist.

Having said thus much, and leaving unsaid not a little as to Mr. Fechter's remarkable elegance and finish in light comedy, of which his plays give us flitting and tantalizing glimpses here and there, we come to what justice requires to be said as to the limitations of his art. There be admirers who will allow no qualification, and whose injudicious praise almost offsets the unfairly harsh treatment which Mr. Fechter has now and then encountered. But it ought to be no more a cause of offence to point out that there are bounds to his greatness than to say that the range of Tennyson is narrower than that of Shakespeare. The romantic plays in which Mr. Fechter appears do not cover the whole compass of art; nor has he given evidence, during his American stay, of such a degree of versatility as would make it unjust to measure him by the standard of such dramas. And, on the other hand, his performance of Hamlet has shown how far he may

fall short of the demands of a difficult Shakespearian character. His Hamlet deserves all credit for its boldness and originality of conception, for its contemptuous discarding of many unworthy traditions of the stage, for its occasional glimpses of the highest dramatic power, as in the passionate scene with Ophelia. We cannot doubt that it is the result of more and deeper study than any other of Mr. Fechter's assumptions. But, nevertheless, it so violates consistency, and so constantly contradicts the plain text of the tragedy, it has so many and grievous faults on the intellectual side, that it must be pronounced a radical failure. No Hamlet who turns from his father's ghost to give his mental attention, as well as his bodily strength, to a violent struggle with his friends, and stormily scolds them in the presence of the awful visitor, can command the entire respect of a thinking and sympathetic audience through the first act; and, failing here, he fails at a critical point, which is representative of a multitude of similar shortcomings through the play. We need not follow them in detail, but may sum them up as leading to the belief that Mr. Fechter's genius is so alien to the spirit of true Shakespearian acting that he cannot give an adequate interpretation of any of the English poet's greatest characters, — a belief which waits for his first essay in America as Iago for revision and perhaps correction.

Mr. Fechter, then, is an actor of very great brilliancy and genius in his own chosen walk of art; and, outside that, his ambition is loftier than his ability. There are very few artists in the treasured names of the world's history of whom more can be said.

We cannot leave the subject without giving a line or two to a recognition of the talent, — which wins

applause from those who decry Mr. Fechter as well as from his admirers,—of the English actress who has accompanied him in his American tour, Miss Carlotta Le Clercq. There is a vigor and polish about this lady's style, an evenness and care-taking about all her performances, a grace and ease in her quieter acting, only marred by a too obvious effort now and then in her more passionate passages, which very few actresses of our generation can equal; and in the great requisite of a supporting actress, in giving essential aid in the critical moments of a piece, in being ever ready to the second with word and gesture, and never in the wrong place, she is perfection itself.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

“Full of tears, full of smiles.”

As You Like It.

“One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.”

Troilus and Cressida.

THE white-haired, bright-eyed personage whose portrait appears upon another page is familiar all over the world. The genius of three minds at least has combined in his creation: a genial humorist shadowed him forth in a story, a clever artist gave him form and costume in a series of pictures, and a great actor has given him life; so that to all of us he seems as real and near as an old friend; nor is the part in the matter of the veteran playwright who has fashioned the original tale into shape for the stage so unimportant as to be fairly overlooked. The result, the solid, substantial entity which we call Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle, has been town talk for years in every

quarter of the earth. If a copy of our paper finds its way to Ballarat, his face will be recognized there by hosts of people who never heard of the Hudson but as Rip's river; in London, and in all the minor British cities, he is known and lovingly remembered; and all over this country, where he was recognized last of all, he is a household word, and the people to whom he is as a stranger seem rare exceptions.

There are perhaps some of the elements of a problem in the great and enduring popularity of this one performance of a comedian. The play in itself is the slightest of sketches, with not a single dramatic situation in it, and with not even probability or possibility in its plot to fix the interest of the spectator. Its opportunities for scenic display are very slight, and even these are seldom improved. Its minor personages are tedious to the last degree. And as for the leading character, he does not make one point such as we are accustomed to in our experience of the stage; he has not one passionate line, not one situation thoroughly laughable in itself. Describe the Rip Van Winkle of Joseph Jefferson to one who has never seen it, and see how little you have to tell, how slight an impression your account makes upon the mind! It is as untranslatable as the perfume of new-mown hay; yet very few people who have known it fail to acknowledge its fascination.

The problem, however, is not so difficult as it seems. The trait which is at once the peculiarity and the charm of this matchless piece of acting is its fidelity to nature, — a fidelity which all must recognize, which rises above all the conventions of the stage, which disdains all appeals for effect, and yet which has a certain glamour of poetry about it which removes it from mere shallow realism into the sphere of art. In the

very dress of the character every temptation to exaggeration is avoided. The dialect is as close to the actual speech of a certain class of American Dutchmen as the utterance of one Dutchman is like that of another; and there is not an accent nor an inflection too much for the sake of the impression so easily to be heightened in that way. How jovial, how simple, how true, are Rip's drinks, his light talk about his wife, his trivial dog-story, with which his part begins. It is not a temperance lecture; it is not remarkably bright wit or droll fun; it is simply a picture, of a very ordinary subject, yet which it requires years of study and real genius to paint. Then, when we come to the indication, by a few delicate touches, of this thriftless, lazy fellow's love for his child, which gives the first dignity to his character, how deep and tender is the feeling, and yet how few the words which hint at rather than express it! How rich and genuine is the humor of the interview with the children when their intention of marriage is announced, when the father suggests that he himself has not been consulted, and when he reflects that he is not a proper custodian for the little lover's savings. It provokes smiles rather than laughter; it is the humor of Elia rather than that of Pickwick; but it is of a very rare quality, and the stage gives us nothing with which to compare it.

We cannot follow Mr. Jefferson through the play in detail,—through the broader humor of the scene in the kitchen, where the tales of the rabbit and the bull always seemed to us the least worthy of the genius of the actor of all the passages of the play; and the tragic close of the act, where Rip is turned out of his wife's house into the storm, and where, at once so simple and so subtle is the artist's method, the spectator is moved without knowing why, and

cannot resist emotion for which there seems no adequate cause in the bearing of the man who sits with his back to the audience, and at last goes off with hardly a word or a gesture to emphasize his exit. The next act shows a complete alteration of demeanor, such as the changed circumstances justify, and continues the strongly marked variety in which we find a second and important explanation of the popularity of "Rip Van Winkle." It is thoroughly unique, this monologue of flesh and blood among a group of grotesque and silent ghosts; and Mr. Jefferson grasps the situation admirably, mingling a very genuine awe and fear with a new development of the humor of the character, which makes the episode of the mountain one of the most enjoyable things of the drama, though the materials are so slight that in the hands of another nothing would be made of them. And then the last act, — that amazing piece of acting at which we have seen one half an audience rapt in silence, with glistening eyes and parted lips, while the other half, natures of a different grain, seeing a different phase, were convulsed with laughter! To us there is no food for a smile in this weird old man, perplexed and bewildered in a transformed world, his brain feeling, like his limbs, the effect of twenty years of sleep, trembling and tottering into life again, doubtful as to his identity, and strong only in the one strong emotion of his youth, his yearning love for his child. His every utterance strikes upon the heart with a pang of sympathetic pain; and as we note, as we may do when the play becomes familiar, how quietly, how gently, all this is done, we are moved to ask, "Is it not thus that tragedy should be played? Is not the frenzy of Lear's curse, the shouting of Othello's agony, after all a mistake? And is not this low tone, this depth of suggestion, this superb forbearance, the grandest possible

achievement of serious acting?" And all the while our neighbor in the next seat is laughing with all his might at the old man's cramped legs and dazed manner, and thinks "Rip Van Winkle" the funniest play he ever saw.

Any praise of Mr. Jefferson's famous masterpiece of acting is in danger of doing him injustice if it conveys the idea that he is essentially a one-part actor. True it is that of late years he has played this character almost exclusively, and that hundreds have become familiar with him in the part who have never seen him in any other; and we can credit the report that he earnestly craves some new play in which he can parallel the triumphs of "Rip Van Winkle," and that a fortune awaits the man who shall produce such a piece. The opportunities which Irving's legend gives for the display of the different phases of his versatile genius are not readily to be combined elsewhere. But it does not show all those phases, nevertheless. Mr. Jefferson is an admirable light comedian; he can throw pathos all aside, and conquer an audience by sheer force of fun, light, airy, and delicate as may be conceived. He is a capital low comedian also; and some dry, broad drolleries of his in farce linger in the memory after many efforts of more ambitious actors in that line have faded away. And in burlesque, when he gives full rein to the power of extravagance and absurdity which he possesses; when, with a face as serious as the clock, he fills an audience with laughter of the wildest kind; when he parodies the gestures of tragedy or imitates in his own lithe person the whole entertainment of the circus programme, — then the astonished admirer of "Rip Van Winkle" discovers that there is latent in this consummate artist the comic power of the most brilliant burlesque actor America has ever seen.

THOMAS W. ROBERTSON.

“Tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.”

POPE'S *Essay on Man*.

“Then, at your play, behold the fairest flower
Of youth collect, to hear the revelation!
Each tender soul, with sentimental power,
Snicks melancholy food from your creation;
And now in this, now that, the leaven works,
For each beholds what in his bosom lurks;
They still are moved at once to weeping or to laughter,
Still wonder at your flights, enjoy the show they see.
A mind, once formed, is never suited after;
One yet in growth will ever rateful be.”

GOETHE'S *Faust*, TAYLOR'S *Translation*.

THE successful dramatist, whose sudden death has followed so closely upon the failure of his latest play, was never a favorite with the London critics. He made the fortune of a theatre as well as his own, and the public made his ears familiar with the music of rounds of applause, and of guineas jingling in at the box-office. But from the first the journals treated him coolly; they pronounced his brightest play a plagiarism from the German, and covered his latest work with derision, as though it were the product of an utterly incompetent novice. The “Saturday Review” never had anything pleasant to say of him; and the “Athenæum” lately gave him the first place in a series of papers on the dramatists of the day only to sneer at his “teacup and saucer dramas,” and to lament that there is a public so silly as to enjoy them. In one breath he is accused of carrying realism to an extreme, in the next of making his people talk as nobody ever talked in actual life.

And yet it seems to us that, now that Mr. Robertson is dead, there must be a general recognition of the

fact that he had done something for the drama in his time, and that the stage is better than if he had not lived, the popular taste cultivated by his influence upon it. We claim this without for an instant assigning to his plays any rank whatever in literature, in which they have no more right than the daily newspaper which criticises them. There seems little prospect that even the best of his productions, as "Ours" and "School," will be played to any audiences twenty years hence; they could not be translated into a foreign tongue without evaporating like soap-bubbles; no human being will ever read one of them through for pleasure. Indeed, with the warmest faith in Mr. Robertson's peculiar talent, in his absolute eminence in a certain department of art, it is impossible to sit down over one of these dramas in the silence of the library without a shiver of misgiving as to whether it can really have any value whatever. The wit disappears with the footlights, the tender sentiment with the scenery. We might as well waste our enthusiasm over the rough structure of beams and laths which last night gleamed out against the black sky as a piece of gorgeous fire-works.

Mr. Robinson's popularity has been won to a great extent by his love scenes. Let us follow one of them a little way:—

"*Sidney.* When must you return?

"*Maud.* At nine.

"*Sidney.* Twenty minutes. How's your aunt?

"*Maud.* As cross as ever.

"*Sidney.* And Lord Ptarmigan?

"*Maud.* As usual, asleep.

"*Sidney.* Dear old man, he does doze his time away. Anything else to tell me?

"*Maud.* We had such a stupid dinner; such odd people.

"*Sidney.* Who?

"*Maud.* Two men of the name of Chodd.

"*Sidney (uneasily)*. Chodd!

"*Maud*. Is n't it a funny name? Chodd!

"*Sidney*. Yes, it's a Chodd name, — I mean an odd name. Where were they picked up?

"*Maud*. I don't know. Aunty says they are both very rich.

"*Sidney (uneasily)*. She thinks of nothing but money. (*Looks at watch.*) Fifteen to nine. Maud!

"*Maud (in a whisper)*. Yes.

"*Sidney*. If I were rich — if you were rich — if we were rich —

"*Maud*. Sidney!

"*Sidney*. As it is I almost feel it's a crime to love you.

"*Maud*. O Sidney!"

We should not dare to say that it grows better than this as it goes on, or that the corresponding scenes in other plays are of a higher order. But it may be said that lovers are always pointless in conversation, that this is Mr. Robertson's realism, and that we ought to turn to the wit and humor of his plays before passing judgment upon them. But we should look through the books in vain to find anything nearer true humor than the maudlin incoherences of old Eccles, any nearer approach to a repartee than the remark of Cecilia Dunscombe in "M. P.," that it is a pity courtship ends in marriage, because it would be so much better if marriage ended in courtship. We doubt if there is in any of the comedies a solitary joke so good as one of the many in Mr. Albery's "Two Roses," where a young man, being approached by a bore with a request for "a word in his private ear," replies quietly, "Select your ear, sir, and proceed."

Notwithstanding all this, we are willing to undertake the championship of the departed writer's title to honorable remembrance. If he carried simplicity to an extreme bordering upon inanity, he at least led us away from the direction in which Mr. Boucicault and other prosperous playwrights have been tending. "School" is as much better than "Formosa" as "Sir

Harry Hotspur" is better than a dime novel. There is nothing of sensationalism of incident in Mr. Robertson's best plays, no chaining a hero down upon a railway track, nor hurling a heroine off a crag; there is no vulgarity of allusion to catch the favor of the noisiest dispensers of applause; better than all, in an age when the greater brilliancy of the French dramatists has given a tone to the whole stage, there is no dabbling in immorality for the sake of the easy advantages to be gained thereby. He has striven only to hold the mirror up to the nature of the pleasanter phases of the English life as he has seen it. The delight of looking on at a tea-party on the stage very like the tea-table from which the spectator has just risen at home, with chat no wittier than there, and lovers no more eloquent than the pair one may encounter on the next doorstep, may be of a somewhat infantile character; but it is at least harmless, and it may lead the way to something higher. We seem to be passing out of the era of unnaturalness on the stage,—of Claude Melnotte and Mrs. Haller and Camille, with their morbid, unwholesome sentimentality; of Joseph Surface and Dr. Pangloss, with their artificial construction and elaborate wit and humor—into a period when naturalness shall be the first essential, when Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle shall be the highest type of excellence, and exaggeration the chief of offences. In this transition perhaps the pump and tubs of Mr. Crummles, the burning steamboats of Mr. Boucicault, were essential steps; but surely we reach a higher level when we come to the placid prettinesses of Mr. Robertson, and may trace his influence with gratitude in the plays which shall be natural and yet vigorous, healthy, and also hearty, modest as Dickens, and yet absorbing as Sardou, which we all hope the early future of the

English or perchance the American stage may have in store.

We have not, in all these rambling remarks, at all succeeded in indicating what is the essential charm of Mr. Robertson's plays; and, indeed, it is somewhat elusive, and defies analysis. But among its chief elements must be set down that minute knowledge of stage business which came to this playwright from a lifetime of familiarity with the boards, and which in his case was combined with a certain refinement and delicacy in the use of the devices of the theatre which such familiarity does not always give. A leading place also, in assigning the causes of his popularity, should be given to his treatment of the passion of love. "All mankind love a lover," says Mr. Emerson; and there is a universal pleasure in seeing lovers tenderly and prettily presented on the stage, not in the lofty style of "Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee!" but with the airy nothings which to nine people out of ten bring back the agreeable memories of their own enchanted days. If Mr. Robertson has to go to Tennyson for the expression of his sentiment, so do most of the cultivated young men and maidens of the time for the proper utterance of theirs. It is this same faithful reflection of the way in which the commonplace people who make up the world tell and confess their love, that has made much of the popularity of Mr. Anthony Trollope; and it is his books which furnish us the best parallel that literature affords for the comedies of the writer who died last week. It was when Mr. Robertson stepped aside from this path of whispering lovers, and undertook to deal with historical themes, or with passions of deeper shading, that he made the occasional failures of his dramatic career. It is sad to remember that the

“War,” which was his last piece performed, was one of the worst of these failures, and that the hisses of pit and galleries were among the last sounds of earth to his sensitive ears; and it would be pleasant if it should prove that the “Birth,” from his pen, which has yet to be played, should prove to be a product of his happiest inspiration.

AN AMERICAN PLAY, — “SARATOGA.”

“*Hippolyta*. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

“*Theseus*. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

“*Hippolyta*. It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs.”

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

FOR eleven or twelve weeks one of the theatres of New York has been crowded every evening, and at many *matinées*, by people eager to see a purely American drama, — a comedy by a New York journalist, with its scene laid in familiar localities, its plot, characters, and language all of home manufacture. The theatre is a very small one, to be sure, and the city very big; but the long run of the play is full of significance, nevertheless, since it is such as very few pieces of any character can command. The play has been produced also in Boston, and seems to have won the public favor there, in spite of the general coldness of the critics. It is possible that it is only just beginning a career of popularity which is to extend through all the theatre-going towns of the country, on the strength of the prestige given by its metropolitan success. At any rate, the history of the affair, so far as it has gone, decisively refutes the theory that

the lack of American drama is due to the coldness of the public or of the managers, and furnishes a new basis for speculation on this ever-fruitful subject.

Now, what is this play of "Saratoga"? It is an extravagant five-act farce, of thinner construction and shallower wit than any farce of our acquaintance, but provoking a laugh now and then by sheer absurdity, more absurd than that of the wildest burlesque. The author has set out with an idea not absolutely bad, nor incapable of development, — borrowing from a last summer's novel, by a bright Canadian writer, the conception of a fascinating, not positively wicked, young man, betrothed to four or five ladies at once, and madly in love by turns with each of them. This sort of thing would not be quite agreeable in real life, but it is admissible in fiction and on the stage, and capable of being worked up into very entertaining complications. But the author of "Saratoga" is not capable of working it up. Starting out so bravely, with the aid of Professor De Mille, he is unable to walk a step alone. Having introduced his fickle and all-embracing hero, and taken him and his bevy of beauties to the fashionable watering-place, he can think of nothing better to carry on the action than a series of challenges to mortal combat, sent at the demands of the slighted belles, and given and taken in earnest. No duel is actually fought; but upon the device of the numerous challenges, the various degrees of cowardice and ingenuity displayed, and the confusion attending the meetings appointed, the interest of the last half of the play turns.

A man writing for children would not introduce the duel as a feature of the American life of to-day, knowing that the outrage upon probability would be resented by readers who accept the coach of Cinder-

ella and the purse of Fortunatus without a question. The incongruity is too glaring. The English tourist who listens for the Indian war-whoop on Broadway, and expects to kill a buffalo on his journey up the Hudson, is not more at war with reason and common-sense. That an audience can listen to such things with forbearance and good-humor argues an extreme degree of patience on the part of the public; but that a play constructed of such stuff can win marked success indicates something more, which is worth a little searching. Such a phenomenon cannot exist without a cause. Yet the further we probe the play, the more we are struck with the opportunities which it overlooks, rather than with those which it improves. Where is a more promising mine for the dramatist than the Irish maid-servant of our day, as developed by American institutions, — a richer fund of humor, a better chance for real, honest fun? Her wit is fresh and charming, her blunders are delicious, her very ignorance is picturesque. There is an Irish nursery-maid in this play; but she has no more drollery than the Turk who stands before a tobacco-shop, and in fact does nothing but cross the stage occasionally, and wail a monotonous lament over the frivolities of fashionable mothers, which might as appropriately come from the lips of a Greek chorus. The same chance is thrown away in dealing with the negro waiters of the watering-place hotels, — a class full of rare and grotesque characters admirably fitted for stage illustration, could the dramatist and the actor but study from the life instead of from the minstrel hall. And the same comment is called for all the way up the list of personages; they are but the shadows of caricatures, and the skill of the best actors can do little towards giving them substance. As to the wit

of the comedy, it consists mainly in making a man say over a dull thing so many times that the audience laughs at last, and in naming a character Muttonlegs, and then letting the others exasperate him by mis-calling him Muttonhead. Sentiment there is none, — or only a few vapid lines of silliness, which compare with the emptiest dialogue of Robertson as Robertson with Shakespeare. The author has apparently shrunk from any attempt to gratify the public liking for honest, simple love-making, and has thrown in a little dirt instead, to meet another public taste more easily to be satisfied.

And yet we feel bound to find an explanation for such success of this play as is implied in people's crowding to see it by the thousand, and watching its progress with pleased countenances to the going down of the curtain. Not a few critics find in this indubitable proof of the silliness and stupidity of the public, the lack of taste to detect the deficiencies of the drama and to appreciate anything better. But we prefer to see in it something more encouraging, in the earnest craving of the public for an American play rising above all other considerations. "Saratoga" is at least American; it deals with a watering-place which everybody knows; its scenery faithfully depicts familiar localities; its personages wear the dresses of American men and women, and their conversation has no allusions unintelligible to hearers who know no life but our own. The gratification to be got by watching even so faint an imaging forth of American life, with its duelling in New York, and its belles who are no more like those of Saratoga, except in dress and complexion, than they are like the belles of Dahomey, is nothing like what would be produced by a comedy really reflecting our actual existence as "Money" or

"Caste" reflects England; but the difference is only in degree. The people really want representations of our own manners and society on the stage; failing to get any that are good, they take and enjoy the best they can get with such relish as they may, supplying its deficiencies from their own imaginations, as Theseus advises his bride to do in the case of Manager Quince's company.

Our inference therefore is that there is a demand, growing more and more urgent, for an American drama; and the demand ought to create a supply. "Saratoga" and other similar productions which might be named have demonstrated that the drama will pay. We have no information as to the share of profits accorded to authors by our managers; but if it be reckoned on such a basis as that adopted in London or in Paris, the author of "Saratoga" should have had as profitable a winter as the most popular lecturer known to the lyceum bureau. And even supposing "Saratoga" to be a work of real sparkle and power instead of the inane trash it is, how much less the wear and tear of producing it than that of a long lecture tour! This is not an empire, and literature and the drama have to stand on their own legs, and will be none the worse for it in the end. But were we in the counsels of an empire striving to foster letters and to advance the higher phases of civilization here, we should seek to add to such temptation as is implied in the pecuniary rewards we have shown to be within reach, such further inducements of gain and glory as would set many pens at work on dramatic experiments. In that imaginary Utopia, the author of "The Potiphar Papers" and "Trumps," the author of "The Man without a Country," the author of "Oldtown Folks," the author of "My Summer in a

Garden," the author of "Little Women," the author of "Suburban Sketches," the author of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," ay, the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table himself, and the creator of Hosea Biglow, should all do their best in such line of dramatic effort as suited their respective tastes, — "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral," and so following. They would not all succeed. Thackeray failed in a comedy, and Dickens made no success of any value with either comic opera or farce; but Charles Reade has written almost as many good plays as good novels; and "What will He do with It?" is not a whit better or more likely to live to the next century than "Richelieu" or "The Lady of Lyons." So we need not go back to "She Stoops to Conquer" to prove that brilliancy in other literary walks is no bar to the best achievement with the tools of the stage. And with such a company as that we have suggested at work, with as many more of almost equal rank who would be stimulated by their example, what a prize we might draw! Who shall say that we have not among us some mute inglorious Sardou, some possible Sheridan wasting his richness on the desert air of the comic column of a daily newspaper? The committee on a National Hymn did not accomplish much, to be sure; but that was in war-time, when deeds, not words, concerned us; and it is not to be dogmatically assumed that a committee on an American Play might not do better, with a great, hungry, generous public behind them to distribute the medals.

THE LOVERS OF THE STAGE.

"I frequently look in at the playhouse, in order to enlarge my thoughts, and warm my mind with some new ideas that may be serviceable to me in my habitations." — ADDISON, in "*The Tatler*."

"This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling."
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

ALTHOUGH love is the theme of three quarters of the plays, as it is of nine tenths of the romances, ever written, yet dramatists have generally been inclined to be very chary of actual love scenes on the stage. It has been deemed good policy to keep the tender passages, like the terrible crimes, out of sight of the audience. We are vouchsafed a word or two, and left to imagine the rest. Of Hamlet's love for Ophelia, of Othello's wooing, the audience knows only by hearsay. Putting that youthful production, "*Romeo and Juliet*," out of the question, there is hardly one of Shakespeare's plays which gives us more than a glimpse of real, earnest courtship. The witty fencing of Benedick and Beatrice, the stormy subjugation of Katharina by Petruchio, we have at length; but we are left to fill out from our own imagination and experience how Lorenzo won Jessica, how sweet Anne Page bestowed her heart among her cluster of admirers. And it is perhaps because the exceptions to this general habit of Shakespeare do not shine among the brightest parts of his plays, that dramatists since his day have commonly followed his example. Mock love-making, misunderstandings and complications and blunders in courtship, we have in plenty, from Marlowe besieging the imaginary barmaid, to Lady Gay leading Sir Harcourt to his own discomfiture; but of such serious, fervid love-making as is the staple of novels, very

little. Mr. Anthony Trollope has written say thirty novels, with six proposals, three acceptances, and three refusals in each story, if we may strike a rough average. No two of them have been precisely alike, and all have furnished very pleasant reading. Thackeray never ignobly dodged a love scene, though he did the work always delicately and with few touches, as if he were dealing with something too holy for his pen. Dickens was not at his best in such chapters; but who can think of Ruth Pinch's beefsteak pudding, with John Westlock looking on, and say that any writer surpassed him? Charles Reade has given us a host of pictures of all the phases of love; but even he recognizes the difficulty of dealing with it on the stage, and his plays skip over these parts of his novels very lightly.

In fact, it seems almost impossible to deal with a pair of devoted lovers behind the footlights without being either too stiff or too soft. What unutterable bores are Falkland and his Julia in the midst of all the liveliness of "The Rivals"! One can only applaud Sheridan's own discernment of the fact as shown in his next great play by condensing the love-making of Charles Surface and Maria into two short lines. And, passing to a different sort of drama, what a mental nausea is that produced by the perpetual adoration offered to Marco, in "The Marble Heart," by the foolish sculptor whom every spectator feels an inclination to wake up to reality with a stream from a garden hose!

One great exception will occur to the mind of every reader. While the modern public and modern playwrights have seemed to agree in banishing sentiment from the stage, and in substituting for it such lurid passions as those of the twin heroines of sensational

literature, Lady Andley and Lady Isabel, one dramatist has thriven by love-scenes of the simplest and purest sort. Mr. Thomas William Robertson was always happiest when he could get two young people under a tree in a thunder-storm, or chatting over a milk-pitcher in the moonlight; and his audiences were happy also, if the players who took the parts had the least sympathetic quality about their acting. But Mr. Robertson's success in this vein was unique, and not to be analyzed; one may read the passages and find nothing in them whatever; the fascination lay in a peculiar combination of stage business and skill in suggestion, with a certain refinement and delicacy, which no rival or successor will be likely to attain.

When we leave the lovers of dramatic literature to come to the actors who have distinguished themselves in scenes depicting the universal passion, we have not in our own day a long list to go over. Garrick, if we may believe the traditions, was as irresistible in Romeo as he was powerful in Abel Drugger; but usually tragedians have outgrown the age to play the lover with thorough ardor before they have reached the experience to play anything with discretion. Mr. Forrest has long banished plays of juvenile sentiment from his list; and he was never the man to embody the softer passion as he did revenge and ambition and the like, though he pictures the tenderness of a father very beautifully in *Virginus* and in *Damon*. Edwin Booth, though perhaps more young ladies have fallen harmlessly in love with him across the footlights than with any other actor of this generation, shines chiefly in parts like *Richelieu* and *Shylock*, *Hamlet*, *Iago*, *Bruce*, and others of a sombre cast. His love-making is fierce and fervid, almost gloomy, and with none of the roseate glow about it which should color Romeo's

apostrophes. No scene of his of this kind so lingers in the memory as that of Richard with Lady Anne, where the passion so effectively displayed is simulated for a purpose, and the cruelty and hatred of the man gleams even through the suitor's appeal to the pretty widow to despatch him with his own sword if she cannot bid him hope. As to the actor most eminent in another school, Mr. Lester Wallack, a general knowledge of his manner leaves the impression upon the mind that the heroes he enacts are rather inclined to assume a dignified and graceful *hauteur*, while the heroines fall in love with them, than to develop a great deal of sincere ardor of their own. And this leads to the general remark that the actors of lovers, being generally handsome men, are somewhat disposed to rely on those charms which nature has given them rather than to exert such fascinations and to betray such depth of emotion as should mark the wooer. We have known more than one young man receiving a handsome salary from a theatre's treasury year after year on the strength of a straight nose, fine eyes, and a coal-black mustache. Now, it is not the handsome men who are the brilliant and unconquerable lovers of the world; it is the ugly fellows like John Wilkes, who know that they cannot rely on their faces, yet who can boast with good ground that with half an hour's start they fear no comely rival. Perhaps there will be the beginning of a new era in dramatic art, when the Apothecary and Romeo change places, and the juvenile parts are no longer assigned with reference to eyes and mustaches.

To this branch of the subject, as to the other, there is one great exception, which must have occurred before this to the mind of every reader. It were impossible to speak of the lovers of the stage and to

leave out that prince of stage lovers, Mr. Fechter. What rhapsodies have been written over his Claude and Ruy Blas, chiefly by literary ladies, no catalogue can tell; and male critics have joined in the chorus, from Charles Dickens down to the last Western journalist who has recognized his genius. It was as a lover that he first flashed into fame in Paris, in the most popular play of the younger Dumas; and those who see him now in similar characters find it hard to believe that middle life has brought with it any diminution of the power he then possessed of portraying a passion as filling a man, saturating his whole existence, leaving no room for any other thought, and making the difference between the presence and absence of one woman a difference as wide as divides the equator and the pole. Mr. Fechter is to many the ideal lover; but to us there is now and then—not always—an earthiness about his manifestations of passion which suggests that there might be something better in the range of the highest art. We do not care to go into this discussion in detail, however, but prefer to point out that one of the actor's happiest achievements in this special line is in a play which we believe he has yet given nowhere in America but in Boston,—“Black and White.” It is a flimsy melodrama enough; but it gives great scope for the romantic acting of Mr. Fechter. In its first scene the hero, a young Frenchman of rank, wealth, education, of brilliant and fascinating manners, who has never known a cloud to disturb the keen enjoyment of life which belongs to fortunate youth, comes to the West Indies in quest of the heiress he has met in Paris, whom he loves and who loves him. Nothing can surpass the dash and sparkle with which the zest of the bright moment, the exhilaration of high spirits, the airy

audacity of the youngster, the passionate devotion of the hopeful lover, are conveyed to the audience. Every face shines with a radiance reflected from his. It is but a moment or two before stern, melodramatic fate steps in, and the nobleman discovers that he is a slave and the son of a slave; but the picture stands complete in itself, and it commands recognition as the masterly sketch of a great artist.

WILLIAM WARREN.

“One man in his time plays many parts.”

As You Like It.

“Did he never make you laugh?”

Much Ado About Nothing.

It is the age of one-character actors. It is not the fault of the players so much as of the public; but it is at any rate a fact which we cannot help recognizing. Miss Heron played Camille till the very sound of the name made her sick at heart; but the public still demanded Camille only at her hands, stayed coldly away when she produced new plays, and clamored for the frail heroine of Dumas with such persistency that it drove the actress from the stage at last. Who thinks of Maggie Mitchell but as Fanchon? John Owens may introduce an engagement with one or two glimpses of old comedy or English farce, but the world knows and the actor knows he must presently fall back on Solon Shingle. Even a tragedian of such versatility as Edwin Booth studies a character and brings out a play for a whole winter's run, and New-Yorkers to-day know but a few sides of his power,

from this very habit. It is said that Joseph Jefferson is willing to hand over a fortune in hard cash to the writer who shall give him a new play in which he can make a hit commensurate with his reputation; but the play is not ready, and he goes on with Rip Van Winkle still. Miss Bateman, Mr. J. S. Clarke, and Mr. Sothern are other instances of a class which we might go on multiplying indefinitely. For the cause we must go back to the star system, the inevitable tendency of which is to make all our actors players on a fiddle of a single string.

Nevertheless, it seems to us the higher ideal is that of an actor of another sort, though we have to go outside the star system to secure him. The great sculptor does not rest content with reproducing copies of a single statue; the great poet never ceases to create; nobody ever set up Single-Speech Hamilton as an example of a great orator. The great actor who fills the conception in our mind's eye need not be equally great in "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical," and all the rest of the list; but he should in his line play many parts, and play them all well, making his genius tributary to many phases of life, and making many dramatists tributary to his genius; as Johnson said of Goldsmith in his Latin epitaph, he should "leave nothing untouched, and touch nothing which he did not adorn." And the American stage has no artist to whom this description so fully applies as to the gentleman whose name we have placed at the head of this paper.

Mr. William Warren does not suffer in the slightest degree from being a Boston actor. Indeed, he is not a Boston actor in any limited sense of the words. His reputation is not local, but national. He was tempted into trying a starring tour half a dozen years ago, and

the result proved, if proof were needed, that his fame extended all over the land, and that the people of all the cities were eager to flock to see him. But he gave up the experiment as foreign to his tastes and life-long habits, and returned to the quieter triumphs of the stage which had become as home to him; and the familiar saying may be applied in a new phrasing: Since Mahomet will not go to the mountain, the mountain comes to Mahomet. Mr. Warren not only has the appreciative and affectionate Boston public, but admirers of good acting from all quarters make pilgrimages to Boston to see him, and the enjoyment of his genius is one of the most valued features of a visit to the city which possesses him. Thus, instead of lazily settling down into the performer of a little cluster of familiar parts, as he would be sure to do as a star, his powers are kept keen and fresh, and his creative faculty is never suffered to become dull. He takes as many new characters in a year as the youngest novice in the profession; and in a stately Shakesperian revival, in a crisp comedy by Sardou, in the most sensational adaptation of Wilkie Collins, or the most delicate device of Robertson, this faithful artist is ever to be found doing his best for the author and the public, abnegating all thoughts of self, and thereby winning his highest glory.

It is this very breadth and variety of Mr. Warren's genius and its development that makes it difficult to speak of him as he deserves in so brief an essay as we are permitted to devote to him. The lover of art who is familiar with his multitude of personations — as all lovers of art are who have the opportunity to enjoy them — sees him in ever so slight a part, and in his very presence on the stage feels the charm of a host of past triumphs of acting. It is something as

the scholar stands half in revery before his bookshelves, and luxuriates, in mere reading of the gilded titles, in the diverse excellencies of Boswell and Elia, of "The Tempest" and "The Scarlet Letter," of Mrs. Poyser and Hosea Biglow. We do not think of William Warren as Dr. Pangloss or Tony Lumpkin or Sir Harcourt Courtly; but we detect the aroma of all those delicious pieces of acting when he comes upon the stage in the most trivial part, or as we hear his voice behind the scenes before he enters.

We cannot go into minute analysis of the elements of this great comedian's skill. Were we called upon to name the foremost attributes of his power, we should select his forbearance, his dignity, the delicacy of his humor, the sympathy and magnetism of his pathos, and above all the faithfulness to detail and to duty which mark all he does. Never does he take advantage of his fame or of the fondness of his audience to put himself forward when some necessary question of the play is to be considered; yet never does he lapse into tameness or inattention, though he be lost in the background or hidden in a multitude. No minor actor ever need complain that an opportunity of his own was sacrificed to one of Mr. Warren's points; no author could ever claim that a part or a plot was marred by anything lacking or anything overdone on his part. To pass for a moment into detail in illustration of some of the qualities we have noted: Sir Peter Teazle is a comic character, but there is a moment of pure tragedy in it when the testy, noble old gentleman discovers his wife hidden behind the screen in the library of Joseph Surface; how grandly Mr. Warren interprets the depth of emotion in the soul which is stirred at that instant! There never was a keener appreciation of humor than

belongs to Mr. Warren; but Sir Harcourt Courtly is not a humorous man; and it is worth long and repeated study to see how seriously he goes through the play in that part, how far he is from apparent consciousness of any of the fun going on about him, how saturated with the supreme consciousness of his own superiority which belongs to the character. There have been very few actors who could impart so much meaning to one or two words,—and this with never an indulgence in exaggeration for effect, with the severest and driest of simplicity. In the first scene of Sardou's comedy of "Fernande," one of the lady frequenters of a gay gaming-house in Paris, commenting upon the scandalous behavior of an acquaintance, remarks parenthetically, "Now, I don't set up for a prude." "Certainly not," says the courteous advocate to whom she is speaking. It is the slightest thing in the world,—a parenthesis within a parenthesis; but in the utterance of those two words there is a gleam of genius as brilliant, but as indescribable, as a flash of heat-lightning. Take again, as a concluding example, Mr. Warren's performance of Jesse Rural in "Old Heads and Young Hearts"; how admirable, yet how free from any suspicion of grotesqueness, is the make-up, from the innocent, round, venerable face with its halo of thin white hair, to the threadbare elbow of the country minister's coat-sleeve; how touching, how unforced, is the simplicity of his bearing and conduct; how the voice ripples and trembles with the emotion which comes alike from a gentle heart and a pulpit training; how modestly the actor refrains from pressing himself upon the attention while the tangled threads of the too ingenious plot are woven together; how far beyond praise is the transition of the final situation from merriment through hysterical laughter

to tears; and with what matchless and impressive dignity,—a model for the thousand commonplace ministers of actual life,—is uttered the concluding address of the old clergyman to the audience!

Eulogy is not our trade. We aim ever, in these sketches, to give a discriminative view of the leading characteristics of the subjects we discuss. But in treating a genius like Mr. Warren's, so delicate, so brilliant, so true, combined with such artistic conscience, such freedom from conceit, such a respect for itself, forbidding ignoble artifice to heighten its attraction, we care not to repress the enthusiasm with which our tribute finds words.

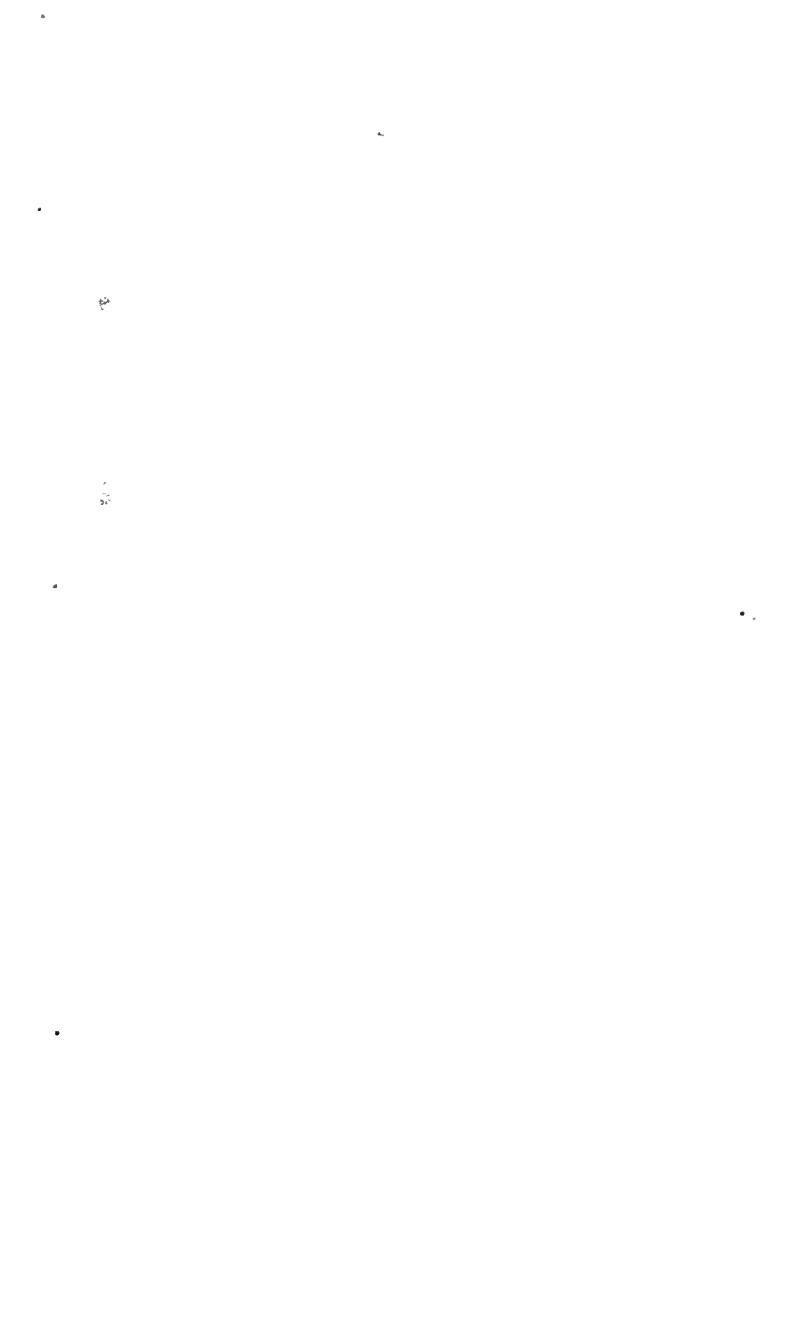
THE MENAGERIE.

AN imposing procession through the streets, led by elephants in harness, yesterday morning, informed that class of people who do not read the papers that the menagerie had arrived. Good little boys teased their papas to take them, and good papas took their little boys and girls without asking, so that a goodly current of family parties streamed along Harrison Avenue and Newton Street at the appointed hour, passed the side-show tents with their blatant bands and flaring banners, and poured in at the narrow entrance of the big pavilion. The crowd was not so large perhaps as it would have been but for our obstinate and most un-June-like weather, which has been talked about with increasing emphasis these ten days, but still returns raining for railing. The stout canvas shed the drops, however, so that it was quite dry and

comfortable inside the tent, and there was no alloy to the enjoyment of the strange sights afforded by the semicircle of cages on wheels. There was the sacred bull with his mysterious hump, his dignified and serene bearing, and his delicately tinted hide. There were leopards elegantly spotted and edifyingly tame, and a panther a little more wild and so much more interesting. There was a polar bear, who had a poorer opinion of the weather than the most inveterate of our native grumblers, and who continually swung his head from side to side in a way painfully suggestive of extreme discontent with his small quarters. There was a rather stupid but very handsome pair of lions; but the lions of the day were decidedly the babies of this family, which were exceedingly pretty, and were handed out of the cage now and then to be fondled by the ladies in passing, according to the promise of the advertisements. Farther on were the dromedaries and camels, the most contented in appearance of all the animals; and the two elephants, so marvellously greedy for cookies and confectionery as to suggest a suspicion that they were in league with the dealers who sold those articles at stands near by, and who were patronized chiefly by children, eager to propitiate the elephants, and interested in their odd method of feeding themselves. Then, at the end of the row was the other unique feature of the collection, the rhinoceros, — an unwieldy, thick-hided brute, in a cage, his horn sawed off close to prevent his smashing his prison-house to pieces. Scattered among these were hyenas, llamas, a zebra, monkeys, and several of the other animals catalogued with profusion and somewhat ingenious iteration in the advertisements, — in fine, a very good collection of its kind, the pleasanter to look upon that all the creatures seemed well and

cleanly cared for. There were so many children in the crowd of lookers-on that it seemed quite like an illustrated lesson in natural history; and those who had taken their lessons years ago could not but be edified by the pretty sights outside the rope, the wondering eyes, the little screams of fear, the *naïve* remarks, the exclamations of amazement to be encountered on every side. Presently the shirt-sleeved orchestra struck up a brisker air than ever; and there flashed into the ring the approved cavalcade of gentlemen and ladies in Spanish costumes, while the tardy comers hurried to the amphitheatre of hard, narrow seats. There followed the same familiar circus programme which came into vogue soon after the days of the Roman emperors, and has known no change, no novelty of invention, for generations past,— all the acts being very well done in their way. The element of novelty, indeed, came in, in the unusual corpulence of one of the clowns, and the rare sacrifice of the traditional dignity of the ring-master, who seemed to snap his whip rather tamely at the outset, and whose lack of spirits was explained when it appeared that his duties required him to mount a stool, top-boots and all, and hold a banner for the bold rider, and when shortly after he himself came out in tights to give a performance of tossing cannon-balls. The managers of this exhibition have much to answer for in thus degrading an office which to youthful minds has long appeared the very ideal of authority and lofty grandeur. The usual very dull trade in fans, lemonade, prize candy, clowns' song-books, side-show tickets, photographs, and similar wares, was carried on by young men of remarkable self-poise and confidence of manner, who might have been born and bred under the canvas, so thoroughly harmonized did their bear-

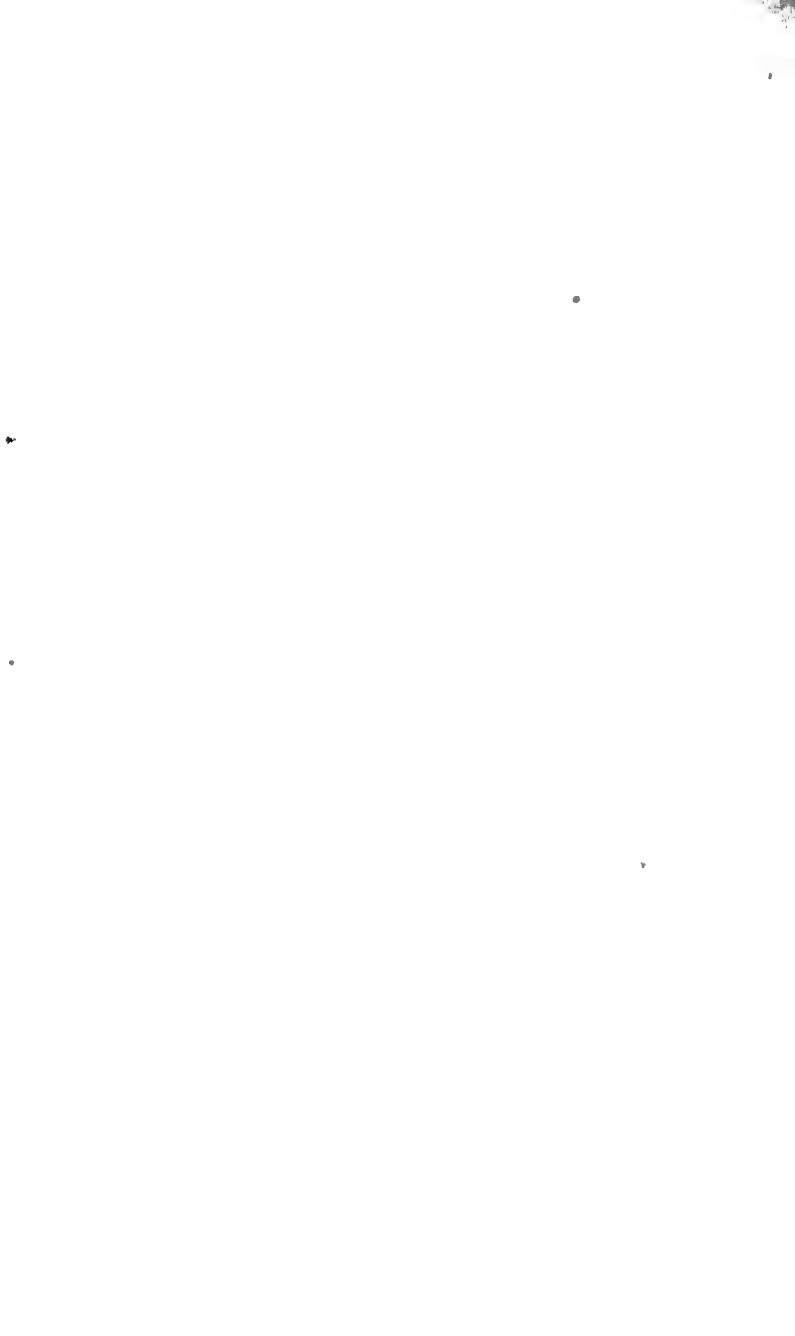
ing seem with the atmosphere of the place. The jests of the clowns were of course very broad, and of a character to seem very funny to people to whom the richest humor of Charles Dickens is dry and tasteless; but it is only justice to say that there was nothing to offend on the score of propriety, and nothing in the whole entertainment to prevent the most particular papa or the most fastidious mamma from taking their children to receive the practical instruction of the cages, and to enjoy the wild sensation of delight which marks a first acquaintance with the feats of the arena.



III.

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES

ON POLITICAL TOPICS.



POLITICAL TOPICS.

PRIMARY MEETINGS.

WITH the close of the session of Congress, and the promise of cooler weather implied in the advent of the last month of summer, the actual work of the political campaign in the country at large fairly begins. The noisier portion of that work — the flag-raising and torchlight processions, barbecues and stump speeches — may be expected in its full vigor a little later in the season. But a not less essential part of it, a part of the task of the utmost importance in its bearings and results, already claims the attention of the good citizen; and it is to be hoped that especial care may be taken this year that it may not be neglected until it is too late for more than futile regrets and unavailing reproaches at the opportunities so easily lost. We refer to the preliminary work of caucuses and primary meetings preceding the party nominations to the various places within the gift of the people at the November election. It is in the little gatherings of the people, during the next few weeks, in the ward-rooms and school-houses, that the character of the government is decided. It is in these party assemblies that claims and counterclaims are canvassed, and the men are selected who are to represent the people in the issues of the future. In the heat and

excitement of the presidential year these minor positions are more than ever apt to be overlooked by the people, and left to the machinations of schemers, and to become the prey of ambitious men who use the voters of their constituencies but as a stepping-stone for their own selfish uses. When the nomination in the thinly attended and easily managed caucus or convention is once effected, it is commonly too late to repine at its results; and the sole remedy left, of bolting or scratching the regular ticket is so full of peril to the interests of the country at large that it is only properly to be resorted to in extreme cases, where a rebuke of a charlatan at the hands of the men upon whose votes he has been trading becomes a duty, and the lesson derived from his downfall is worth all it costs. But the present is the time most effectually to provide against the possibility of such mishaps. Especial caution needs to be had in the matter of the congressional nominations in the various districts. The men who are to be chosen now will represent the State during the first half of the presidential term of General Grant. The qualifications, the characteristics, the antecedents of every man aspiring to an election should be scanned with a view to the duties likely to devolve upon him in that period. New questions will undoubtedly arise, in carrying out to the end the reorganization of the Southern communities, in settling the financial points which already assume a shape demanding the clearest wisdom and the highest integrity, and in a score of subjects now hardly spoken of. The prosperity and happiness of the nation will in a great measure depend upon the manner in which these contingencies are provided for now, whether the servants of the people at Washington shall be in accord in the different departments of

the government, in accord with the sober judgment of the people themselves, in accord with the immutable theories of right, honesty, and justice; or whether they are men of overweening personal wilfulness, likely to be in contest with the executive and with each other, full of jealousies, animosities, and ambitions with which the people have nothing to do, and identified with ideas which the mass of the people whom they profess to represent regard with scorn and disgust. In a word, everything depends upon whether or not they are men in whom the people can implicitly trust, not only in the controversies of the past, but in issues only just rising above the horizon, and in possible emergencies of the future yet unseen. To insure the decision of these questions in such a way as to give occasion to no discontent hereafter, it is not enough that every individual should give an assent to these abstract propositions. Every voter in every district should form an opinion in his own mind, after the most careful reflection, as to the best man to represent the district in the councils of the nation. But, merely formed and left to slumber, this opinion will do no good. He should see to it in every way that his opinion has its full weight in the primary meetings in which alone it can be of value, and do his utmost to impress it upon those who have to register the consolidated opinion of the district. When the individual voter sees to it that his opinion has expression in the preliminary channels which we have indicated, there is little danger that the verdict of all the voters in the aggregate will be one in which he cannot readily acquiesce. The danger of republican institutions is, not in the largest action of the intelligent masses, but in the sloth and indifference which makes them mere instruments in the hands of politi-

cians and wire-pullers. Let every man see to it, not only that his vote tells at the polls, but that his influence is felt in making up the ballot there put into his hands, and the country will make as great a step forward in the composition of a Republican congress as it will accomplish in the triumph of Grant, peace, and honesty over Seymour, revolution, and swindling.

THE PUNISHMENT OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE announcement of the sailing of Jefferson Davis for this country is a reminder of the rapidity with which the world moves. It is only twelve years since Mr. Davis was the ablest adviser of a powerful Democratic administration of the national government. It is only eight years since he withdrew from the Senate to become President of the Southern Confederacy. It is a considerable less time since Mr. Gladstone declared that he had "founded an empire." Five years ago he sat confident in Richmond, whence army after army had been hurled back, defeated by his troops, and the world listened respectfully to his words of pride and defiance. It is only a little more than four years since the whole nation was filled with laughter over the ludicrous circumstances of his capture. Within three years people were looking forward eagerly to his trial, reckoning upon the example which was to be held up to awe treasonable thoughts for ages to come, and debating the most proper punishment for his enormous crimes. Doubtless to the worn old man himself, as he paces the deck of the ship which brings him back, all these reminiscences seem near and fa-

miliar; but to the public they are as memories of a bygone era, and his landing will attract less attention than the arrival of a sinewy youngster who has been beaten in a boat-race on the Thames, or the advent of the last *prima donna*.

It may be doubted whether this swift and complete insignificance is not a better punishment for the leader of the Confederacy than the sharpest vengeance which could have been devised. No ignominious death, no painful imprisonment, no forced exile, could be more bitter to him than the tolerant contempt which has so quickly followed his downfall. For, whatever may have been the inspiring motive of others of the creators of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis was actuated by ambition. He had plotted rebellion for years as the instrument of his own personal elevation to a loftier height than the existing political fabric gave room for. He saw a richer empire than Napoleon's within reach of his hand. If he could look back to his failure now from some guarded St. Helena, he could moralize with dignity upon the causes of his defeat. But to come and go without exciting a glance from friend or enemy, to wander about the earth seeking his livelihood, with the consciousness of his obscurity ever present to his mind, must gall him as no chains could do. Our own history shows an apt parallel to his case in the last years of Aaron Burr; and, like Burr, he must continually be confronted with reminders of his offences against his country and against humanity. "Tell the gentleman," said Talleyrand, "that I will receive him at any time; but the portrait of Colonel Hamilton always hangs over my mantel-piece." The passenger from Liverpool may go where he lists, but the facts of Grant in the White House, the negro at the ballot-

box, the South desolated and impoverished, hundreds of acres of graves and thousands of cripples all over the land, will meet him at every step all the more pointedly that nobody will think it worth while to throw them in his face.

MR. SPRAGUE AND HIS ORATORY.

It can no longer be said that the smallest of the States occupies an insignificant position in national politics. The Senate has chosen one of its Rhode Island members to the highest position within its gift, and the other has contrived to make himself the most talked-about man in the country, and at least a nine days' wonder. Unlike the nobleman who awoke one morning and found himself famous, Mr. Sprague seems to have walked into the Senate Chamber one day, after six years of modest obscurity, firmly resolved to make himself notorious. Unlike the animal in sacred history which immortalized itself by speaking once wisely and opportunely, and holding its peace thereafter, Mr. Sprague has continued to air his new-found gift in season and out of season, until he bids fair to make himself a byword. His first amazing and amusing speech, ten days ago, came upon the Senate, Rhode Island, and the country like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. But, with rare lack of judgment, the Senator has cheapened his thunder, until it rings upon the ear as tamely as the reverberations of the sheet-iron of the priest Calchas; and we look for the news that the unquenchable little gentleman from Rhode Island has favored the Senate with a page of

Macaulay, a chapter of autobiography, a wail of woe, and a dash of defiance, as a regular seasoning to our breakfasts.

The ferocity of the orator has increased as the novelty of his effusion has waned. No friend or neighbor has been safe from the slash of his broadsword. His career has resembled nothing so much as that of a Malay in that singular demonstration of national frenzy which is called "running amuck." The genial and unpretending Senator from Nevada ventured to analyze the torrent of accusations in a good-humored vein of raillery, only to find himself impaled with a savage epithet as "the charlatan of the Senate." Mr. Sumner looked smilingly, perhaps, on the surprising display,—for he certainly said nothing; and straightway the world was scornfully informed that Mr. Sprague had once been called on to contribute money and influence to aid the Massachusetts gentleman's election. The occupants of the galleries on one day laughed at Mr. Nye's jests; and their successors a week later were accused of ignorance, of extravagant dress, and of various other offences. The "Providence Journal" endeavored to give a kind explanation of the Senator's folly; and promptly Mr. Sprague turned his guns of wrath upon his colleague. Mr. Wilson undertook gently to urge that his friend's view of the depravity and corruption of the community took some dark hues from his imagination; and at once we have the scathing retort that our Senator does not move in society sufficiently elevated to enable him to judge with that accuracy which Mr. Sprague claims for himself. It is necessary, we are led to infer, to have an alliance by marriage with the head of the judiciary, and to count cotton-mills by scores, workmen by thousands, and money by millions, to understand the

profligacy and manifold wickedness of which the American people of to-day are capable. It is almost impossible to treat these extraordinary outbreaks of Mr. Sprague's seriously. The first seemed like the escape of an hour, the fruit of a bottle of wine too much, or a dinner badly digested. But now they have been prolonged so far that attention cannot be withheld. The problem which they present is not one of easy solution, and to the foreign student of our affairs will seem utterly inexplicable. Here is a man of mature years, high position, and some training in public life, moving, as he is pleased to boast, in the best society which a republic like ours produces, who, suddenly, and upon no special occasion, shouts forth from his pedestal a lamentation more mournful than that of Jeremiah. His complaints are curiously incongruous: The country is on the verge of ruin. There are too many lawyers in the Senate. The private morals of the people are corrupt. No husband dare turn his back upon his wife. The reign of terror which exists is due to a party whose every measure for the past six years, wise and otherwise, has received the Senator's vote. The manufacturers of New England will soon have to stop their spindles because they are losing money. The firm of which the Senator is a member, to be sure, is coining wealth, but it is only by crushing out its competitors. Ignorance of financial affairs shows itself in the Senate. Worst of all, the President proposes to protect, and eventually to pay, the national debt. The world is hollow; my doll is stuffed with sawdust; and, if you please, I will go into a convent.

If it is impossible to account for all this except upon a hypothesis which politeness to the well-meaning Senator from Rhode Island forbids us to suggest, the inci-

dent may perhaps be useful to point a moral which closes so many sermons on the vanity of human wishes. If one were to search the country through for a man who should fill the common ideal of all the requisites of happiness and content, there could hardly be found a more striking illustration than a gentleman who, with youth, has the political honors usually reached only in age; who possesses great wealth, and yet is freed from temptation to indolence by the calls of a vast business which gives a livelihood to thousands; who has the key to every circle of society; who can look back upon an honorable record in the day of national trial. The novelist could not invent a situation seemingly so blessed. Yet no one can look into the pages of the "Globe" for the last few days without having it put before him that the possessor of all these things is the most wretched of men. Disappointment and discontent show themselves in every paragraph he utters. His hand is against every man. Having exhausted the tamer pleasures of the world, he courts the luxury of a conspicuous martyrdom like that of Simeon Stylites. Like Samson, he would pull down the edifice of his party organization upon his own head. Happily for the nation, the Senator from Rhode Island, though he has Samson's blindness, and wields one of Samson's most effective weapons, has not Samson's strength. The fabric will stand in spite of him; and there is yet time for such a measure of wisdom to come with age that he may laugh with his children over the fantastic tricks of his youth in the Senate.

MR. ADAMS'S LETTER.

MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS steps upon the Democratic platform gingerly, and with manifest repugnance. He finds it necessary to take exception to so many of its planks that the framework which remains under his feet has hardly the solidity of a skeleton. He expressly disclaims the financial theories which his party has espoused. But he comforts himself with the thought that the issue involved in this question of national honesty or national swindling is only "important"; while the other subjects involved in the campaign are so "vital" as to overshadow and dwarf any such trifling matters as the danger of repudiation and bankruptcy. Following his remarkable letter of acceptance a little further, however, we find that he is compelled yet again to step aside from the path marked out by the leaders of his party. "The Democratic party in success," he says, "may subvert the organic law." In fact, by its platform and its nomination for the vice-presidency, it has pledged itself to defy all law, and enter upon a new revolution. Mr. Adams is only able to intimate that whatever is done will be due to the corrupting influences of the dreadful Radicals on the Democratic reverence for the Constitution. "We may *dread*," he continues, with affecting italics, "lest the Democrats should do this thing; but we do certainly *know* that the Republican party has already done it." He sees "at least a chance, a last chance, of salvation," in the possibility that Semmes and Cobb and Vallandigham and Seymour may yet retain a reverence for the Constitution, unimpaired by the horrid example of Grant and Colfax and Fessenden and the rest, in treading it under foot.

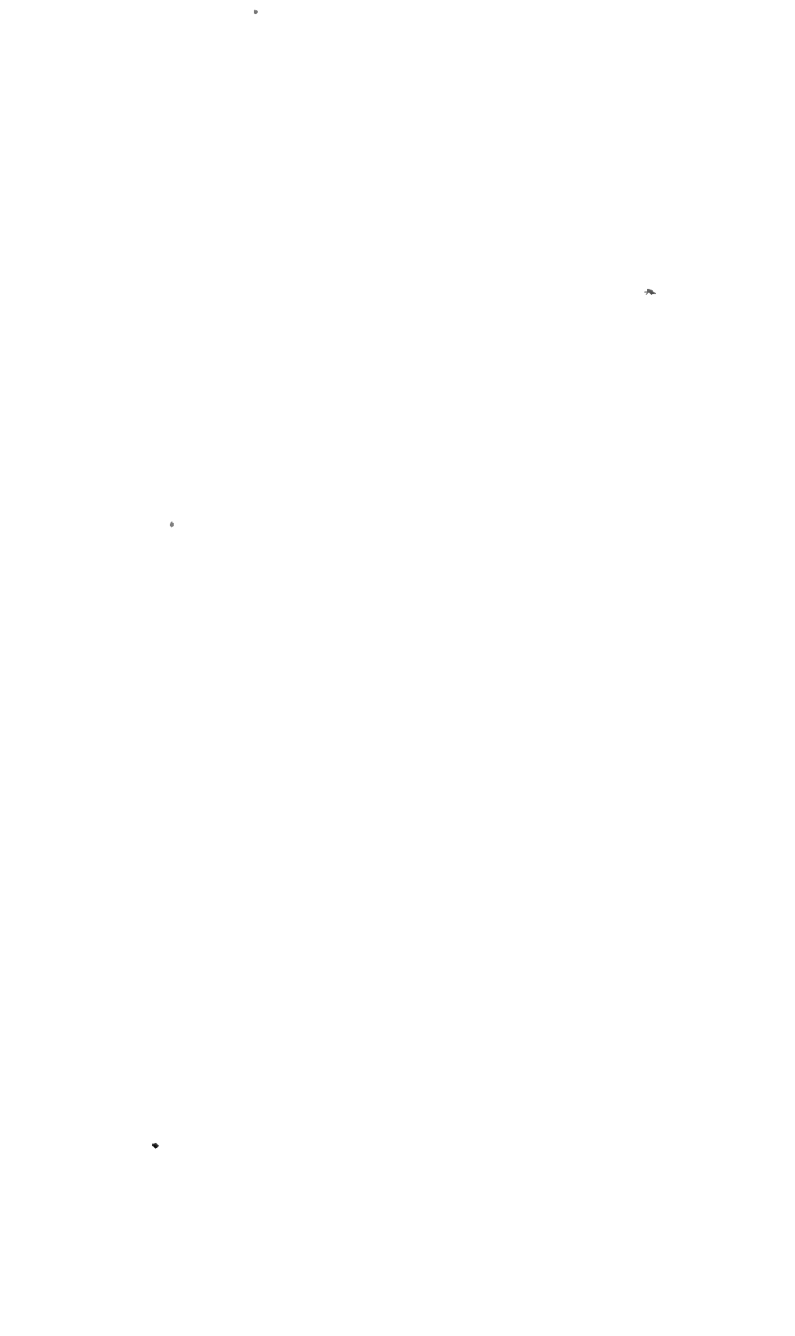
Then Mr. Adams, having thrown behind him nine tenths of the distinctive principles upon which the Democratic party is making the campaign, having repudiated its repudiation and cast off its Blair programme, finds scope for his powers by going in, like the sick man in the story, "with a vengeance on that one chance." He finds himself at ease again in the policy of attack. He repeats all the stereotyped denunciations of the Republican party. He talks nonsense, of which a man like him should be ashamed, about the bugbear of "negro domination." He pretends that the white leaders of the South would have been willing to secure the negro in his civil rights, and give him political privileges "as he grew fit to use them wisely," if we had extended to them what he in remarkable rhetoric calls "the right hand of oblivion of the past and reconciliation in the future." He has the assurance to say that the Republican party makes approval of impeachment a test of party fellowship, when impeachment was defeated, and the President remains in office, solely by the votes of men among the most eminent and trusted of Republican leaders, and among the most active in support of the Republican ticket. He goes beyond the land of the living to quote from that favorite Democratic textbook the words which irresponsible rumor assigns to Thaddeus Stevens. He even remembers the local question of the liquor laws, and professes to "suppose" that a re-enactment of the old statute will be a result of the success of the party which has pointedly abstained from allying itself with the friends of the rejected prohibitory policy.

It is impossible to read such a letter as that of Mr. Adams without perceiving the difficulty with which he brings himself to the task of ratifying his alliance

with a party controlled by the counsels which prevailed in the New York Convention. His difficulty is that of thousands of other men who have not the inducements that stimulate him to surmount it. Prominent in the public eye, a candidate at the head of the State ticket, the task of returning to the fold of a party which, with all its mistakes, now stands for honesty, for nationality, for justice, and for peace, in opposition to fraud, to rebellion, to oppression, and to anarchy, was a far greater one for him than for the private voter, who has but to look at the field through no spectacles of selfish regard for consistency. But both aid in their several ways the cause of the Republican party, — the one through the simple vote for Grant, and the other by the singular mixture of apology and argument with which he adheres to the standard of Seymour.

IV.

LETTERS.



LETTERS

FROM A WANDERING CORRESPONDENT.

INLAND JOURNEYINGS.

The Pleasures of Carriage Tours. — Their Increasing Popularity. — The Lions of Barre. — The Rocking Stone and its History. — A Centenarian and his Son. — Cheese Factories.

BARRE, September 11, 1867.

AFTER "Berwick" and "Munroe" and "Prescott" and "Blotter" and the rest have furnished, in their various vacation-letters, almost a complete guide-book to the regions convenient for summer tourists from Boston, it might seem impossible for another correspondent of your paper to write of summer traveling without trespassing upon their preëmpted territory. But I remember, in the "Daily Advertiser" of last summer, a series of very charming articles extolling the neglected advantages of a kind of travel which went out when railroads came in, but which presents joys and comforts that those who use the railroad routes, and only stop at the railroad stations, know nothing of. These essays set forth the delights of wandering about the rural districts in family parties, with a horse or two as the motive power, and the charms of the consequent independence of action, the discovery of pleasant scenes and notable things unknown to the swift-going public, the acquaintance with rustic inns, and so forth. One paper was devoted to each of the New

England States, and enumerated a few of the natural attractions and historic spots of each, which all but the sensible few have forgotten. Remembering the theories set forth in these essays, I say, it occurs to me that even the multitude of your correspondents following the beaten tracks of travel may not have exhausted the capabilities of the land, and that your readers may welcome an epistle or two with no loftier aim than to catalogue some of the experiences of wanderings far away from the sound of the locomotive whistle or the puffing of the steamboat, — experiences unique in themselves, perhaps, but to be paralleled by others quite as notable in every town or cluster of towns in our incomparable New England.

And since I have indulged myself already in so long a preface, I will add by way of introduction that the mode of travel thus recommended by the *Daily* last year is certainly growing in favor. I presume there is no visible falling off in the crowds that go the regular rounds, and get rid of their greenbacks at the White Mountains and Lake George, and their unfamiliar silver at Montreal and Quebec. But there is certainly an increase in the number of the stragglers who have abandoned routine, and seek pleasure in buggies behind horses in whom bottom and steadiness are more requisite than speed; with one suit each for the trip, one valise to hold all the necessaries of the toilet, — along the country roads where Nature is most easily wooed. This is a natural halting-place for these sensible pilgrims; and there is hardly a day that I do not see several parties of this kind, composed either of one couple, one couple and a baby, or two couples, with a span quite as often as a single horse, driving up to the Massasoit House here for a dinner or a lodging, and bound, perhaps for Wachusett or Monadnock,

perhaps for a ride through the Connecticut Valley, or perhaps for a taste of the Coldbrook Springs, of which I wrote you some time ago.

Doubtless, were these tourists to ask some staid citizen who has spent a lifetime here what attractions Barre holds out to induce a day's pause in a ride whose chief charm is the freedom which it gives for such pauses, he would think it little worth mentioning. Custom brings blindness in such matters. But those whose experience dates no farther back than a single summer's absence from the city are better authorities, and can tell of numberless delicious drives through roads all thick with grass, and shaded by an arch of foliage uninterrupted for a mile; of points commanding views of pond and forest and village and distant mountain, worthy of any painter in your studios; of a glen with precipitous sides, mysterious caves, and a cascade falling more than a hundred feet over rocky stairs at the bottom of the ravine, — just the place for Indian legends and picnics; and so on of many things which can be appreciated better by those who see them than by those who can only read of them in print. But we have more special and peculiar lions than these, worthy of a stranger's notice, and, so far as I know, never yet celebrated in type for the information of dwellers afar off.

In the northern part of this town of Barre is a natural curiosity of the first order, mentioned, perhaps, in some forgotten old books of New England antiquities, and called indiscriminately Cradle Rock and Rocking Stone, in common parlance and on the local maps. It is certainly entitled to the former name; perched on a high ledge which lifts it above the neighboring trees, passengers along more than one of the roads in the vicinity may note its close resemblance

to a cradle, — a cradle, too, of the old-fashioned sort, which may be supposed to date back to the time of Noah, since which this gigantic model has stood here to be wondered at by succeeding generations.

One rock forms the body of the cradle, and upon one end of this, high up out of human reach, is balanced the other lesser rock which supplies the top of the cradle. How the huge mass got up so high, and why it was left there, is a question which must remain unanswered, unless Professor Agassiz, provoked by my unscientific description, comes up here and solves the problem by a glacial explanation. I have never visited the rock with a tape-measure, and cannot give you its dimensions with any pretence to accuracy; but it is a prodigious mass of granite, and by its singular formation quite awe-inspiring to the beholder who looks up at it from the base. Tradition says that it used to deserve literally its popular title of rocking-stone, being swayed by the wind or the hand in a gentle motion such as might have rocked some giant antediluvian to sleep; but that certain Puritan Vandals, thinking anything which could rock might be tipped over, and bent, perhaps, on destroying what might be a witness to some infidel scientific theory of creation, hitched all the oxen in town to the stone, and urged them with goad and shout to pull it over. The grim old phenomenon resisted all their hauling and prying; but, possibly in grief at their irreverence, has never rocked since.

It is natural to turn from this old landmark, on whose sides a dozen centuries leave hardly a trace of increased age, to another venerable object of more immediate human interest but a few miles away. In a pleasant farm-house in another part of Barre lives a gentleman born when Samuel Johnson was editing

Shakespeare, when Joseph Warren was studying medicine, before James Otis was prominent in public life, before George Washington had married the Widow Custis, fourteen years before the Declaration of Independence, — whose one-hundred-and-fifth birthday occurs this very week. Since Mr. Piper became what Mrs. Partington would call a centurion, his house has been visited every summer by scores of the visitors here and at the neighboring watering-place of Coldbrook, all cordially welcomed; and he has been formally recognized as one of the lions of the place, and introduced to innumerable people from far and near; so I may be pardoned for what would otherwise seem an intrusion into private life in referring to him here. His hair is, of course, thin and snow-white, and his beard, long and flowing in some of his photographs, has been abbreviated and thinned out by the scissors of ladies, to whom the old gentleman never refuses the coveted keepsake. His cheek has still a ruddiness retained from the far, far distant youth, and his countenance does not show more marks of age than may be seen in some men of not much more than half his years. He has kept his bed of late, however, being comfortably arranged by a quaint invention of his son, so that on the turning of a crank he is brought up into a sitting posture to receive the visitors whose reception is now the only occupation of his life. His hearing and sight are good, or were when I last saw him, and he talks pleasantly with those who take his hand of acquaintance with their grandfathers, who were born very likely after he himself was a grandfather. I think Mr. Piper was a seaman during the Revolution; and I believe no older survivor than he yet lives in New England. His birthday, since he turned the great corner of the three figures which so

few can reach, has been a festival to be celebrated by a large and constantly increasing circle of his descendants. Four generations live here in his house and the one opposite; and others of his posterity are scattered far and wide over the earth.

But the moments, in which something of solemnity inevitably mingles, spent in this old gentleman's room, do not include all the interest which is conveyed to the residents of this vicinity by the mention of "going to Mr. Piper's." The son of the venerable relic of the eighteenth century, whose seventy-odd years seem like youth beside his father's life, is a man of exceeding ingenuity, for whom the jack-knife has possibilities unknown to the great multitude of whittling Yankee boyhood. The leisure of the farmer's winter evenings has enabled him to produce something more than the wooden chain which is the standard wonder of the country cattle-show; and his broad parlor displays more curiosities than I can recount for you here. A home-made hand-organ, with puppets, whose indescribable comicality consists in their sobriety of mien and motion, dancing a stately quadrille; a baby-wagon which plays "Wait for the Wagon," as it is trundled to and fro on the floor; a cradle with similar musical properties; a pair of tables inlaid, by immense labor, with a wooden mosaic representation of the mansions respectively of P. T. Barnum and James Gordon Bennett; brackets designed and ornamented also with inlaid work, in an angular style, reminding one of Chinese art, and having the rare merit of entire originality, being planned and executed without the slightest knowledge of similar articles in the great world to which the railroad station is a gateway,—all these things may be seen and admired, and some of them purchased, in the modest farm-house of the Pipers.

I meant to have written you something of the cheese-factories which in the last few years have sprung up so plentifully in this neighborhood, and to a great extent have revolutionized the agriculture of this region, relieving the housewives of that great, wearing, life-destroying labor of individual cheese-making hitherto the common practice. Most strangers who pass through here go to see these yet novel institutions, with their huge, sweet vats of milk, their curious machinery, their long, odorous rooms in which the cheeses get dry enough for market, the less pleasantly odorous but necessary pig-sty, supported by the refuse matter of the manufacture. But I have other regions and matters of interest in view, and can afford to give but one letter to Barre and its notabilities.

FIRST DAY OF THE JOURNEY.

Barre to Greenfield.—The First Stage and the First Halt.—Footprints of a Balloon.—A Hermit in a Wilderness.—A Traveller's Observations.—Entering the Connecticut Valley.

GREENFIELD, September, 1867.

Tired perhaps in some measure by the enthusiasm for independent carriage journeys expressed in my own letter lately sent you, I had no sooner posted that epistle than I set about the simple preparations needed for a four days' tour in the Connecticut Valley. The little hag was packed, the carriage well greased, the map studied, just in time for a start simultaneously with the first glimpse of sunny weather after a fortnight or so of alternation of doubtfully rainy days with days whose rain left no room for doubt. We were off at a sensibly but not fanatically early hour in the morning, — nine o'clock. Our route

led first, after leaving Barre, through the neighboring town of Petersham, its familiar aspect altered by the transformation of its hotel into a more imposing structure for use as a seminary. As I rode through the village, the old nonsensical rhyme rang pertinaciously through my head:—

“Barre for beauty, Petersham for pride,
If it had n't been for codfish, Dana would have died.”

And I wondered, but all in vain, what circumstances in far distant times could have suggested or justified these laconic generalizations of the traits of a neighborhood. But the new sights of a road untraversed in less extended rides, leading to New Salem, drove off these profitless speculations. This whole region is one whose prosperity is in the past; whose glory is in tradition rather than in hope; whose people esteem it in that unkindest kind of fondness summed up in Webster's terse phrase, “a good place to emigrate from.” The tendency of the day and place might be judged from the number of entirely deserted houses we passed; not many, indeed, but noticed because in brisker Barre, whose thrift is in the present, and in all the towns a little lower down on the map, such things are entirely unknown. The rocky, hilly, thickly wooded farms were carefully cultivated, indeed, and the scattered farmers apparently prosperous in a small way; but the absence of the mowing-machines, horse-rakes, and tedders, now so universally used elsewhere, was conspicuous for miles. The dwellings, too, were small, judged by the standard of our starting-point; but their low walls were shaded in almost every instance by fine groves of trees, which the good taste of the original settler had left standing for shade and ornament in spite of the inclination, always strong in the pioneer, to chop down every tree which could re-

mind him of the supremacy of the forest. Thus the humblest houses have an air of comfort and luxury in the possession of venerable trees, which the richest must lack for generations in a region entirely denuded of the primeval growth by the indiscriminating axeman.

Another feature worth noticing in visiting this, one of the few spots in New England where neither agriculture nor manufactures seem to flourish, is the excellence of the roads, kept up, in the most sparsely populated localities, by the people themselves, through the purely democratic agency of town-meetings. The school-house appears at every cross-road; and in every way the contrast to a Southern country of no less wealth and population, but uneducated, lazy, and poorly organized inhabitants, is most plainly manifest.

Our first halt for dinner was made, after a drive of thirteen miles, at a rural hotel of the most emphatically rustic character, where the landlord must be summoned from his mowing in a distant field to put up the horse, and the landlady herself cooks the repast in the intervals of entertaining her guests,—a jolly little inn, indeed, with a diminutive post-office in its public room, and almost half a mile from any other house. It is the very spot made memorable by the first landing of the great balloon *Hyperion*, last summer; and the field in which the monster descended still bears the marks of trampling feet from the scores of people who came from all the country round to see the strange visitor. Our hostess gave in reply to our questions a graphic account of the extraordinary experience, evidently still fresh in the home-talk of all that region, and told how the half-dozen wet but hilarious gentlemen, coming into the house early in the morning, were taken naturally for jocose fishermen,

and their story of having "come in a balloon, ma'am," was received with scornful disbelief, as badinage, perhaps funny enough for once, but stale after repetition. Improbability had to be accepted at last, however, as fact; and the balloon with its inevitable journalist went up again later in the day, giving the inhabitants of quiet New Salem a treat not to be enjoyed there once in a century, all at the expense of the unconscious tax-payers of far-away Boston.

It might be thought that residence up there in any fashion would be seclusion enough for any reasonable hermit; but there is one insatiable lover of solitude, whose house we passed in going through New Salem, who not only shuts himself up from all communion with the neighbors, but even leans great planks against his windows to prevent any passers-by from glancing at the loneliness in which he lives upon his income, barred out from all mankind.

Leaving the hospitable inn which had invigorated ourselves and our horse for the long journey of the latter part of the day, we clambered the high hill upon which the village of New Salem is perched, and thence obtained a view of a very wide expanse of country, which I might describe to you at length, were not Mount Holyoke one of the chief objective points of our expedition. For a long distance, the road westward is cut through the woods, with neither neighboring houses nor distant prospects to enliven the journey. We passed the entrance to a rough meadow-path leading to a mineral spring in the northern part of the town of Shutesbury, which, a generation ago, was the object of pilgrimages of anxious invalids, and still has a high reputation for curative powers. There is only a single house at the spring (now ambitiously christened Mount Mineral), and this is crowded by

six or seven boarders. We should have driven to this notable spot, and given you an account of the spring and its visitors; but the State constable has extended his desolating hand to this inland region; the hotel at Montague is closed, because it is not profitable to keep it open without the privilege of liquor-selling; and in order to get through to Greenfield in comfortable season, all temptations to delay must be resisted.

The ride from Lock's Village through Montague to Greenfield is more delightful than I can tell, including as it does, a gradual entrance to the Connecticut Valley, with the accompanying entire change in the aspect of the country. In place of rocky pastures, one-story houses, and large tracts of rough woodland, we came upon an open country, fertile meadows, and the stately domiciles of well-to-do farmers. All the implements for labor-saving in husbandry which ingenuity has invented seemed in use on every farm. As we approached the river, the tobacco-culture, as utterly unknown as that of rice or cotton in the towns left behind in the morning, greeted us on all sides; and every barn was perforated with the long slits, making its sides mere lattice-work, left open for drying the leaves just gathered. The shrill steam-whistle and ugly, glaring signs of the railroad-crossing told us that we were nearer the convenience of civilization than when we started; and, crossing the Connecticut by a toll-bridge, we drove into Greenfield before sunset, to find at our hotel here the unwonted luxury of gas-burners and other amenities of city life hardly to be looked for in a rural ride like this. Thirty-six miles, accomplished before you have got comfortably seated in a railroad-car, is no small achievement in the most comfortable of carriages. It includes hundreds of little discoveries and delights which evaporate on the pen if

one seeks to record them at the journey's end, and it includes also some fatigue which prevents any further elaboration of narrative which might otherwise be attempted here.

SECOND DAY OF THE JOURNEY.

SOUTH DEERFIELD, September, 1867.

IN leaving Greenfield this morning, we drove about the streets of that pleasant, bustling town, and saw some of its fine residences, and its spacious, handsome jail, in the middle of a great lawn, which some weary city folk might almost covet as a summer retreat, so cool and sweet and shady is its outward aspect. The barred windows were many, and we were left to surmise in vain which of them was the scene of the recent romance of the jail,—for Greenfield has a romance, and I should like to tell you all about it if the compass of this letter afforded room for the narrative. A young, pretty, and rather brilliant woman, riding about the country and obtaining money by altered checks on country banks; an arrest and escape; a recapture and tedious imprisonment; a trial and eloquent speech to the judge, hinting at high connections, a genius for sculpture, encouragement from Hiram Powers, and a wild desire to go to Italy stimulating to sudden crime; the discovery, following the transfer of the prisoner to serve out her light sentence elsewhere, that the steel spring of her hoop-skirt had furnished a saw which had nearly severed the bars of her cell here: with these hints your readers may fill out the story to suit themselves. There is material enough for a novel in the facts.

I tried to buy a guide-book to the river region at

Greenfield, where one would think the demand for them would be constant; but the bookseller had only seen such a work in the hands of the newsboys on the cars, and recommended me to board a train to obtain one. After all, I am glad I did not get it, for the pleasantest part of such a ride as this is the unexpectedness of its discoveries, and the general sense of exploration which accompanies a wanderer where constant inquiries and study of the guide-boards are needed to find the way.

A detour for a visit of friendship, with which the public has nothing to do, made our direct progress rather brief to-day; but the distance of seven or eight miles traversed in reaching this village is exceedingly pleasant, and worth passing over slowly. The Deerfield River is crossed by a toll-bridge near Greenfield, and thence the road runs close beside the stream, as level as a floor, and almost as hard. On the right are meadows, whose brilliant green has not yet begun to feel the sobering touch of autumn, and from which the farmers are gathering second crops of hay almost equal to the first growth in the less fertile region from which we came. On the left are very gentle and modest hills, and fields generally just stripped of their tobacco-leaves.

After only two miles we passed through the village of Deerfield, certainly entitled to the distinction of being the loveliest in New England from the venerable grandeur of the elms which make an uninterrupted arch of green over the whole length of its long single street. Every house has its share of these noble old trees, rarely less than ten or fifteen feet in girth, and all seemingly in the very prime of life, at a century and a half. We did not see a store or shop of any kind in the whole serene, placid village; and

its air of age was not marred by any dwellings of notable newness of architecture. At the centre the street widens into a common, at one corner of which a group, perhaps from the pretty hotel near by, were playing croquet, and in which stands the new soldiers' monument, dedicated, as your columns have already chronicled, but a fortnight or so ago. It is of brown freestone, graceful in design and remarkably imposing in effect. The statue of a soldier on the summit of the column is particularly good,— the pensive though dignified bearing of the figure suggesting that its thoughts are of the dead whose names are carved beneath. These, classified in companies, occupy two sides of the monument; the other two are occupied by a simply eloquent inscription setting forth the purpose of the monument, and another stating that its site is that of the old fort in which the settlers of Deerfield, the ancestors of these Union soldiers, almost two hundred years ago had such desperate struggles with the Indians.

Entering this village of South Deerfield five or six miles further down, we crossed a bridge of four or five planks' width only, and soon came upon a simple marble monument, erected thirty years ago, and closely shaded by a little grove, which states that the stream just passed is the Bloody Brook, which appears in all histories of pioneer times, and that upon that very spot, in the month of September, 1675, a party of soldiers escorting teams from Deerfield to Hadley, were ambuscaded by seven hundred Indians, and nearly all killed. Captain Lothrop commanded the company, which contained, according to "a cotemporary historian," as quoted on the monument, "the flower of the young men of the county of Essex." The savages were loath to give up this lovely valley,

the most precious of their broad possessions, and took every means to harass and discourage the intruders into their domain here; and, once driven from these strongholds, they have never made so sturdy and defiant a resistance since. The battle, or rather slaughter, of Bloody Brook is commemorated, not only by the monument I have spoken of, and by a stone slab near by which marks the burial-place of the victims of the ambush, but also by an ancient oil-painting, about eight feet by six, which covers the wall of the entry-way of the rustic hotel where I am quartered. Age has effaced nearly all the picture, except a few dim figures of naked red men and blue-coated Puritans just visible through the cracks in the canvas in the foreground, and a comparatively recent inscription giving the facts of the massacre, painted in black letters upon the faded sky of the original artist.

South Deerfield might be esteemed a charming village but for the comparison inevitably made with the older elms and statelier mansions of the elder settlement just left behind. It has a store or two, even a barber's shop, and a railroad station; but the inn at which we have paused for the night is of the most primitive rural order, with many quaint peculiarities, of which more anon. I note among the exceptional traits of the inhabitants that they get their Boston news and Massachusetts intelligence generally from the New York Herald; and, as might be expected of such benighted descendants of the pilgrims, two of them beside me are discussing the convention at Worcester, with the idea firmly entertained by both that the "P. L. L." resolution of Mr. A. O. Allen was introduced by the attorney-general of the Commonwealth. Such is fame.

THIRD DAY OF THE JOURNEY.

AMHERST, September, 1867.

WHEN we entered South Deerfield, the bold crest of Sugar Loaf Mountain, with a little house perched on the very brink of its most precipitous side, loomed up sharply in the east, and was decidedly the most prominent feature of the landscape. When we drove away this morning it was invisible, and we should not have known that any such elevation was in the neighborhood. These fogs are the chronic weakness of these Connecticut Valley towns, so lovely in situation and general characteristics, otherwise faultless in summer and autumn climate. We greeted the thick, choking mist which enshrouded the first few miles of our journey this morning as a token that the day would not be permanently marred by rain, and waited patiently for its lifting, which came, as the old residents of the region had predicted, before ten o'clock. The road leading down the bank of the river to Northampton differed in some respects from any we had yet seen. Level, narrow, and sometimes sandy, it led straight through the meadows without any intervening fences, — none of which, indeed, could be seen for miles around from some points of the route. This feature made the ride suggestive of prairie travelling. The fields among which we passed were most of them devoted to the culture of broom-corn, standing at this season tall and slender, with a more graceful stateliness than the ordinary corn, and waving luxuriant brown tassels like an army with banners. The Connecticut ran so quietly and so nearly on our own level on our left, that we rarely caught a glimpse of it; and we seemed to be threading a broad, uninterrupted expanse of clover, tobacco, and cornfields.

Hatfield, through the length of which we passed, is almost as venerable as Deerfield, built in the same style along one broad, elm-shaded street, without one store or shop of any kind to interrupt the serenity of its quiet. The trees are not quite so old as those of Deerfield, and the street is longer; I should think at least half a mile from end to end. We should hardly have known, from any glimpse of inhabitants, that its big, comfortable old mansions were tenanted at all; but everything about them was the perfection of neatness and order, and it was evident that the dwellers on these grand estates were not far away. Some New England Irving must be in training somewhere to celebrate as it deserves the complete rest of this eastern Sleepy Hollow.

We reached Northampton before eleven, and found in its brick rows and bustling streets the stores where all the population of the unbusiness-like yet populous towns through which we passed do their purchasing of the few articles not raised on their broad, versatile farms. Had I been a reader of "Norwood," I presume I should have explored all the streets of the town with particular zest; but I have not followed up Mr. Beecher's story in its serial issue; and, to tell the truth, the place had a savor of the city about it quite abhorrent to the barbarian tastes which my wandering habits of late have fostered. So I pushed hastily through, noting in the transit one or two of those dashing spans, elegant barouches, liveried coachmen, and gayly dressed children which one sees in such numbers at Newport and Saratoga, showing that my route here intersected one of the favored retreats of fashion and wealth from the metropolis. The road to the river-bank was like that before reaching Northampton, fenceless, through level meadows; and a few

rods to the right of it, had we known of its existence, we might have seen the largest tree in Western Massachusetts,—an elm, still youthful and vigorous, thirty-one feet in girth. But no guide-post points the traveller to the giant tree, and we got only a distant view of it from the top of Mount Holyoke.

The ferry by which visitors to the mountain from Northampton cross the Connecticut at this point, called the Hockanum, deserves a separate paragraph. No wharf or slip marks the point of departure, but the road becomes more and more sandy as it broadens at the river-bank, and the boat rests her bow upon this soft and convenient landing. The little craft—its deck perhaps broad enough for two carriages, and with absolutely no barrier to prevent a nervous horse from walking off into the stream—is propelled by paddles turned by a little steam-engine hardly larger than a cooking-stove. One man acts as ticket-seller, captain, engineer, fireman, pilot, and crew. There is no rudder, but a long paddle at either end, with which this solitary Charon, stepping away from the engine for a minute or two, directs the course of the steamer. At one terminus he pumps up water from the river to fill the little boiler; at the other he gathers an armful of wood to supply the fire. On the trip made for our sole benefit, he got off his course, in his manifold duties, and had to put back to the middle of the river to make a fresh landing. For so much labor and machinery I expected surely to pay a corresponding price, and was slightly surprised to be made poorer by the ride only in the sum of thirteen cents.

Mount Holyoke rises abruptly from the river-bank almost a thousand feet. The first half of the ascent is accomplished by a winding carriage-road, well kept, but quite too steep for comfort, and so hard that I

thought my empty carriage, a heavy one, a sufficient load for my horse, and led him up by easy stages. This part of the road is soon to be made easier by a wooden railway running to the foot of the mountain. It appears to be very nearly completed, and the car is ready in advance of the track. But at present one must trust his own horseflesh for the first half of the way, leaving his steed at a stable at the foot of the grand staircase. This is a covered way, six hundred feet long, accomplishing a perpendicular ascent of three hundred and sixty-five feet, enclosing both a stairway of five hundred steps and a railway traversed by one little car with seats for four persons. This vehicle, in which nervous people take their places with considerable dread, runs, of course, on ropes, and is drawn up by horse-power. Steam was formerly used, the engine being at the top; but a windlass, turned by four horses at the foot, now takes its place. The change makes the motion irregular, every touch of the whip and every pause of a tired horse being perceptible in the car, and the frequent pauses constantly suggesting some trouble below. The covering of the railway, making the progress like that through a tunnel, which is an improvement of the present year, takes away from the frightfulness of the trip, which must have seemed very much like ballooning under the old open system. The ascent is made in five minutes,—a short time to think of, but a long one in experience, in that sort of travel. The car of course goes down by its own weight, regulated by brakes at the top, and reached the foot in our case in a minute and a half. There has been no accident since last year, so the railway is very popular, and I saw no one choose the more laborious method of the stairs. There is a sort of breathlessness and suspense about the

upward journey which makes the arrivals an object of constant curiosity to those above, and one emerges into the upper air with an odd sense of inspection under trying circumstances by the occupants of a new planet.

The view from the hotel at the summit (into the very centre of which you are dropped out from the railway) is enough to take one's breath away after it is recovered from the novel journey. No pen could do justice to it, and mine certainly will not attempt the task. It is superior to the spectacle offered from many higher mountains, because this stands in the midst of so broad a plain, in which there are so many spots of unusual beauty. The Connecticut seems reluctant to pass through this section, and indulges itself in bends which treble and quadruple the distance accomplished. Northampton seems directly beneath the spectator, though fully three miles away; and one favorite achievement of visitors is to tell the time on its steeple by the aid of the big telescope. Of these glasses of various sizes there are many at the Prospect House, besides spectacles of green and red and yellow hues, that turn the landscape into different kinds of unnatural brilliancy. There are also swings, bowling alleys, miniature bowling alleys, and a great variety of toys; and it is a notable instance of the effect of mountain scenery upon the average human being, that the great majority of visitors devote half an hour to these recreations to every five minutes bestowed on the landscape. Most of them, I presume, would not think of playing parlor bowls or looking through the slits in a whirling cylinder, on the ordinary level; but the magnificent view from Mount Holyoke is too grand to be enjoyed long at a time, and sends people to these juvenile occupations for relief.

The Prospect House is, I think, unique of its kind,

and is certainly a model for similar elevated establishments. The ground floor is so arranged as to be all thrown open to the view in fine weather, the sides of the room being hoisted up out of the way. When this might be too breezy for comfort, they are let down, and little circular windows give glimpses of the prospect. There is entire freedom and independence for visitors, the only arbitrary charge being seventy-five cents each for the use of the car or steps; and parties bringing their own refreshments are welcomed, and aided to picnic in the neighboring groves. Those who dine at the house are received in turn, according to the precedence of their orders, in a little dining-room accommodating twenty-five, where is constantly renewed a collation, all cold, except the tea and coffee, but abundant, and of excellent neatness and simplicity, to which the appetite natural to the region adds a sauce which an emperor might envy. The second story provides lodgings for those who wish to see the glories of sunset and sunrise on the mountain; but we did not try the experiment. In these days of lofty prices on low ground, it is worth mentioning that the charge for each item — each meal, each lodging, the entertainment of each horse — is fixed with a pleasant uniformity at fifty cents.

Taking into account the fatigue of my horse, to which fell all the labor with none of the delights, of ascending and descending the mountain, I drove only to this neighboring town of Amherst this afternoon, making an early halt. A very slight *détour* gave us a sight of old Hadley Street, always a place of interest to me as the scene of the most romantic interest in early American history, — the sudden appearance of the excited regicide to lead the terrified citizens, who took him for an angel from heaven, against the raid-

ing savages who were despoiling their homes, — and now doubly interesting as the “Oxbow Village,” which is the scene of most of the events of “The Guardian Angel.” It fairly rivals, and in some respects excels, even Deerfield in beauty. The elms are not quite so large, and, being more widely separated, do not form an arch; but the central space is a smooth green common, unmarred either by fences or by encroaching wheel-tracks, and broad enough for the parades of the greatest militia gatherings of ante-war training-days. The row of trees lining the roadway on each side of this grand avenue is double, the inner ones being fine old elms, and those nearest the houses of younger growth. The mansions are nearly all crowned with the aristocracy of age, and have a sweet dignity of their own, unknown to newer and more pretentious houses of the pepper-box pattern or the Mansard roof. I looked in vain for “the hang-bird’s nest” of the Professor’s narrative, the slow, leisurely movement of which seems delightfully appropriate to this locality. But I saw Byles Gridley. He had his spectacles on his forehead, and a huge book, the title of which I seemed to guess, in his hand; and he looked with a not unkindly gaze at my carriage as I drove by the door at which he stood.

FOURTH DAY OF THE JOURNEY.

HOME AGAIN, September, 1867.

MOUNT HOLYOKE took up so much space in my last letter that I had not a line to give to Amherst, into which we drove just too late in the afternoon to have an inside inspection of its college buildings. The village itself is not particularly attractive to a stranger’s

eye fresh from the river towns, its common being narrow, hilly, and irregular, its trees comparatively young, and its principal buildings commonplace, — though it has one elegant church, and quite a number of fine residences of the modern type. The lion of the place is, of course, the College Hill, crowned, not only by the institution buildings, but by a noble grove, just now marred by the deposit of a quantity of granite for some new edifice in contemplation. In climbing this eminence we met one of the Japanese students who are obtaining a Yankee education here, arrayed, not in the petticoat, flowing sleeves, and waterfall of his nation, as revealed to us by the jugglers last winter, but in civilized garments of the unpretentious and comfortable order. After passing this Oriental gentleman, with his books under his arm, and seemingly all bent on study, it made an odd antithesis to find the American students all engaged in athletic feats, gaining back slowly by gymnastics the physical force which a sedentary generation has sacrificed. The gymnasium is open to visitors, and apparently a popular resort with the townspeople at the exercising hour, for we found the little gallery well filled with lookers-on. The students were all in a convenient and rather pretty uniform, and as we entered were just concluding a sort of half-military, half-saltatory calisthenic exercise, under the leadership of an instructor. After this succeeded an interval of disorganized exercise, half fun and frolic; and some more adept of the young men displayed skill in trapeze swinging and leaping from a spring-board that would not have been disdained by a professional performer. The rivalry of classes would occasionally peep out; and once, two youths of different years getting hold of the ends of a strap strong enough for pulling, they were speedily

re-enforced, in response to cries of "Seven!" "Eight!" by nearly all in the room on one side or the other, the remoter ones clinging and pulling by each other's waists or feet, and a spirited contest of several minutes ensued, in which victory wavered very doubtfully, and the spectators caught the excitement of the students, until at last the cause of contention and emblem of triumph was borne off by the stronger party.

To-day's ride, traversing Belchertown, Ware, and Hardwick, left behind the tobacco barns, the gently rolling fields, and the still unchanged foliage, and brought us back into the region of cheese-factories, of long hills, of browned pastures, and woods already hanging out the banners of red and yellow on the trees that serve as the pioneer scouts of autumn. Comparatively speaking, the route was a dull one, and had few excitements beyond the always pleasurable sensation of getting home again; so, with your leave, I will pass it over with no more minute summary, and conclude this farewell letter with a few general results and hints to those who may take similar modest excursions to that here recorded.

In choosing a horse for such a pleasure journey, evenness, steadiness, and endurance are better qualities than speed. One wants a horse to go well the last part of the day, when he himself is tired, and longs for the comforts of his inn; to look calmly upon passing locomotives, and mowing machines, and ingenious scarecrows; to stand patiently while one inquires the way at a farm-house, explores an attractive cemetery, or rifles a blackberry-bush; and there are few regions, if the route be well selected, which it is desirable to pass over at a racer's pace.

For similar reasons the carriage should be comfortable rather than elegant, easy to get into and out of,

with conveniences for opening wide on a pleasant day, and ample protection on a cold or rainy one, and room for stowing baggage out of the way of the occupant's feet. With these qualifications, every pound of weight saved in the construction of the vehicle is an addition to the comfort of the horse, and hence of the passengers.

Baggage taken on such a trip must perforce be slight, and should be of as few articles as possible. A large shawl, in addition to other outer garments, is a sensible provision. A book or a pack of cards for a dull evening or a rainy day in a rural inn will be very sure to come into play.

As to these same rural inns, it is not best to place too much dependence upon them as affording tastes of the comforts of country living. I, in my innocence, supposed that these village hotels, in the midst of a land flowing with milk and honey, would make a specialty of those viands easy to obtain, and not always found in city houses. But the advantages of those simple things which alone would furnish such an admirable table — the eggs, the cream, the vegetables, the maple syrup — are all ignored by the country landlords. In all my ramble, in this season of abundant vegetation, I saw hardly a tomato, an ear of corn, or anything beyond the indispensable potato, on a hotel table; and in other kinds of provision an equal poverty was apparent; while dependence was placed upon the commonplace articles of a third-rate city table, cooked in a style several centuries behind M. Blot's standard. This makes less difference than might be supposed in a journey like mine, because the appetite imparted by the long rides and constant change of air takes all fastidiousness from the palate and makes all victual welcome. But it is worth noting that, in a

region of such illimitable opportunities, the public houses take so little pains to make the cuisine attractive.

Other than this, the most remarkable feature about the country hotels, as I have seen them, is the absence of Irish "help." Those who think the old Yankee stock is being crowded out by foreign immigration should sojourn in the towns through which I have just passed, where the man who grooms the horse, the girl who passes the food and she who cooks it, and the chambermaid, if the inn boasts so many attendants, are all youthful natives of the neighborhood, serving in this way their apprenticeship to life, and waiting without impatience the "opening" or the husband to introduce them to another sphere of usefulness. The proverbial repugnance of young women of American birth to "housework" seems not to have penetrated so far inland; and hence the evil of "servant-gal-ism" is unknown. The same remarks apply, so far as I can judge from a mere ride through the country, to private dwellings as to hotels; and I sincerely trust that the revelation thus made will not stimulate such a rush of imported servant-girls to the happy region as to demoralize labor there, and introduce the popular idea that the kitchen is a degrading place for an American woman.

It is so rare that a journalist travels without the traditional privileges of his profession, that I may improve the opportunity to state for the guidance of those readers who may be tempted into an emulation of our carriage tour, that the cheapness of this mode of travelling corresponds with its enjoyableness. Two persons may make the trip I have sketched, occupying four or five days, at a total expense of less than twenty-five dollars. This, of course, supposes the tourist to be

in possession of a team of his own, and includes all hotel, stable, and ordinary incidental expenses.

Most people have a mental corner of some kind for statistics. We satisfied our craving in that line by a count of the bridges crossed each day; and the aggregate number would perhaps surprise any one not prepared for the result by experiment. It was sixty-four.

WACHUSETT.

A RAMBLE THROUGH PETERSBURG.

CITY POINT, April 3, 1865.

YOUR correspondent spent the night in the pleasant confidence that Petersburg, at least, would be in our hands before morning. Sleeping close by our line of works, he dozed to the sound of picket-firing during the first hours of the night, and was awakened at about 3 A. M. by a heavy explosion which appeared to come from the magazine of one of the batteries on the rebel left. At this time the whole horizon in the direction of Petersburg was illumined by a dull red glare, the light of a dozen fires kindled by the departing enemy in different parts of the city. Still the unceasing picket-shots told us that the Rebels had not yet left the trenches in our front.

With daybreak came the whisper, running through the camps like lightning, that Petersburg had been evacuated, and that the troops of the Ninth Corps were already in the city. A moment's breathless silence confirmed the rumor, for we would hear from among the spires the notes of Union bands, playing joyfully the grand old round of national airs, from "America," "Yankee Doodle," and "The Star Span-

gled Banner," to the more recent favorite, "Glory, Hallelujah," "Rally Round the Flag," and "The Year of Jubilo." The glorious news was true. The obstinate Rebel stronghold, which had resisted every effort of assault and siege for so many weary months, had at last succumbed to the brilliant strategy and splendid fighting of the Union officers and soldiers. Men laughed and sung and danced with joy at the victory, which seemed perhaps more precious to those who have aided in the long siege, and could personally appreciate its difficulties and trials and doubts, than to you at home. Officers of all ranks and men of all characters gave full vent to their enthusiasm; for miles the line of our camps was noisy with continuous cheers; the military bands, stationed at intervals, all struck up joyful and patriotic melodies; and your correspondent shouldered his haversack, and set out in light marching order for the Cockade City. Passing through our line of earthworks, no longer swarming with their garrisons, and crossing the trench just beyond, which sheltered our outer pickets, I found myself in the Rebel rifle-pits. A devious covered way led me to their *abatis*. Their manner of constructing this defence is very different from that adopted by the Union engineers. Our system is very simple, consisting of stout poles, two inches in diameter, and ten or fifteen feet long, planted firmly in the earth and inclining outward at an angle with the ground of about thirty degrees. The outer ends are sharpened, and beneath them, lying on the ground, are placed the bristling boughs and tops of evergreen trees. The poles are set very close together, and it seems as if it must be an impossibility for an enemy to break through them without a long pause, and the aid of axes. The *abatis* on the Rebel defences is most unlike this in

appearance and principle. It resembles somewhat a long row of saw-horses, set up together endwise, with the upper ends of the outer limbs sharpened to a point, — and I think of no terms in which I can more clearly describe it. Each one of these saw-horses is distinct in itself, and as they are not very deeply imbedded in the ground, and may be easily pushed around by force inside, they afford no obstacle to the egress of a column on a sortie, although they are formidable interruptions to the advance of an attacking party from without.

Some predecessor in the journey had kindly opened a gap in the Rebel line of *abatis*, and I hurried along into the Rebel fortifications. Here were ample evidences that the departure of the Rebels, which seemed to us so gradual and deliberate, must have been effected in the greatest haste. Not only were the heavy guns standing in the embrasures, and the magazine packed full with ammunition, the scarcity of which in the Rebel camps would surely have prompted its removal, if it were possible, but the tents, so dear to the soldiers' comfort, and so easily transported, were all left standing. The log, canvas, and brick quarters appeared very comfortable, and about as pleasant abodes as those in which the Union soldiers have spent the winter. Inside the Rebel cabins and tents were scattered, profusely and confusedly, blankets, clothing, books and letters, muskets and rifles in great numbers, thousands of cartridges, equipments of every kind, intrenching tools, cooking utensils, official orders, rolls, receipts, etc., and a multitude of other articles of all descriptions. I saw no effort to take any care of all this property by the commanders of our forces. Scores of negroes from Petersburg, male and female, were collecting what suited their needs among the

heaps, and gathering together huge bundles, which they carried home on their heads. I might have picked up trophies enough to stock a small museum; but, anticipating still more interesting sights and worthier relics further on, I pushed on without much delay towards Petersburg.

It is about a mile from the main Rebel line on the east to the city. The country is quite pleasant, undulating, and traversed by numberless little winding creeks. There are very few trees left in this vicinity, the needs of the camp-fire having proved fatal to the forest. The grass is green and already quite high, and the peach and apple trees are in full bloom. Not a cannon or musket-shot was to be heard in any direction, and the only sound was in the jubilant strains of the Union musicians in Petersburg. The conquered city seemed to accept its fate very quietly, as far as could be seen from a distance, and its graceful group of spires pointed heavenward through the mist as serenely as if war were a thing unknown. On the left rose Cemetery Hill, a long ridge covered thickly with monuments, those erected before the war of marble, and those put up since 1861 of painted wood; many of both classes shattered and splintered by the relentless shells which have no respect for the living or the dead. On the right, a corps of a thousand or so of laborers in the employ of the government were already hard at work putting in repair the railroad running to City Point. Altogether it was as pleasant and as cheerful a landscape as one might wish to gaze upon in an April day.

Entering Petersburg at the poorer quarter of the town, I at first met none but soldiers of the Ninth Corps, who were everywhere, and negroes. The blacks one meets in a newly captured Rebel town are very

different beings from those who wear the national uniform, or are employed in noncombatant capacities in the service of the United States. The latter fully realizes that all men are free and equal. His carriage is a constant declaration of independence. He holds his head erect, and walks off jauntily about his business or pleasure, taking his own time and route, yet never behindhand, nor out of the way when wanted. He never bows to any passer, unless it be a personal acquaintance. With the negro just released from Rebel rule, the contrary is the case. He bows obsequiously to every passer with the old habits of slavery too strong to be shaken off in an hour, but with a lurking smile of satisfaction on his face which seems to say that a salute to the delivering Yankee is a very different matter from a bow to the oppressing Johnny (as even the colored population learned to call the Rebels before the town had been an hour in our hands). The negroes in Petersburg wear motley and outlandish garments, giving them the most grotesque appearance imaginable. They hang their heads like school-boys called up for punishment, and sidle and shuffle in their gait, evidently because the manner is habitual with them. The lesson of freedom, however, is quickly learned, and in a few days they will have acquired much of the dignity of manhood, and carry themselves as citizens, and not as cattle.

Pushing on, with the churches for a landmark, I soon reached the principal street of the town, and found there white Rebel citizens plentiful enough. All the stores were closed, but around every doorway stood groups of men in gray clothing, sometimes chatting with the Union soldiers, who by this time — for it was now nine o'clock — were as thick as bees on every sidewalk, and more frequently standing apart in

sullen knots, talking only with each other, and staring in wonder at the cavalry patrols who were constantly galloping at full speed through the paved streets on mysterious missions, each man with clatter and importance enough for a whole squadron.

If the anonymous potentate who guides the course of fashion wishes to get ideas really ingenious and original in regard to male apparel, which shall relieve his inventive powers from further labor for the next five years, let him take an early trip to Petersburg, before the presence of commonplace Union garments has leavened the lump. Surely, never since the days of Robinson Crusoe did any human being venture to array himself in daylight in such guise as do nearly every one of these proud Petersburgians. No words can do justice to the grotesqueness of these men's attire; no pen unskilled in the long obsolete technical epithets of the tailoring of twenty years ago should ever attempt to describe it. The extraordinary character of the costumes of some of the younger men, who apparently aspire to be dandies, is most laughable. Yet the whole matter has its mournful side, hinted at when some citizen gazes sadly at the dusty top-boots of a Union cavalry-man dashing past, with the muttered remark that "them would have been worth a thousand dollars here yesterday"; or notes your glance at his own sleazy gray coat, and informs you that he paid twelve hundred dollars for it in Richmond. From what observations I could make during my brief stay in Petersburg, I should say that no dweller in that city, rich or poor, has purchased a hat since the secession of South Carolina; and that at that date most of them had been for several months wearing out their old ones for the sake of economy.

The raiment of the negroes is a parody, amounting

to a broad caricature upon what is itself supremely grotesque, upon the dress of their masters. Some of the elder colored men are so singularly draped that you expect every moment that the one or two remaining buttons will give way, and the whole fluttering mass of rags and streamers will fly to the winds in confusion. The ladies of Petersburg, only a few of whom ventured out to-day, have survived the ordeals of the Rebellion, in the matter of dress, much more successfully than their lords. Most of them dress plainly and simply, and very many in black. It has been impossible to keep up with the fashion as to bonnets, — and an unfashionable bonnet is an absurdity; so the fair daughters of Petersburg, with feminine tact, have discarded bonnets altogether, and wear instead a dark scoop hat, which I am not milliner enough to describe more definitely, which was in style three or four summers ago, but which still frames gracefully and becomingly a pretty face.

I am compelled to say that there is very little loyal sentiment among the white residents of Petersburg. Perhaps there is not a city in the whole South more thoroughly imbued with Rebel doctrines, and more outspoken in its avowals, under all circumstances, than this venerable town on the Appomattox. Some of the citizens were not unwilling to talk with the invaders on national affairs, but did not hesitate to avow their firm adherence to the cause of the Rebellion their hatred for the Union and everything therewith connected, and their determination to fight out the contest until the Confederacy should achieve its independence. It should be remembered that these men were all exempts, and have already lost all their property, so that they risk nothing by the continuance of the war. Many of the soldiers of General Lee's vet-

eran army speak very differently. I wish that I had time to recount to you fully some of the conversation of the citizens of Petersburg, exhibiting as they did the most radical Rebel feelings of any community in the South. I must relinquish the attempt, however, or resume it in a future letter. I should not omit to mention that the negroes, of both sexes and all ages, received our forces with the most cordial welcome, and seemed wild with delight that the Yankees had come at last.

With a journalist's instinct, I made my way to the office of the "Petersburg Express," the last Rebel number of which was issued on Saturday morning. I found Major R. E. Eden, of the 37th Wisconsin, assisted by Lieutenant Robert Farrell, of the 1st Wisconsin, busily preparing Union editorials for a new sheet to be started in the same office to-morrow morning. A solitary printer of the old establishment remained, and seemed nothing loath to show the new-comers the arrangements of the office. The mechanical conveniences are very good, both type and press being in fair condition. The editorial room was a remarkable place in very many respects. It seemed to have been conducted for many years on the principle of destroying nothing, and putting nothing in order. When the Rebel editors took their departure, they had no time to take anything away with them, and seemed to have contented themselves with stirring up the accumulated rubbish in their sanctum in such a manner as to make confusion worse confounded. It would take a week of constant labor to collect and arrange the literary treasures of this office. In one pile of exchanges I noticed the "Boston Daily Advertiser," dated, I believe, as long ago as 1858. The walls were adorned with a great number and variety of pictures, among the more

remarkable of which were an unmistakable woodcut portrait of General M'Clellan, published in a Rebel weekly as a likeness of General N. Buford Forest, and a rough pencil caricature of the capture of our Massachusetts General, M'Laughlin, in Fort Steadman, *sans culotte*. The walls of the "Express" office bore, like most of the other buildings in Petersburg, numerous marks of the terrible doses of shell to which the city has been treated in the last ten months. I have not by any means exhausted my notes of what I saw and recorded as worth telling you about in Petersburg; but the mail is closing, and so must I.

RICHMOND.

THE EFFECTS OF THE FIRE. — SENTIMENTS OF THE CITIZENS.

The Hotels. — The Newspapers. — Rebel Relics. — Capitol Square. — The Provost-Marshall's Office. — President Lincoln. — The Libby Prison.

RICHMOND, VA., April 5, 1865.

"How long will it take me to go to Richmond?" asked an eager officer at City Point of a veteran brigadier holding command there, soon after we got the good news.

"I can't say how long it will take *you*," was the answer: "it has taken *me* three years and eleven months."

It took your correspondent about a day. It was not so simple a matter to go from City Point to Richmond immediately after the Rebel capital fell into Union hands as your readers may imagine, or as your correspondent thought, when he received, wandering

through Petersburg, the news of the occupation of Richmond, and hurried back to the base of operations to go thence to the more important point. The distance, which by map and scale is twenty miles, is nearly doubled by the twists and bends of the river. Bridges all burned, the stream filled with obstructions and torpedoes, no transportation to be found, the accomplishment of the journey to Richmond was no simple problem. At first, officials having the matter in charge thought the eligible route was to be found in the railroad *via* Petersburg; but this idea was soon abandoned. At last, however, the many obstacles were overcome or circumvented by a variety of means not necessary to recount, and your correspondent found himself entering Richmond at the Rockets, a few hours after the advent of the President of the United States.

The story at City Point, told by those who professed to have gone into the city with the advance on Monday morning, was that only a small portion of the city was burned by the retreating Rebels. The same statement had been telegraphed North. I soon found its falsity. Soon after reaching Main Street, the traveller enters the burned district, extending on the right to the James River, and on the left to the streets on the ridge of the hill. The area burned over extends up Main to Fifteenth Street, including almost the whole business portion of the town, in both wholesale and retail departments of trade, and a very large number of private dwellings, mostly of the poorer class of the population. In the district where the flames obtained sway they took everything, leaving no occasional buildings which from any cause were saved. With a single exception everything within the broad boundaries of the burned

district is a mass of ruins, still hot and smouldering. In other parts of the city single burned buildings are quite frequent, — the fragments of shells exploding in the arsenals having carried conflagration with them to distant localities.

The extent of the destruction of this fearful fire will perhaps be better appreciated if I say that it is as if incendiaries had burned State Street Block and all the immense warehouses on Commercial, Broad, India, and Federal Streets, and a brisk ocean breeze had carried the flames irresistibly into the heart of the city. The Custom House here is situated much as in Boston, and similarly is of granite, and fire-proof. It is the one solitary building yet standing in the burned district, having passed through the terrible ordeal of Monday almost unscathed. Fancy, if you can, Devonshire Street, and all between Broad and Washington Streets, both sides of Washington Street, from State to Summer, many buildings on Tremont Street, all of Fort Hill, and half the North End, one grand waste of ashes; burn all the banks and insurance offices, all but two of the newspaper offices, and then, — remembering that Richmond, at best, is only one third the size of Boston, — fancy what is left. If your imagination is a good one, you have from this a tolerable idea of the results of the great fire.

It was nearly midnight last night when I arrived in Richmond. At first I met numerous negroes, and strolling squads of soldiers, black and white, more jolly than victory alone could make them. Occasionally a sentry paced the pavement in front of some property that the provost authorities had thought worth guarding. But as I entered the burned district, no more even of these were encountered. All was solitude. The moon gave a picturesque, and the sullen

flames a weird and supernatural, light to the scene. As far as the eye could reach in every direction were only ruins, irregular piles of brick, thin fragments of walls yet standing, sometimes a single chimney or pillar alone remaining upright of a large block; and even as I looked, perhaps one of these would topple over into the street, already piled thickly with fallen bricks. Here and there the tall granite front of some warehouse still stood firm, all the rest of the building destroyed, and the moon shining with beautiful effect through the sashless windows of the ruin.

The passer's feet constantly tripped in the fallen telegraph wire, or the hose which the swift spread of the flames had compelled the firemen to abandon; sometimes his face or throat felt the effects of a sudden gust of smoke or puff of flame from the embers among which he picked his way. It was decidedly not a comfortable journey; yet it was as decidedly a pleasant one, and perhaps the very manner which one would select for his entrance into a capital where treason had made its throne and striven its best to destroy the national life. Almost the first building which one finds standing entire and uninjured, after traversing the modern Gomorrah, is the Spottswood Hotel. This house only very narrowly escaped destruction, being close by an arsenal, the shells from which kindled many buildings, even beyond the hotel. A lull in the breeze at a lucky moment saved the Spottswood, and I found it last night with doors open, receiving and welcoming as heartily guests in blue and gold as for four years past customers in Rebel motley. Rather a sudden fall in price was that in the tariff of the Spottswood,—from a hundred and fifty dollars a day on Sunday to four dollars a day on Monday. The house weathered the storm bravely,

and is now enjoying richly the comforts of a calm,— for already every room is taken and the tables are crowded. A serious disadvantage is the want of gas, which was shut off on Monday, on account of the fire, from the lower part of the city. Candles are four dollars each, and very scarce at that, and the clerk cuts off for each guest his inch of tallow very gingerly. Neither siege nor capture has taken from the hotel the quiet elegance which characterized it before the war. The furniture is still good, after four years of hard usage without a chance to replenish the stock from Northern workshops. The rooms are pleasant, as of old; the beds excellent, and plentifully supplied with superb blankets of ancient woof. The attendance is prompt and efficient. The victuals are, of course, not what they would be in a Northern hotel,— for Richmond is nearly at starvation point, cut off long ago from Union supplies, and now from Rebel supplies also. Still the most is made, by skilful cookery, of the materials at hand, and the visitor who has been faring for some weeks upon military active campaign rations finds his dinner at the Spottswood almost a feast. The same proprietor, clerks, and employees manage the affairs of the house as under Rebel rule. Already there is a greedy host of applicants presenting their claims to have this or that hotel assigned them by military edict, but I doubt whether their avarice will be gratified.

A walk through the portion of Richmond which survives the fire shows very many features of interest. One is doubly convinced of the fact that the Rebellion is no more, and that no dreams of even its ghost need disturb the slumber of any Union man again. Here, in its capital and chief city, in less than forty-eight hours of loyal occupation, every essential trace of the

Rebellion is vanished as if by magic. Perhaps the most tangible vestige of the late Confederacy is in the swarms of leaves of whitish-brown paper, blown in one's face by every wind, whirling in little circles in the breeze at every corner, carpeting every gutter, far and near. These are the scattered archives of the Southern Confederacy, upset, perhaps, in the haste of packing by some Rebel official, distributed over the city by Union soldiers searching through armfuls of the stuff for valuable autographs or curious documents. One must examine the mass long now before finding aught worth saving. Invoices, ordnance returns, receipts, requisitions, pay-rolls, transportation orders, dry and formal matters all; after a few glances one puts his foot on the rustling heaps in contempt, and passes on.

The citizens, although the story of their enthusiasm in greeting our men is doubtless fabulous, seem to have accepted the condition of things with the sensible determination to make the best of it. We surely cannot expect of a man who for four years has lived in the shadow of Jefferson Davis, and read nothing but the issues of the Richmond press, that he could cheer for Union, Lincoln, and emancipation at a day's notice. If he does so, he is probably insincere, and not to be trusted with anything. If he submits to the fortune which Providence and war have brought him cheerfully and with common-sense, aiming to respect and obey the powers that be, it is all we can expect, and may in time be made the foundation of something much better. The citizens of Richmond, although they have suffered ten times the loss of their neighbors of Petersburg, wear easily and not ungraciously the yoke under which the people of the Cockade City chafe most bitterly. The women make calls

upon each other as usual, chat about the exciting scenes of Monday, and devise measures for the relief of those left without shelter or food. The men do not go about their business, for few of them have any place of business left. They sit quietly in their houses, or converse in groups about the doors, or go to look at the Yankee uniforms and listen to the Yankee bands. They talk freely with the soldiers, speak frankly of the parties in the war as "Union" and "Rebel," and, in short, conduct themselves precisely as if their city had been in our hands a year instead of a day.

The people of Richmond dress much better than do the inhabitants of Petersburg. This has apparently been the show city of the Rebellion, which has gathered the richest fruits of blockade-running, and profited by them to the utmost. The ladies have no hoops nor bonnets, and dress chiefly in black, but not shabbily. Many wear mantillas and capes of silk and satin of the style of 1860, evidently carefully guarded and repaired since then, and kept as the very best garment for state occasions only. The men are generally arrayed in Southern gray fabrics, although some venerable prominent citizens are resplendent in broad-cloth suits, the gloss and the fashion of which both show them to be quite fresh from the hands of a European or Northern tailor.

The only stores open are those of the apothecaries. I visited one, the shelves of which were well filled with most of the articles of a druggist's assortment. The proprietor informed me that before the fall of Wilmington he had managed to keep his stock uniformly full. Since that event his only reliance was the smuggling carried on across the Lower Potomac, the traffic by that means, he said, being immense. Some particular articles — as, for instance, sponges — are not to be obtained in Richmond at any price.

Richmond is a beautiful city. I think there is none in the South, and very few in the whole Union, where the dwellings of the richest class are built with more elegance, richness, and good taste. Of course, nothing in the way of construction has been done during the war; but all the upper part of the city has been carefully kept in repair, and some of the palatial residences of the aristocratic Virginians are as regal in their appearance, surroundings, appointments, and furniture as any in Fifth Avenue or Mount Vernon Street. They are not set together too closely for comfort, and in their lawns and yards are many fine specimens of ornamental gardening. The long summer with which the city is blessed has fairly begun; and while it is yet raw and chilly in Boston, and damp and muddy in New York, the citizens and the captors of Richmond are dwelling in a wealth of blossom and verdure, and enjoying the most delightful weather which it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive of.

Of course, the centre of interest for both military and civil visitors is at Capitol Square. Here is that grand monument to the greatest Virginian in history, in itself worth a pilgrimage to see. The spirited bronze equestrian statue of Washington by Crawford is the pride of Richmond, as a work of art; and to-day both horse and rider seem to be inspired with the consciousness that from their lofty eminence they look on a Virginia at last redeemed, purified of the presence of armed traitors, washed in an ocean of patriot blood clean of the sins which have stained her escutcheon, and ready once more to take her place as an equal in the nation which this her greatest son founded and so dearly loved. On the lesser pedestals of the monument Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson seem using all the arts of fervid eloquence and brilliant philoso-

phy to persuade their recreant descendants to return once more to the doctrines they taught so well, of the sacredness of human rights, and the grandeur of a united nationality.

From the summit of the Capitol, used as such by both State and Rebel governments, wave to-day the stars and stripes. The steps are thronged with people,—soldiers, black and white, officers of every grade, citizens of every class, crowding, on all sorts of business, to the office here established of the provost-marshal. On the lower floor of the building is the room used by the Rebel House of Representatives. Soldiers are sitting in the Speaker's chair, poking their bayonets into the members' desks, searching everywhere for relics worth carrying North when their service is ended by the return of peace. A small adjoining chamber, occupied by the House committee on military affairs, is almost knee deep with papers. Autographs of Jefferson Davis and his ministers may be picked up by the score. Here are the official reports of Rebel generals of the campaigns, Eastern and Western, of 1862, in a systematically arranged manuscript, ready for the printer. Here is the journal of the secret sessions of the Rebel Congress during the period when the bill arming the slaves was under debate. It is the third day of Union occupation; but no measures have been taken to guard or preserve these documents; and next week they will be scattered far and wide over the North, beyond the possibility of being gathered together again for use or examination.

In the rotunda of the Capitol is a statue of Washington, in marble, seemingly very faithful to the subject, with a quaint inscription on the pedestal showing, among other things, that the statue was erected in

1788, during the life of the Father of his Country, and before the adoption of the Federal Constitution. In the chamber occupied by the House of Delegates of Virginia are one or two large portraits of State heroes. I am told that a picture of General Lee hung here last week, and that the Rebels took it with them in their retreat. It is certainly gone; but it seems more likely that it has found refuge in the private house of some of Lee's friends in Richmond.

In the second story of the Capitol is the State Library of Virginia. The room is a very fine one, and the collection of books exceedingly valuable. They number nearly as many, I should think, as those in the Boston Athenæum. In the small room opposite, a little while ago the chamber of the Confederate Senate, sits in Mr. R. M. T. Hunter's chair the acting provost-marshal of Richmond, Lieutenant-Colonel Fred L. Manning, of the Army of the James. A motley crowd, numbered by hundreds, throng the door, and are let in a few at a time by a sentinel. The Colonel attends to their cases at the rate of about six a minute.

There are few more interesting places than the provost-marshal's office of a lately captured city. Let us listen a moment to what these people have to say:—

“There's a lot of soldiers taking away my fish, and I don't want to sell the fish at all; and they give me this, they say is greenbacks” [holding out an advertisement of Plantation Bitters, printed in the guise of a bank-note]. “Corporal, take a file of men, and arrest these plunderers that this man will show you.”

“I am a soldier in the Rebel army, sir, and wish to give myself up.” “Sergeant, put this man with the others.”

"I came into the city last Sunday, sir, and have n't been able to get home again." "Can't help it, sir; strict orders that no citizen leaves the city to-day: To-morrow, perhaps, you may go."

"My husband is very sick, eight miles down the river, sir, and I want to go down to-night." "Certainly, madam: here is your pass."

"Does a newspaper correspondent need a pass to go back to City Point?" "Yes, sir: here it is."

"A couple of soldiers have taken a lot of jewelry from my shop." "When was it?" "Tuesday morning." "Can't go back so far, sir: you should have been here yesterday."

And so on, for fifteen hours of the day. But here is a man of a different stamp, — a small, well-formed fellow, with a pale skin, full yellow beard, and long, light hair. He has Union trousers and a blue blouse on, but does not look like an ordinary soldier; nor is he. This is Captain S. S. Grosvenor, of Kingston, Canada. Three years ago he engaged in the secret service of the United States government, for which his tastes and talents fitted him. After much exciting and valuable service, in May, 1864, he fell into the hands of the Rebels. They put him at first for six months in the penitentiary; then transferred him to one of the vilest dungeons of Castle Thunder. The prisoners in this place were taken out at about midnight on Sunday, and marched away, under guard, to the Danville station. By this time the gutters of the city were running with whiskey. A sentinel stopped a moment, to scoop up some in his cup, and Grosvenor, seizing the second of opportunity, ran for his life. He succeeded in making his escape, concealed himself during the night, and in the morning no man in Richmond welcomed the Union troops with a heartier

greeting. Captain Grosvenor tells strange stories of the Unionism which has been hidden in Richmond,—of aid and comfort given him in his prison by friends without; of elaborate attempts to escape, almost accomplished; of files and saws slipped into his hands, even by the sentinel appointed to guard him. The garments he wears were given him by Union soldiers, who found him almost destitute. He is going to Washington, and has some valuable information for the government.

Leaving the Capitol, we find a band playing exquisitely in the square in front of the governor's house, which is now the head-quarters of General Charles Devens, of Massachusetts, who sits on its piazza, listening to the music of Union airs, and smiles as he thinks of the place and its associations. Well has he, and well have all these gallant men in blue coats, earned the right to take their ease in Richmond. With the first Massachusetts men, in April, 1861, the major hastened to the defence of the national capital; shall not the general rejoice, in April, 1865, as he rests in the captured capital of the exploded Rebellion, where also he and his command were with the first to set their feet?

We have seen all we shall of the archives of the Confederacy in our visit to the Capitol. All else was burned in Monday morning's fire,—the Post-Office, War and Navy Departments, etc. The mansion of Jefferson Davis, a stately and comfortable-looking edifice, still stands on Marshal Street, and is occupied by Major-General Weitzel as his head-quarters. There also to-day is President Lincoln. The visit of the President to Richmond has been one of the most remarkable incidents of the war. Remaining at City Point long after the time originally set for his return,

he has been most intensely interested in the progress of the grand struggle. All General Grant's despatches from the front were sent directly on board Mr. Lincoln's steamer, *River Queen*, and the President was thus enabled to watch every movement of the campaign in detail. When General Grant informed him of the success of Sheridan on Sunday night, and the proposed general movement forward the next morning, it is understood that the President himself directed Admiral Porter to give the aid of the navy by shelling vigorously the Rebel batteries which could be reached from the Appomattox. When Petersburg fell into our hands, the President visited the town during Monday; but his main anxiety was to enter Richmond. I have already detailed the difficulties of the trip; but difficulties and dangers were alike thrust aside with vigor, and on Tuesday morning the President went up the river. He went a part of the way in his own steamer, and the rest on Admiral Porter's flag-ship *Malvern*, passing the doubtful spots, from whose depths are still extracted enormous torpedoes, without interruption.

The arrival of the President in the city, as described to me here, must have been a curious spectacle. The party landed at the Rockets. There was no expectation of the visit, or preparation for it in Richmond. The wharf was deserted, and a carriage was out of the question. So the President had nothing left but to walk into town, a distance of about a mile. The procession was not large, consisting of Mr. Lincoln, his son Tad, who accompanies him everywhere, and Admiral Porter, one or two other military and naval officers, and an enterprising newspaper correspondent, whom the crowd undoubtedly took to be Vice-President Johnson. Mr. Lincoln was soon recognized, but

no assassin's pistol was raised against him. Everybody seemed curious to see the President. Loud shouts told all what was the sensation of the day, and the crowd of black and white, men and women, soon grew to enormous dimensions. Shouting, yelling, screaming, pushing, and rushing to get a glimpse, the singular procession moved on to the house of Jeff Davis, which the President entered in triumph. The inhabitants were greatly astonished at the prompt appearance of the President, as they did not know of his presence at City Point, and inferred that he had come from Washington by some mysteriously swift conveyance, expressly to visit Richmond.

Probably no Yankee will ever include this city in his pleasure tour in the future without visiting the Libby Prison. That famous structure is to-day a delightful specimen of poetic justice. The dingy old tobacco warehouse is there, with its barred windows, looking thoroughly commonplace, as it never could have looked otherwise. But inside the bars are no longer unhappy Union officers, starved and outraged in every way. Blue-coated sentinels pace around the walls, and the windows frame the sallow faces of gray-coated prisoners who last week marched with Lee.

There is no attempt at retribution. The prisoners are not crowded; they are fed with smoking coffee and crisp hard-tack; and when a Richmond damsel comes to comfort her imprisoned sweetheart, he comes to the door or window, and the interview is undisturbed. Union gentlemen have been shot for showing their faces at these bars; but still, the tables are turned, and no Northern man can gaze at the Libby Prison to-day without a grim smile of satisfaction at the change.

Only one Richmond paper survives the revolution of the week. "The Whig," never very cordial in its

support of Jefferson Davis and his policy, appeared on Tuesday evening as a Union paper, the absence of the gas making the issue of a morning paper impossible. The former proprietor continues to manage the office, and one of the sub-editors gives his assistance in making up the paper. If the loyalty of neither of these gentlemen is yet very warm or very vigorous, or anything more than the Unionism of expediency, it is at least a fair specimen of the best Union sentiment to be found in the South, and is capable of being developed into something much better in good time. The two papers thus far published have been confined mainly to the publication of military orders and the narration of local incidents of the week. This evening's issue announces that hopes are entertained of securing the services in the editorial department of "one of the most brilliant and vigorous writers in Virginia," alluding, it is surmised on the streets here, to the venerable John Minor Botts. "The Whig" is printed on a very dingy little half-sheet, has no new advertisements, and copies the war news of Northern papers a week old, mistakes, false reports, and all.

The Richmond Theatre has been closed for a few days, but reopens to-night with the manager, Mr. R. D'Orsay Ogden, and company, who have occupied it for several months past. The play is to be "Don Cæsar de Bazan," and President Lincoln and a large number of other distinguished personages, including even General Grant, fighting fifty miles away on the Danville road, "have been invited to attend."

One does not meet many famous people in Richmond, except the party which has come in this week. Mrs. General Lee, who is an invalid, is living quietly in her husband's house on the hill. Mr. E. A. Pollard, who has some friends in Boston, and is slightly famous

as the only Rebel who has thought it worth while to attempt a history of the war, swaggers with much pomp and bluster about the halls of the Spottswood. I met Colonel Lincoln, of the Massachusetts 34th, in the Capitol. He was prevented by serious illness from accompanying his regiment to the left, and marched from hospital to Richmond with the advance of General Weitzel's force.

I have not been able as yet to give a very close examination to the fortifications of Richmond, the inner line of which is about six miles from the centre of the city. It is evident to the most casual observer that they are very strong, very elaborately constructed, and very hastily abandoned. The Rebels planted their forts very thickly with torpedoes, marking their position with little flags for the guidance and safety of their own men. These useful signals the Rebel rear-guard were too panic-stricken or too stupid to remove, so that they still remain, and serve as warnings to our men, by the aid of which all danger from explosions is very easily avoided.

The James River, between Varina Landing and Richmond, a distance of about ten miles, is a very interesting and somewhat exciting stream to sail over. At the Rockets lie a half-dozen of Admiral Porter's gun-boats, officers and men eagerly taking their turns of leave of absence to enjoy the sights and pleasures of the shore. Then one comes to the Rebel rams and gun-boats, lying sunk in the stream, and forming most formidable chains of obstructions, which have been sufficiently removed by our naval force to allow the passage of a steamer. Everywhere are torpedoes. Many, including some most formidable ones, have already been removed. Others still remain, their whereabouts marked to the pilot by buoys placed where

our drag-nets have found torpedoes, and bearing little red flags to indicate the danger lurking beneath them. With all these safeguards, the voyage seems still a perilous one, for the boat often barely grazes on each side between two of these torpedo-signals, and her keel often grates harshly over some sunken iron-clad, not quite high enough to interrupt her course. The Rebels succeeded in destroying all the Richmond steamers except one, the flag-of-truce boat, William Allison. This boat was sent down the river on Sunday night with the last load of prisoners for exchange. Returning, the captain saw the fires lighting the sky over Richmond, and very prudently paused, spent the night in the stream, and in the morning reported himself and his vessel to the Union authorities. Both have ever since been kept busy in the employ of the national government.

About half-way between Richmond and Varina, on the right bank of the stream, is Fort Darling, extending for a front of about two miles, and perhaps the strongest defensive work which either side has erected during the present war. In the Revolution there was a little redoubt here bearing the name of Fort Darling, and the skilful engineers who constructed the new work here for the Rebels in 1861 perpetuated the singular name. Close under the bluff here are now lying the Chippewa, and a number of other Union gun-boats, and several monitors of one and two turrets each. Parties of officers and seamen in boats are still busy investigating the secrets hidden in the depths of the river, and clearing the channel for the use either of war or commerce.

Perhaps it is not yet too late to give you a concise account of what I have been able to gather from all sources here in regard to the evacuation and cap-

ture of the city. I cannot think with many that the abandonment of Richmond and Petersburg was a deliberate act, decided upon as necessary several months ago, and prepared for gradually and carefully by Davis and Lee. I see every evidence of haste in determining upon and in executing the act, and am forced to the conclusion that Lee looked to find in the present campaign the victory which he has so often won before. Knowing the superior force of our armies, he must have relied upon his almost impregnable position, brilliant and audacious strategy, and desperate fighting, to shake off Grant's grip upon Petersburg, and hold out through another summer.

The attack upon Steadman on March 25 — one of the most splendid achievements of the whole war — would, if its early success had been kept up an hour longer, have completely cut our army in two, and have raised the siege of Petersburg. Close upon the failure, which came so near being a triumph of this scheme to astonish the world, came Grant's extension of his line to the left. That Lee hoped to win victory out of the seeming attenuation of our force by this movement seems proved by the vigor and persistency with which he defended, during Thursday and Friday and Saturday, every portion of his line, strengthening his defence at every opportunity by energetic and dashing attacks. Still there was no movement for the evacuation of his position. Ammunition and artillery was moved to the front, and not to the rear, and Rebel generals, soldiers, and citizens gained confidence with every day of indecisive battle.

The tide turned on Saturday night, when the victory of the Five Forks was won. The possession of the Southside Railroad by our troops made Petersburg untenable. That Grant understood this was made

evident by the tremendous cannonade opened all along that long line at midnight on Saturday. Then, as it seems to me, Lee determined upon the evacuation, which was made absolutely compulsory by the victory of our forces on the left. The fighting on Sunday was only to cover the Rebel retreat. Everything was done in haste. The tobacco in Petersburg was set on fire on Sunday morning; but the destruction was not made thorough, and enough was left to fill the pipe of every Union soldier who passed through the city for a month to come. The inhabitants did not believe in the evacuation, and went to bed, even on Sunday night, feeling secure and confident in the ability of Lee to defend the position. Nothing was taken from the forts; guns, muskets, papers, tents, everything was abandoned, as if the greatest haste must have prevailed in the last moments.

In Richmond there was no unusual excitement on Sunday morning. Mr. Jefferson Davis was at church, his family being absent from the city. There is no truth in the story that he had sold his furniture. To Mr. Davis, at his devotions, entered an orderly with a despatch from General Lee. The Rebel President did not attempt to conceal his agitation, but left the church immediately, as did other leading citizens. Still there was no general alarm, no universal knowledge of the prospects of the day. Mr. Davis spent the afternoon at his own house, and left in the early evening by the Danville Railroad. He took little with him more than his private papers, and the furniture of his house is as if he had never left it. Little effort can have been made either to destroy or carry away the archives of the ruined government; and, as I have already said, even the most important papers, abandoned by both parties as worthless, are blowing

about the gutters. During the afternoon the fact that the Rebel officials were leaving became noised abroad; and those who were not disposed to remain in the city under Yankee rule made every effort to get away. Sums which the people here call "astounding," of "ten or fifteen dollars in gold or Federal currency," were offered for vehicles and horses to convey the fugitives. The banks were opened in spite of the day, and directors and depositors busied themselves in getting away their specie.

With sunset came the head of the Rebel columns under Ewell, marching in from the forts and through the city toward the west. Then and from that it was that the great mass of the population of Richmond knew that the city was to be given up. It was a night of horror and confusion. A committee of citizens, appointed at a secret session of the Common Council, undertook the destruction of all the liquor in the city. Casks and bottles were smashed by the thousand; the gutters ran with wine and whiskey, and the very air was filled with the fumes of alcohol. The Rebel soldiers, as they passed, filled their cups and canteens from the rivulets; many seemed to become drunk merely from the smell of the liquor; and the last stragglers, wild with intoxication, outraged and pillaged everywhere like a swarm of demons.

Before General Ewell departed, he ordered the burning of the tobacco warehouses on the river-bank. Appealing citizens assured him that the only result of the fire, with the fresh breeze blowing from the south, would be the utter destruction of the city; but the brutal old soldier only laughed and swore at their remonstrances, and reiterated his orders. The flames spread, as was predicted. The two steam-engines and two or three hand-machines, worked feebly

amid the universal excitement, were of little avail against a conflagration extending over scores of acres. In an hour, hundreds of the poorer families of Richmond were wandering through the streets without shelter, carrying huge bundles of clothing or furniture, which to lose sight of was to lose forever. As the flames spread, and it became evident that they could not be saved, the stores were thrown open, and the poor people who had houses left rolled away to them barrels of flour and pork enough to provide them for months. Plunder was the watchword of the night. The grocer entered the burning store of his neighbor, and loaded his arms with clothing, only to meet the tailor coming out of his own door with his pockets full of coffee and sugar. It was a night which no one in Richmond will ever be likely to forget.

When daybreak came, the last Rebel soldier had left the city on the west, and with daybreak entered on the east the Union cavalry-men. As far as I can learn, a detachment of the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry, under Major Stevens, first made their appearance in the city. The firemen, their heads filled with horrible stories of the barbarous Yankees, left their engines and fled. The Union troopers galloped after, brought them back to their duty, and aided them in extinguishing the flames. The breeze died away soon after sunrise, and the fire was at last providentially checked, after having burnt over the immense area which I have already described.

General Weitzel had full information as to the torpedoes with which the Rebel forts were strewn, and was too prudent to lead his men on such ground in the darkness. As soon as it was light, our column moved forward. The precious Rebel system of flags enabled us, by moving slowly and cautiously in single

file, to cross the dangerous limits without accident; and then the army marched at full speed for the city. The column, headed by a division of white troops commanded by General Devens, of Massachusetts, reached Richmond at about eight o'clock. The colored troops of the Twenty-fifth Corps followed in close order. General Weitzel established his headquarters in the mansion vacated by Jeff Davis, and the Union occupation of the Rebel capital was complete.

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

THE TERRIBLE SCENE IN FORD'S THEATRE.

WASHINGTON, SUNDAY MORNING, April 16.

BEFORE these lines can reach you by mail, our telegraphic despatches will have informed you of all the additional particulars which to-day or to-morrow may bring out in relation to the event which is the only topic of which men can speak or think in Washington or in the country this morning. The only purpose of this letter is to note down some stray facts of minor importance connected with the conspiracy which culminated on Friday night, which are to be gathered amid the constant buzz of rumor, gossip, canards, and speculations here upon the engrossing theme.

After the first phase of the terrible events which have thrown us into mourning has been discussed,—the dire and incalculable calamity to the nation, the shock given to the dawning hopes of immediate peace and reconstruction, the possible and probable result

upon future events, — thought and conversation naturally revert to the wretched murderer; and the question is asked repeatedly, “What motive could have prompted John Wilkes Booth to the commission of this foul and most dastardly crime?” If there were a possible or conceivable doubt as to the identity of the person who shot Abraham Lincoln, the essential improbability of such a man’s proving the assassin would exculpate him in the minds of many. But there can be no shadow of a doubt that it was actually he; and so again we wonder and ask one another, “What prompted him to do this thing?”

Only two explanations of this consummate folly combined with consummate villainy have been suggested. One points to the advertisements which have appeared in Rebel papers, offering enormous sums for the assassination of Union leaders, and says no motive but cupidity could have prompted such a conspiracy. Another, with far more apparent probability, as it seems to me, suggests that Booth was a malignant Rebel in soul and spirit, putting more heart into his copperheadism than other Northern men of similar sentiments; that he had all along felt and expressed a confidence that the South would succeed; that he was finally convinced by the events of the last few weeks that the end of the Rebellion was approaching and inevitable; that in his blind and frantic rage and fury at seeing the scheme of the secessionists baffled, he resolved upon and executed this enormous and yet most useless crime simply as revenge. That he could secure accomplices for such a purpose seems as improbable as that he himself should be induced to embark in a scheme of murder by a bribe, however monstrous, — and so, in this hour of excitement, speculation halts, and loses itself in perplexity.

The brief and momentous scene which closed the entertainment at Ford's Theatre will never be forgotten by any one of the thousand or more who saw it. The play, with which all were familiar, was progressing smoothly to its climax. The good acting of Miss Keene in part made up for the faults of most of the other artists; the house was crowded; and the evident enjoyment of the party in the "state-box" added to the zest with which the mass of the audience entered into the spirit of the performance.

The scene was a front flat. There was only one character upon the stage, Lord Dundreary. Suddenly one of those stupid conundrums which we all know by heart was interrupted by the sharp report of a pistol. The audience had time to wonder what new incident of the play was thus heralded, when there came another and stranger interruption. A dark, lithe form vaulted over the railing of the President's box, which was canopied with the American flag. As the intruder struck the stage, he fell forward, but soon gathered himself up, and turned, erect, in full view of the audience. With singular audacity the assassin stood there long enough to photograph himself forever even in the minds of those among the throng who had never seen him before. They saw a slim, tall, graceful figure, elegantly clad, waving a dagger with a gesture which none but a tragedian by profession would have made; a classic face, pale as marble, lighted up by two gleaming eyes, — which had made crowds shudder often in past days when Gloster struggled with death in mimic frenzy, — and surmounted by waves of curling, jet-black hair. The assassin, with calmness which could only come of careful premeditation, uttered the words, "Sic semper tyrannis!" in tones so sharp and clear that every per-

son in the theatre heard them. He said something more; but in that second of time Mrs. Lincoln had screamed in horror, the unusual occurrences had created an excitement, the audience had begun to rise, and no one heard the words distinctly. Booth, who had already heard his name pronounced by a score of lips, waited for no further bravado, but rushed across the stage, by Dundreary, by Florence Trenchard at the wing, rudely pushing Miss Keene out of his way, down the long passage behind the scenes, thrusting his knife at a man who seemed to interrupt his flight, and out by the stage door into the darkness. All was instantly confusion in front. Both before and behind the scenes every one knew that the President had been shot. Actors rushed upon the stage, and the audience into the orchestra. Mr. Lincoln had sunk down without a groan or a struggle. Mrs. Lincoln had fainted after her first shriek. Major Rathborn was stunned by a stab which Booth's knife had given him before the shot was fired; Miss Harris was bewildered by the sudden occurrence of she knew not what. The audience surged to and fro in frantic excitement. Some attempted to climb up the supports and into the box. Then came those clear and distinct tones, never forgotten by any who have heard them, of Laura Keene, first in the theatre to understand and appreciate the emergency: "Keep quiet in your seats,—give him air!" In another moment certain gentlemen found presence of mind to order the throng to leave the theatre. The gas was turned down. The crowd, animated at last by an impulse, pushed for the outer doors. Laura Keene ran around to the scene of the murder, and in another moment the bleeding head of the dying President lay in the lap of the actress, as she endeavored to force a restorative within his pallid

lips. The auditorium was soon empty. Laura Keene's benefit was over; and thus closed the evening at Ford's Theatre, which had begun so pleasantly with a comedy, in the most terrible tragedy the world ever saw.

A WEEK WITH THE FENIANS.

ON the morning of the first day of June, we heard that a force of Fenians had crossed the Niagara at Buffalo, and taken a small earthwork called Fort Erie. During the day, despatches came in announcing excitement among the Irish population generally, and indications of a general movement for the invasion of Canada among the faction of the Fenians adhering to Roberts and Sweeney. Our sagacious managing editor soon made up his mind that the New England Fenians would make St. Albans a rendezvous; at four o'clock I received my orders to hasten there at once, and observe events: the business office supplied me with a roll of greenbacks for expenses, and a bunch of free passes for railroad travel covering the whole region between Detroit and Portland; and at half-past five I had left the railroad station bound northward.

My previous knowledge of Fenianism had given me the impression that it was little more than a swindling scheme for supporting idle Irish adventurers by contributions from the pockets of working men and women, who thought they were giving to their country. But this journey was to be made simply as an impartial observer, for the benefit of the newspaper-reading public; and I began it by throw-

ing aside all prejudices and previously conceived opinions on the subject to receive my attention, and by forming the determination to mingle no argument with the simple narrative of what I saw. Writing now for a different public, I shall proceed upon precisely the same principle, stating only facts as I saw them, and leaving readers to make their own inferences and arguments.

I found, upon inquiry of the conductor, that there was no party of Fenians upon our train, although about three hundred had been taken up the night before, and it was said that a battalion of about the same strength was on its way by another route, and likely to join us at a point near our destination, and that tickets had been bought for six hundred for the following night, — the majority preferring to close up their peaceful labors on Saturday afternoon, and begin their fillibustering enterprise with a new week. So I wrote a brief despatch with these few facts, mainly to show our readers that a correspondent was already on his way to the front, put it on the wires at the office in the station at Concord, New Hampshire, and in due time exchanged my seat for a narrow, but not uncomfortable berth, and slept the sleep of the weary while traversing the State of Vermont at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

We were to arrive at St. Albans at six, so I arose at five. I learned soon after that several car-loads of Fenians had indeed been attached to our train during the small hours; and, desirous to take the earliest opportunity of inspecting the men whose doings I was to watch, I passed through one or two cars, and soon found myself among them. The three cars they occupied were not crowded, the men taking their ease on two or three seats each. They were commonplace

young Irishmen enough, nearly all between eighteen and twenty-five years old, evidently from the machine-shops of the cities rather than the farms of the rural districts,—somewhat sulky, as most men are after riding all night on hard seats, but not quarrelsome. The most surprising element in their manner, to my mind, was the general reticence, and absence of that flurry and tendency to braggadocio, so common among new recruits. A glance at their garments, however, was enough to show that those who had not seen actual fighting service were few among them,—each wearing an overcoat with cape and brass buttons, and dark blue blouse, sky-blue trousers, or having some other simple remnant of the uniform discarded on his discharge from the Union army a year ago. There were plenty of army knapsacks and haversacks, but no visible weapons of any kind; nor was there any badge or rank to distinguish the officers from the rest of the men.

In due time the train paused at the station of St. Albans. Just as we began to slacken speed, we passed, stationary on a side track, a long train of baggage-cars filled with United States regulars from one of the forts in Boston harbor. They had started early in the day, on the first receipt of the news of probable trouble on the frontier; had arrived soon after midnight, and were just beginning to stir out of their straw, and getting out of their cars in dense clusters, like a swarm of bees. The platform of the station was covered with men, and to a stranger it was not easy to say which were on their way to the machine-shops of the village, and had stopped out of curiosity, and which were yesterday's arrivals of Fenians. I noted that those of my fellow-travellers who seemed by their bearing to be superior in rank to the mass,

were holding whispering conferences with men who met them on the platform, and who seemed to be giving orders and information. The train trundled on for Montreal; and, declining the vociferous solicitations of the carriage-drivers, each of whom offered "a free ride" as an inducement to patronize his particular hotel, I strolled to the centre of the village, determined to discover the best inn before committing myself to the mercies of any. Soon after leaving the station, I met men, evidently Fenians, bearing between them heavy baskets of smoking loaves, purchased at the baker's to provide a breakfast for the hungry reinforcements.

It would be difficult to imagine a more charming village than that which had steadily become celebrated as the scene of one of the most audacious raids of the late war, and was destined to be the centre of interest during the Fenian campaign. About a level common, shaded with sturdy hedges, and its green expanse brilliant with yellow dandelions, clustered three or four churches, an academy, a court-house,—all plain and modest brick and wooden buildings,—a dozen shops for the sale of boots and shoes, dry-goods and groceries, the dwellings of the wealthier citizens, and one building which it was not difficult to see was the hotel.

My character of correspondent being known, I was introduced before, during, and after breakfast, to quite a number of gentlemen as "officers of the Fenian army," all of whom proved more or less confidential as to the less obvious features of the existing state of affairs, and the probabilities of the future. I soon found, however, that much of the information so profusely volunteered by these gentlemen was untrustworthy, and intended to deceive rather than to en-

lighten the public. The first whose acquaintance I made was introduced as Colonel Brown, an Irishman of education, a lawyer in Charlestown, Massachusetts, in small practice; he had served successively as private soldier and captain in the Union army during the late war; he held the position of lieutenant-colonel and inspector-general in the Fenian army; and he was intrusted with the all-important duties of getting the arms and ammunition of war into the hands of men.

Colonel Brown was such a man as I might have expected to find organizing and leading this exceptional invasion; but not so another gentleman who obtained an introduction to me soon after for the purpose of asking me to keep his name out of print. I never mentioned him in my correspondence from the field, and here will designate him as Colonel R —, the military title being his by right of gallant and honorable service in the army of the Potomac, at the head of a regiment from my own State. I knew him by repute at home both as gentleman and soldier, and found it hard to account for his presence at the Fenian headquarters. An American by birth and parentage, of one of the old Massachusetts families, with a brilliant record, and fortune of his own, and a family to share the stain of the ignominious failure which seemed certain even at the outset, it appeared that he had everything to lose and nothing to gain by joining in such a movement. His own conversation gave little clew to the mystery; he simply remarked that he was at St. Alban's as an observer, ready, if an actual campaign should ensue, to give his aid to the weakest side, but anxious to avoid the ridicule of his friends if the affair should turn out a mere *fiasco*, like that of a few months before at Eastport, and therefore desirous to keep his name out of the papers. I soon learned that he held a commission

from the Fenian Senate, and shared in the councils of war of the leaders at St. Albans; and it was not long before he threw off all disguise, and spoke freely of "our enterprise" and "my regiment." The only explanation of his share in the scheme which my observation can suggest is, that his experience of fighting in Virginia had so infatuated him with the exciting joys of a martial life, that he was ready to join even a wild fillibustering project for the sake of renewing the pleasures of hardship, adventure, combat, and command.

Although I was not then introduced to him, I had frequent opportunities of seeing the commander of the Fenian right wing, General Spear, who had apartments at a neighboring and inferior hotel. He was a man of fifty, with the bearing of a veteran soldier and the manners of a kindly gentleman, tall, stout, with gray hair which had been red, weather-beaten features, and mustache and imperial of a military cut. He had appeared, with Brown, R——, and a few others, at the village inns the day before, simultaneously with the arrival by the train from Boston of the first battalion of Fenians. When visited officially by the municipal authorities, he had jocosely remarked that he was "travelling for his health," but to private callers had not hesitated to avow himself in his true character.

Of course I acquainted myself as rapidly as possible with the state of affairs, — visited the local newspaper office; talked with leading citizens, prominent Fenians, and United States officials; heard some entertaining reminiscences of the St. Albans Riot of 1864, of which the citizens were fond of talking; and obtained all accessible facts as to the history of the Fenian invasion thus far. These were simply that the foreman of the gas-works had been receiving for several

days, by express, packages which, as he was known to be a Fenian, were now deemed to contain arms; that on the morning before, simultaneously with the crossing at Buffalo, two or three hundred Fenians had arrived in town; that during the afternoon these had quietly departed, as was supposed, to Fairfield, an Irish settlement about five miles to the eastward, where shelter and food were given them by the inhabitants; that the officers remained at the hotels, spending money freely, and appearing to have their pockets full; and that the train on which I arrived had brought several cases of muskets and sabres, which were promptly seized by the United States officials on the watch for them, and sent back by the next train to Burlington, greatly to the disgust of the Fenians, who were consulting the village lawyers as to the possibility of regaining their weapons by civil process. I heard also that the United States regulars who arrived just before me proceeded soon after to the frontier at Swanton, where the railroad crosses the boundary, leaving only a small company for guard duty at St. Albans.

Precisely at noon, the train from Montreal bound for Boston passed through. I noticed General Spear and Colonel Brown in close conversation at the station, and observed that the latter officer wrote a hasty note on a leaf torn from his pocket-book, which he gave to a young Fenian, whom I took for an orderly, but learned later to be a major, and who took passage in the train southward.

At six I was at the station, and mingling with the motley crowd of curious citizens, shabby Fenians, busy *employés* of the line, bustling United States officials, grim soldiers guarding piles of confiscated arms, and waiting travellers, which filled the

platform. I chatted as we waited, pacing up and down with the Fenian Colonel Brown; and could not help noticing a tendency on his part to linger and delay at the southern end of the platform, from which the expected train might first be seen. At length the harsh whistle gave warning of its approach; and we stood — Colonel Brown, another correspondent, and I — at the lower end of the platform, as the locomotive came in sight around a curve about half a mile distant. From the baggage-car there tumbled, suddenly, while the train was yet going at full speed, a long brown object.

“A man killed!” exclaimed my fellow-journalist. “Not a bit of it,” responded Brown, as another long box and a plump bale followed the first, and a dozen men leaped, regardless of risk to life and limb, from the cars, and hurried away the baggage which had been thrown overboard. There was no mystery about this to us who saw it. The messenger sent south by the down train had borne warning of the vigilance of the United States officials, and a hint to the upward-bound Fenians as to how to evade it, which had been skilfully acted upon.

“I wish to Heaven there were five hundred muskets instead of those two boxes!” said Colonel Brown, under his breath, as he clapped his hands with delight that his orders had been obeyed so shrewdly; and then I knew that even the small force yet assembled was not provided with arms, and that I should not miss a forward movement by a two days’ stay in Montreal. The train came to a stop at the station; the honest old marshal proceeded to search the freight-cars for articles contraband of war; a hundred Fenians or so left the cars, and mingled with the crowd, on the platform.

I passed at Swanton the white tents just pitched of the battalion of United States regulars; passed Rouse's Point just as the sun was setting on one of the loveliest lakes in the world; passed at St. John's — there it was too dark to see them — the camps of the Canadian volunteers, who flocked to the station to hear the news, and were garrulous with absurd stories of the numbers and bloodthirstiness of the Fenians crossing the border; passed with deafening and long protracted rumble through the blacker darkness of the Victoria Bridge; passed, as I wearily threaded the streets of Montreal soon after midnight, dozens of newsboys still selling extras of the morning papers with confused news from Ridgeway of the battle of the morning; passed little knots of people standing in doorways, regardless of the hour, to compare opinions as to the invasion; and made my way with tired haste to the bedroom assigned me at the principal inn of the city, St. Lawrence Hall.

I have said that there was very great excitement in Montreal. There was nothing like panic there, however; or perhaps I arrived too late for that, for every successive despatch which came in from the west on Sunday brought new assurance that the invaders had lost their foothold on the Niagara frontier, and the opinion hourly gained ground that the danger was entirely at an end. There seemed to be great unanimity of enthusiasm in rallying to the common defence, and the only Fenian demonstration I saw during the day was made by two crazy-looking Irishmen, who growled out their sympathies audibly, and were only saved from summary vengeance at the popular hands by the interposition of the police, who hustled them off to jail. The volunteer companies which came out on parade were finely drilled, and made an excellent

appearance in their bright, clean uniforms. Monday brought no fresh news from any quarter; the excitement died away into dulness; a drenching rain prevented any sight-seeing expedition; and at length I determined to return to St. Albans, to see whether my sanguine Fenian friends had indeed abandoned all hope on the failure of their first body, and begun to scatter for home. I left Montreal at three, caught a glimpse in passing of the wet but cheerful militiamen in bivouac at St. John's, and arrived at St. Albans again at about seven o'clock.

The excitement there was very far from being over, and the village presented an animated scene worth taking a long ride to see. The force of regulars had been very largely increased, so that their encampment now quite covered the common; and a fine brass band accompanied the battalion, and was playing popular airs to a large assembly of citizens, soldiers, and Fenians. "The Wearing of the Green" appeared to be especially in favor with the mixed audience, and was applauded to the echo. Fellow-correspondents who had remained in the town informed me that several battalions of Fenians had arrived since my departure, that the number now at Fairfield was estimated at from one to two thousand, that no special incident had yet occurred, and that a movement of some kind was to be made that very night.

I soon ascertained that the movement was simply a transfer of the hungry Fenians from Fairfield, which they had entirely eaten out, to a point called East Highgate, nearer the border. I learned also that discontent and impatience had begun to appear among the men, and that a council of war had been held at one of the St. Albans hotels, at which the abandonment of the enterprise had been discussed, but its

prosecution to the bitter end decided upon. The next day, however, seemed to be one of great uncertainty. It was generally stated that General Spear purposed to go out to the bivouac with his officers, and make an immediate movement into Canada. Finding that he had engaged horses and wagons to convey him to the border, I also engaged a team with the intent to accompany the invasion; but hour after hour passed away without a departure, and it became evident that somebody or something was still waited for.

I improved the time by conversing with Fenian officers, who grew communicative as the hour for action drew near. They told me that the plan of the campaign contemplated a simultaneous movement upon Canada at several points, by an army—well organized, drilled, armed, and fully supplied with ammunition—of fifty thousand men. The right wing, under General Spear, moving from St. Albans, was to consist of thirteen thousand. The immediate objective point was Montreal; the ultimate object, the possession of the whole of Canada. Fenian officers had traversed the whole country within two months, most accurate and minute plans and charts had been made, soundings of all rivers had been recorded, secret organizations throughout Canada were ready to respond to the first call from the proper quarter. Reliance was to be made upon the country for horses and for supplies. The full number of men were ready for the fray; money was plenty in the treasury; arms and ammunition had been purchased. Only a few weapons had been sent to the frontier in advance, no interference on the part of the national authorities with the transportation being looked for; and so the prompt action of the officials, in seizing arms at the first sound of trouble, had thrown every-

thing into confusion. No amount of strategy had been able to bring through any considerable amount of arms; the movement of men had consequently been stopped, and the men already arrived were clamorous for action. It was impossible to feed them on American soil; and a movement into Canada, for only a short distance, was probable, on the ground that the men would be safer from molestation there, more contented, and could supply themselves with food without the trouble of paying for it. No movement of more than a few miles would be made until arms, ammunition, and reinforcements came up.

This, and much more than this, was told me by Fenian officers; but I have only set down here what was said in all sincerity, and what I believe to be trustworthy. Tuesday, as I have said, had no special excitement. Every train brought Fenians, regular soldiers, newspaper correspondents, and Montreal papers with "reliable accounts from St. Albans" to the effect that the force near there consisted of five thousand well-armed men. Officers of Sweeney's staff began to arrive singly and in couples, among them Lieutenant-Colonel Tresilyan, an accomplished engineer officer, who marched to the sea with Sherman; Colonel Rundell, chief of ordnance, who served, I believe, with John Morgan, the confederate raider; and other men of military experience and reputation, whose presence on such an errand it was hard to explain on any consistent theory.

By the evening train from the westward came the arch fillibuster, General Sweeney himself, and at once the excitement began to rise again. The commander stopped at the Weldon House, and his every movement between his chamber and the dining-room was watched by curious throngs. Sweeney had the air, features,

and dress of a revolutionary conspirator,— a tall, grave man, with long, black hair, speculative eyes, dignified and reserved, and wearing an army hat and a coat covered with frogs and cording. His room was the scene of a protracted council of war during the evening.

The next morning, Wednesday, June 6, it was evident that something was to be done. Fenian officers bustled to and fro between the hotels with unusual activity; and, as the day wore on, many of them discarded the rather shabby black and gray garments they had worn hitherto, and appeared in bright blue coats and waistcoats with brass buttons,— the relics of their service in the South. Teams were again engaged at the stables to convey the officers to the line; and my friend Colonel R—— informing me that a movement this time was certain, he and I jointly secured a horse and covered carriage, and, packing under the seat his pistols, his luggage, and a bundle of sandwiches for our mutual refreshment, set out at about three o'clock in what we both pronounced the most comfortable manner, for a warlike expedition, in our experience.

As we hurried to overtake the army, passing small squads of cheerful Fenians moving up, and about equal numbers of disconsolate Fenians moving down, a savage storm, such as only mountain regions know, burst over our heads. The roads were execrable; we were constantly fording torrents; our carriage was no protection; and we were soon both wet to the skin. Every house, barn, and shed sheltered scores of Fenians, who had been driven from the road by the rain to the nearest cover. Determined to reach headquarters before coming to a halt, we urged our cowering horse through the drenching storm for more than an hour, the number of forlorn invaders whom we passed

growing greater with every mile we rode. At last we reached the village of Franklin, fourteen miles north-east of St. Albans, two miles south of the Canadian border, twelve miles east of the railroad. Here, at a little rustic hotel, General Mahan had established the headquarters of the Irish Republic for the night; and here we consigned our reeking horse to the care of the stable-boy, and did our best to make ourselves comfortable in spite of our soaked condition.

Brigadier-General John W. Mahan, commanding, for the present, the invading column, was a round, florid little Irishman, perhaps thirty years old, with tightly curling black hair, smooth, rosy cheeks, and a crisp little mustache. He had served as major in a Massachusetts Irish regiment, and owed his commission there and his present high position, not to any military ability, but to a certain taking way with the lower classes,—a gift of blarney, which commanded the affections of his countrymen in Boston, gave him much influence in an Irish ward, and elected him twice to the Legislature. He was a regular speaker at Democratic mass-meetings where the Hibernian element was to be won over, and prominent in the movement for making eight hours a legal day's work. In his present place he was liked by most of the men, and held in hearty contempt by many of the officers, who considered a local politician out of place commanding cultivated veteran soldiers. He had more enthusiasm for "the cause" than any of them, however, and retained it longer.

About one half the Fenians who were swarming about Franklin, and who began, as the rain ceased, to come out of their covers, were armed, some with muskets with long, gleaming bayonets, others with breech-loading carbines, some with sabres only, some with

revolvers only. The officers very generally carried revolvers at their waists. The spirits of the men rose visibly as they came near the Canada border and were permitted to brandish their weapons openly, and the prevailing tone among them was that of cheerfulness; while the officers, though they strove to keep merry countenances, became more and more despondent as they saw the lack of arms, and as the statement circulated that not more than one or two pounds of ammunition per man had yet been provided.

I visited the village stores to procure some ink for the evening's writing; and, chatting with the assembled townsmen, found they did not extend to the Fenians the sympathy I had noted at St. Albans. They said they were connected, by every tie of family, business, and social relationship, with their neighbors over the border; they knew that trouble would follow this wild and foolish invasion; and they wondered that the government was about to permit these men to march through their streets, boldly displaying their weapons, and avowing their intentions to make war upon a friendly people.

By prompt action Colonel R—— had secured a room, the landlord's own apartment, for our joint lodging; and he being anxious to sleep, and I to write, we ensconced ourselves in it quite early. We had one visitor during the evening, who deserves special mention,—a bit of romance flashing in upon the prosaic absurdity of the Fenian campaign like a comet. Colonel R—— introduced him as Colonel Contri, commanding the cavalry in the advance, and I remember having heard of him as a foreign officer who served under Stewart and Ashby, as leader of a regiment in the war of Secession. He was a small, lithe fellow, of graceful movements, and handsome

Italian face, with pathetic, liquid eyes and pale complexion. His taste for the picturesque was manifest in his costume, which consisted of enormous jack-boots reaching to his hips, loose gray velveteen trousers, a braided hussar's jacket of dark blue, a jaunty fatigue cap, a green sash as a Fenian badge, and a belt bristling with two large revolvers and a clanking sabre. In appearance the brigand of the poets, his record is brimful of adventure and revolution. He cannot be more than twenty-eight years old, yet he has fought with Garibaldi in half-a-dozen campaigns, and held a responsible position in the army which liberated Sicily in 1859; he galloped and fought all over Virginia, on the losing side, between 1861 and 1865; he was at the head of the advance-guard of this most forlorn of forlorn hopes, the Irish Republican army; and I presume at this writing he is hastening across the Atlantic to aid his old leader in liberating Venetia.

Carefully closing the door behind him, he inquired of R——:

“Tell me truly, — I make all sorts of stories for my men, of course, — tell me truly, how are matters going at the west?”

He was given a brief account of the results of the affair at Fort Erie; remarked that he very much thought this invasion would come to a like conclusion; casually stated that he was “cleared out,” having expended his last fifty dollars the previous day to obtain a ration for his regiment, which was ready to mutiny from starvation; seated himself at my table to scribble a note to his sweetheart or wife; and dashed me off, as he wrote, in piquant broken English, the history of the campaign of 1859, when Garibaldi rode a mule, and the rest of the officers of the army made their marches on foot.

Knowing my character of correspondent, Colonel Contri gave me the latest news from the front. "My regiment is in some ferns about half a mile from the frontier: we wait for orders. I have sent one lieutenant and six men across the boundary with these orders: to observe the country; to send one man back, if anything happens, to tell me; and to come back in the morning, all mounted, and with one best horse for myself.

Thus the invasion of Canada began. The Colonel, disdainful to avail himself of the comforts of the hotel, clattered down the stairs, and trudged through the mud back to his own men; and looking out to light him down, I saw the corners of the passage-ways filled with straw to accommodate snoring Fenians, and soon after sought slumber myself.

I expected an immediate order for a general movement into Canada, but none came; and I was informed that General Spear's arrival was waited for. During the delay, men who had spent the night in the barns south of the village were constantly passing through to join the Fenian main body, a short distance north. At about nine o'clock a double wagon from the St. Albans livery-stable drove up, bringing General Spear and several staff officers, all wearing side arms. General Spear had bruised a finger, and bathed it with liniment while he stayed at the hotel, but gave the order at once, upon his arrival, for the "right wing," composing his command, to move "forward into the enemy's country." A staff officer stated, in answer to my inquiries, that there was nothing new at St. Albans; and that the party had left there before day-break, and had been delayed by frequent halts to cheer on the loiterers by the way. General Spear seemed very uneasy during the half-hour spent at Franklin, and dejectedly said, "Let us get into Canada:

then I shall be comfortable." Just as the teams for the conveyance of the generals were brought to the door, the glitter of bayonets became visible, a few hundred yards distant on the road to the southward; a rumor was started of the coming of United States troops to intercept the movement; Generals Spear and Mahan drove off at a rapid pace to the border; and Colonel R—— ran to our room, and hammered at the door for admission to get rid of his criminating pistols. I was not there, however; and before I could be found the new-comers had proved to be an unusually well armed party of Fenians, and the first panic had subsided.

About half an hour after the departure of the commanders, our horse was harnessed, and Colonel R—— and I again started with our faces to the northward. A guide-post a short distance beyond Franklin bore the single word, "CANADA," and seemed to be accepted by officers and men as a cheering omen. The road was full of Fenians, an increasing proportion of them armed as we got nearer the front. There were also many citizens of Vermont, actuated only by curiosity, going on foot and in carts to the border to see the crossing. The whole, albeit, seemed so exquisitely absurd, and our own method of conveyance — going to war in a covered carriage — so appropriately incongruous, that the spirits of my companion were raised by the contemplation, and we laughed and jested over the ludicrous aspect of affairs right merrily. By a barn, a hundred yards south of the boundary, were grouped around some pots and kettles the hundred men, with a dozen carbines, who constituted Colonel R——'s cavalry regiment. The officer in command explained, in answer to the Colonel's inquiry, that some sheep had been captured

just across the line, and brought back to this point to be cooked and eaten. Colonel R—— ordered his men to hurry forward as soon as their meal was finished, and secure horses from the Canadian farmers as soon as possible. And then we left them, and drove into Canada.

About an old, deserted mill were clustered half-a-dozen small farm-houses, barns, and sheds. Close in front of one building, in the centre of the settlement, was planted in the earth an iron post, originally upright, but wrested by the frosts of many winters several degrees from the perpendicular, and inscribed, "Washington Treaty, 1815." This was all that marked the dividing line between two countries. South of this were halted the Vermont spectators, and the wagons which had brought the generals of the invading force from St. Albans,—the drivers having received instructions from the stable-keepers on no account to cross the line. At the line the road was guarded, for what purpose I know not, by an armed picket of Fenians. The Irish army, which I now saw for the first time in its entirety, was filing off the road into the meadows and orchards on either side, and going into bivouac. The different regiments marched each as a distinct body, in close column. I estimated the whole number at between one thousand and twelve hundred men, about half of them armed. A detachment were carrying on their shoulders across the boundary and up "to the front," about half a mile further on, the wooden boxes containing ammunition which had been secreted near by. Before a small house, about ten rods north of the line, floated a green flag; and to this, confident that the presence of a Fenian in my company would insure the safety of my horse, I drove the only team which crossed from Vermont into Canada during the Fenian invasion.

The house proved to be Colonel Contri's headquarters; the flag, that of his regiment, gilded with the harp and sun-burst, the motto "Væ Victis," and the information that it was a gift "from the ladies" (meaning the Irish servant-girls) "of Malden, Massachusetts." Contri himself was busy disengaging a horse — a great improvement on his first capture — from the buggy of an astonished rustic, who had supposed himself to be the owner of it, and saddling and bridling the steed for his own riding. The horse was quite as much bewildered as his owner, and kicked and plunged, when pressed by a kind of harness to which he was unused, in a way which would have unseated any but an accomplished rider. The Colonel, however, soon obtained the mastery, and, shouting to me that he had taken one prisoner, galloped off to resume his place at the head of the advance.

The prisoner proved to be a gray-headed old citizen, who had been found wearing a military overcoat, and so taken into custody. He was guarded very closely by a heavily armed and self-important sentry, but retained his coolness, and informed me that the garment which had got him into trouble was a coat which had been discarded by a Canadian militiaman of the force which two days before had retired from St. Armand, leaving this vicinity empty of troops for a distance of twenty miles. The residents in the house were also taking events with wonderful composure, and busy cooking dinner for their visitors.

The general headquarters, I was told, were in a red house plainly visible, about half a mile north of the frontier. I left my horse with Colonel R——, and visited this point on foot, meeting on the way an enthusiastic Fenian, who announced to his comrades that a reward of one hundred dollars had been offered

to the captor of the first of the enemy's flags. At head-quarters — where also the inhabitants were busy cooking dinner for their guests — sat Generals Spear and Mahan, amid a heap of flags, field-glasses, maps, pistols, whiskey-flasks, sabres, and other military surroundings. General Mahan wished me to say to the public that "the army was in Canada, and the word was Montreal." General Spear informed me that scouting parties, with the half-dozen horses captured thus far, were scouring the country for more horses, and that he should in a short time resume the northward march, and sent a message to Colonel Brown, urging the hurrying forward of arms, shot, and ammunition; while a Hibernian staff officer took me aside, and told me, confidentially, that he was the person who had offered the reward just mentioned, and that he wished his name and rank given correctly in the papers.

Feeling sure that events were over for the day, I delayed no longer in Canada, but returned to my team, bade farewell to Colonel R——, and drove as rapidly as possible back to St. Albans to send my despatches.

The twenty-four hours during which I had been absent had wrought a great change at the base of supplies. Fenians were invisible, and Fenian sympathizers beginning to change their tone very notably. I soon learned that at midnight a file of United States soldiers had arrested General Sweeney, in his room at the Weldon House, where he still remained, with his adjutant, in close military custody; that a similar descent had been made upon General Spear's room at the Tremont House, that officer only escaping by way of the roof, and injuring his hand while clambering down; that the number of regular troops on the

green had been increased by new arrivals; and that the President had issued a proclamation, posted all about St. Albans, directing the rigid enforcement of the neutrality laws.

While writing my despatches at the telegraph office, I observed a number of Fenian officers and men taking their places in a very quiet and unobtrusive manner in the train bound south, and knew that the rats had already begun to quit the sinking ship. Among the departures were two of the ablest officers of Sweeney's staff, Americans and experienced soldiers both, whom I had seen at Franklin in the morning. They could not be going south with orders from their commander; for at the door of his room was posted a strong guard of regulars, with orders to permit neither egress nor ingress, nor communication of any kind with the prisoner.

The next day I did not go the front, but remained at St. Albans, relying upon receiving the news by the arrivals of every hour or two. The United States Commissioner from Burlington arrived during the morning, and an examination of General Sweeney took place, at which representatives of the press were not admitted. We were informed at its close that the General's bail had been fixed at twenty thousand dollars; that he had telegraphed to Roberts at New York (not being aware of that person's arrest) to send up bondsmen; and that until their arrival he would be held, as before, in strict military custody. The United States Marshal received a despatch from a deputy at Burlington, announcing the discovery there of a car-load of ammunition, and replied by telegraph, ordering its immediate seizure. The forenoon had no other incidents.

The news which reached us from the army across the

border confirmed my expectation that there would be little worth recording there. Each successive arrival reported that head-quarters remained where I had left them, in the Eckles House, within gunshot of the boundary; that foraging parties, sent out without organization or system, were ravaging the country, stealing all they could lay their hands on; that one of these parties had fired a few shots at a mounted picket at Frelisburgh, about four miles in the interior; that they had found a flag in the custom-house there, and hung it before head-quarters "the green above the red;" and that the men were losing their confidence in the campaign, and beginning to return in couples and squads.

Later in the afternoon Colonel Brown returned from a visit to the front, and boldly hung from his window in the Tremont House, for public inspection, a large red flag, with the red cross of St. George in the corner. Calling on him to obtain the news, I assured him that such foolish bravado would result in his immediate arrest; and the trophy was immediately pulled into the room. Several Irishmen who were there begged pieces of it, which were torn off and given them. Brown spoke cheerfully of the aspect of affairs, and said, so far from its being difficult to communicate with Sweeney, he himself had spent half an hour with him the night before. He had passed the sleeping officer of the guard and the wakeful but sympathizing sentries without difficulty, had borne his chief the latest news, and had received from him advice and money. The officer awoke when he left the room, but proved to be an old friend, and said nothing about the matter.

Soon after this, on my way to the telegraph office, I met a correspondent of a Canadian newspaper, — the

only one at St. Albans, — who introduced himself, and begged to share my conveyance to the front next day. We fraternized at once, as journalists on such missions will, and I promised to carry him to the line and across the line, presenting him to the Fenian commanders if necessary, under an assumed name, as the delegate of a New York paper. He invited me to his room at the Weldon House; and I was surprised, on reaching the apartment, to find that it was, not only next door to the quarters of General Sweeney, still rigidly guarded by a platoon of soldiers, but that an orifice, intended originally for the passage of a stove-pipe, pierced the partition wall between the two rooms. It was close to the ceiling, and we could hear through it only a low murmur of voices, evidently those of General Sweeney and Colonel Meehan, his fellow-prisoner and adjutant-general. I arranged with my Canadian comrade for an early departure for the field the next morning, and promised to call on Colonel Brown for something in the nature of a safeguard, to insure us from the loss of our horse at the hands of strolling Fenians. When we left the room I observed that my friend did not lock his door, and was informed that he had never been provided with a key.

When I called at the room where, two hours before, I had left Colonel Brown at the Tremont House, the Hibernian inmates informed me that they knew nothing at all of his whereabouts; but when I stated my errand, assuring them confidentially that it was “all right,” and insisting firmly that I must see him, one of them went off for instructions, and, returning, conducted me to a little room in an obscure corner of the house, where the Colonel was in hiding from the expected officers of the law. He was writing by the

flaring light of a little fluid lamp a note which, when completed, he read aloud to me. I took, of course, no notes; but as nearly as I can remember the epistle ran as follows:—

“ST. ALBANS, June 8.

“GENERAL SPEAR: I find matters here dark indeed. The ammunition upon which we depended so much has been seized to-day at Burlington. The men who have deserted are sent home free by the United States government, on signing a pledge to abandon Fenianism forever. It is now impossible to communicate with General Sweeney, as the guard over him has been doubled, and nothing can be done with the officers. It seems to me that there must be brains enough in this movement to devise an honorable and brilliant mode of leaving Canada, if, indeed, nothing better remains. In whatever is decided upon by yourself, you will find a faithful and devoted assistant in

“JOHN H. BROWN.”

“I can communicate with General Sweeney,” said I, when the reading was concluded. “Write whatever you wish to say to him, and I will answer for the immediate delivery of the letter.”

Colonel Brown wished an explanation of the means at my disposal, which I gave him; on reflection, he said he would send nothing to the prisoner that night, as he had only gloomy tidings to tell; but while he wrote the pass which was the object of my call, a messenger entered, who, it seemed, had previously been intrusted with a letter or report to Sweeney from Spear. He had endeavored to get this into the hands of the former by the agency of the sympathizing servant-girls who carried him his meals, but had

been unable to accomplish it, owing to the vigilance of the guard; and so the document was given to me.

The paper which was given me as a safeguard may have some interest to the reader. I have preserved it as a relic, and here it is:—

“ST. ALBANS, JUNE 8, 1866.

“Soldiers of the T. R. A. will not molest the bearer, as he is a friend,—this order subject to the action of the provost-marshal.

“J. H. BROWN,
Lieut.-Col., 3d Cav., T. R. A.”

The delivery of my packet was a very simple matter. I exchanged a greeting with the guard as I entered the empty room of my Canadian friend; lighted the gas; clambered on the mantel-shelf; threw the letter through the stovepipe hole; heard it fall upon the floor; wondered what would be my fortune if one of the officers in charge of Sweeney should happen to be in the room at the moment; heard one of the prisoners read the document aloud to the other; waited long enough to see that no answer was to be looked for; and then found my new acquaintance down stairs, and jested with him over the aid and comfort which his room had enabled me to give to the enemy.

We were awakened soon after sunrise on the morning of Saturday for our expedition across the border; and, notwithstanding the persuasions of a demoralized Fenian colonel, who had arrived during the night, and proclaimed that the whole enterprise was abandoned, and the army of invasion following close at his heels, we set off at about seven o'clock. Our equipage consisted of a stout pair of horses, an open wagon with seats for four, and a driver sent from

the stable with secret orders not to venture across the border.

We amused ourselves on the road by counting the straggling Fenians, without arms, whom we met going southward. There were about a hundred and fifty of them, beside an uncountable crowd estimated to number as many more, who swarmed about the village of East Highgate. On inquiry we found that this party comprised the regiment commanded by the officer who had reached St. Albans the night before, and that they were constantly debating whether to follow their colonel to the rear, or to choose a new commander and return to the front.

As we neared the boundary, it became evident that the story of a general retreat had been only premature. We met officers and men, armed and unarmed, alike pushing sullenly to the southward. One party had four or five good horses, which they led along, and vainly strove to sell at any price to the citizens along the road. Many of the men had bound about their bodies blankets and quilts, evidently the spoil of rustic households on the Canada side. Just upon the brow of the hill which overlooked the village on the line, we encountered a large group of men, all well armed, and, plodding along in the midst of them, Colonel Contri, his dress and equipments as picturesque as ever, but his dashing manner all gone, and his handsome eyes filled with tears.

As he recognized me, he came up, and grasped my hand; and when I asked the news, replied in a broken voice:—

“I cannot tell you—what has happened. I—think—I—am—crazy.”

Then he beckoned me aside, and inquired, every word a victory over a sob:—

“Do you think I will be arrested when I go through St. Albans? I will leave my arms, and go very quietly, but I have only my uniform to wear.”

I gave him the best advice in my power, and then, leaving the driver in charge of the wagon in a yard by the roadside, my companion and I hurried forward on foot to see the evacuation. It was going on, indeed. A dense, disorderly crowd filled the road between the boundary and head-quarters, all moving towards the American side, and the men firing off their pieces at random in a reckless manner, which put in peril the lives of themselves and the lookers-on. A beautiful cream-colored colt, made frantic by the noise of the musketry, was galloping about, and twice I saw deadly muzzles presented at his head, and his life only saved by the interference of Fenian officers.

A little in advance of one group came General Spear, his sword borne over his shoulder, trudging wearily, and covered with dust. He, too, was almost in tears, and his utterance trembled with emotion as he said, in response to our greeting:—

“Gentlemen, this is my rear-guard. We have had no arms, no ammunition, no reinforcements. My men refused to stay with me longer, but I cannot blame them.”

General Mahan came after, with his green flag wrapped in a newspaper under his arm, breathing oaths against the government which had interfered and spoiled the campaign. He gave us a rapid history of events—continued skirmishing at Frelisburg, the capture of three more flags there, despair following the news of the seizure at Burlington, intelligence of the approach of British troops in force, a council of war, the men ready to mutiny, a retreat at last decided upon.

"We are not going to give it up yet," said the General: "we are going to keep our arms, and join the army at Malone"; and many of the men re-echoed his determination. There was less despondency among the retreating body than I expected to see. Some shouted "Eastport" and "Bull Run" as they crossed the line; others swore bitterly that they never again would fight for the United States government; while many sang "The Irish Volunteer," or whistled "The Wearing of the Green," as they marched, to keep up the spirits of their fellows.

The confidential staff officer who had offered the reward for the flag informed me that he had paid the amount stipulated to his friend, Colonel Tresilyan, who hoisted the captured banner before head-quarters. I perceived at once that this was a trick to avoid a payment which could hardly have been expected as circumstances had turned out. The egotistic *aide* also wished me to understand that he purposed to see every man safely across the boundary, and to be himself the last to leave Canadian soil, and again remarked that he desired to see his name and rank given correctly in print.

In return for his news, we offered General Mahan a seat in our wagon, which he gladly accepted; and so we rode slowly along, parting the crowd of Fenians on foot, until we overtook the head-quarters of the right wing. This consisted of a group of officers sitting on the grass by the roadside, General Spear being the central figure. Our passenger proposed to change places with his superior officer, and General Spear heavily climbed into the wagon. The staff officers, whose orderlies seemed to have deserted them in the hour of need, thrust upon us the luggage with which they were loaded down, consisting of carpet-bags,

sabres, and overcoats, with the request to carry it to Franklin for them. After we had proceeded some distance, I discovered in the mass a home-made bed-comforter, which evidently did not accompany the Fenians into Canada, though they brought it out with them. I suggested that we were not bound by any law of courtesy to assist in the transportation of such booty as this; and the driver and I tossed it overboard while General Spear was talking.

"Gentlemen," said he, slowly and sadly, as we trotted over the rough road, my companion doing his duty under difficulties, by taking the words down in shorthand between the jolts, "this is the severest blow of my life. I gave up, to go into this enterprise, my commission in the regular army,—one of the best positions that a man could desire,—and now it has proved a failure. I lay no blame at the door of General Sweeney. I believe him to be faithful, a gentleman and a soldier. But the head-centres of the States have not kept their promises. I was to have for this right wing twenty-one regiments of infantry and five of cavalry, each five hundred strong, making twenty-six thousand men; and with half this force, properly armed, I could have swept through Canada, taking every fort. I am still ready to give my all to the cause if future efforts are to be made."

Just here the speaker was interrupted by a buggy approaching from the southward, driven by Colonel Livingstone, commanding the detachment of United States regulars which had been stationed at Swanton, on the border. In obedience to a sign from the American officer, the Fenian officer left our wagon, taking his sword with him, and murmuring, "At least I am a gentleman, and shall behave like a gentleman." The two held a long conversation together, sitting apart

on the grass, while we waited patiently for results. Meanwhile General Mahan and the rest passed by, looking askance at the epaulettes of the United States officer, but unmolested by him. At length we resumed our journey to Franklin, General Spear and Colonel Livingstone riding down together. At the stopping-place, I asked the former if he was under arrest, and he replied that he was not, but had given his word of honor to report to the commander at St. Albans.

I found Franklin in the midst of its last excitement, probably, for the present century at least. Crowds of Fenians swarmed about every building in the village. In one the last surgeon was extracting the ball from the back of the only man wounded in the random firing of the retreat. Fenians and villagers were driving a brisk trade in guns, sabres, and bayonets, which were readily sold by the returning invaders at the most absurdly low prices. Silver forks and spoons, bed-clothing, Canadian money, and other commodities, evidently unlawfully obtained, were also freely offered; but these were regarded suspiciously by the Franklin people, and found few purchasers. Noticing an unusual crowd in one portion of the village, I found it was Colonel Contri's regiment taking leave of its commander. The Italian's eyes poured forth tears copiously as he embraced each of his men in succession, and some of the less demonstrative Irish were crying, while all shouted in discordant tumult, "He is the best officer in this army." "He has not lain drunk about the hotels; he has stayed with his men." "Good by, Colonel, darling," and so forth. Ten minutes after I met the Colonel in the inn, his face still bathed in tears, and he inquired, "Did you see my parting with my regiment?" in a manner which suggested that, if I had

not observed the scene, he was quite willing to go through it again for my edification.

I returned to St. Albans at once, and remained there two days longer. I saw and chronicled there the arrival of General Meade; the departure, by special trains, of the Fenian army, — each man paroled to abandon the unlawful enterprise, and the passage of each paid by the government; the release upon parole of Generals Sweeney and Spear; the excitement springing from false stories, set on foot by Fenians, that the British troops had invaded American territory in their pursuit of stragglers. I need not go into these matters in detail; and so the story of the invasion of Canada is complete.

V.

STORIES.

STORIES.

A FRESHMAN'S ROMANCE.

A BOSTON STORY.

FRED KINGSTON is in his Senior year. He looks back upon the callow days of his Freshman era as he might look at a portrait of himself bald-headed and in long clothes, and considers himself a least a hundred years older in wisdom than at the time of the romance which followed his entering college. Indeed, he has advanced quite as rapidly in many kinds of knowledge which do not appear in the pamphlet catalogues as in the regular studies of his course, and carries himself in all kinds of society with the graceful serenity of a man of the world. Enthusiasm is an unknown emotion to him, and his heart does not quicken its beats more than once a year, when he greets the annual victory on the Quinsigamond course with the "'rah, 'rah, 'rah" of his university. He criticises the points of a woman with languid indifference, and looks out a field for flirtation during the lazy weeks that follow class-day as regularly as he chooses the cloth for his summer suit, and with the same delicate and fastidious taste. But I am not sure that he is a better fellow, or even that he holds himself in higher esteem, than when, fresh from the New Hampshire valleys where his

boyhood had been spent, he plunged with a hearty delight, that did not disdain to show itself, into the multitude of new experiences to which his proximity to a great city introduced him.

That he did not get into serious mischief in those wild, jolly days was not due so much to the protection and advice of the cousin, two or three classes ahead of him, who had consented to take the lad as a room-mate and look out for him, as to Fred's own hard Yankee sense, and the thoroughly grounded principles of the essentials of morality which he owed to the teachings of his mother. In fact, Chester Bennett was less a mentor than a tormentor to the youngster. He snubbed and patronized Kingston, as he felt in the humor; lent him no aid against the hazing invasions which made the first years at Cambridge a period of misery; and generally treated the boy in such a fashion as to teach him the virtue of self-reliance. It was in an exceptional freak of good-nature, therefore, that he invited the Freshman to accompany him to the Winthrop Lyceum, on the evening from which dates the beginning of Fred Kingston's first romance, with Bessie Grey, *comédienne*, as its heroine.

Kingston was crude enough in such matters as not to enjoy the tragedy with which the programme began, and *naïf* enough to say so. The star actor, whose every tone and gesture was applauded to the echo, seemed to him a mere stentorian mangler of Shakespeare, whose art deserved no commendation, because it did not pattern after nature. To be sure, he himself, as his companion argued to him, had never seen anybody under the harrowing circumstances which surrounded the hero of the play, and therefore should not pretend to superior knowledge; but Fred stoutly maintained

that common-sense only was needed to perceive that a youth passionately in love with a maiden remarkably ready to jump into his arms would not express his emotion by capering about the stage, and running up and down the gamut in his inflections, as did the stalwart Romeo whom they saw and heard. As to the lady of the balcony, Kingston declared that it was an outrage upon all taste for any Juliet to thrust herself in the place of a fellow's ideal with a row of false curls plastered down to her eyebrows, and a palpable circle of dark paint under her eyes. In this Bennett to some extent agreed with him, though he urged in extenuation that the actress was old enough to be Juliet's grandmother, and that she had been cast in Lady Macbeth the night before, and had identified herself with the character so completely that its sepulchral tones yet lingered in her voice. Thus the evening passed rather tamely, though the younger student found some relief in laughing at the extravagances of Peter and the Apothecary with a boyish glee which made the impassive Senior uneasy, and caused some of the still more *blasé* theatre-goers to look at the youngster with envy. At last the green curtain fell, a long row of slaughtered *dramatis personæ* scrambling to their feet before it had fairly touched the stage.

"Well, old fellow, shall we go, or stay for the farce, and run our chance of hitting the last car?" said Bennett, consulting his watch, and yawning with a relish.

"I'm not particular," said Kingston. "Shall we snap up for it?"

It was the fashion that week in one or two sets at Cambridge to decide all doubtful matters, important or trivial, by the toss of a coin; so one of the young

men held his hat, crown upward, while the other flipped a cent, and in obedience to its decision they remained; and so Fred Kingston saw Bessie Grey.

He was laughing with his accustomed heartiness over the clever acting of the popular comedian, when, in response to that gentleman's frantic ring, the chambermaid of the "Fig and Trumpeter" emerged from the canvas door of that hostelry; and Fred Kingston's laugh stopped half finished in his throat, never to be completed till he was able to resume it with a smile at himself months after. A slight ripple of applause greeted the actress as she entered, and Chester Bennett whispered:—

"Bessie Grey. She is getting to be something of a favorite."

Fred, if he heard the remark, made no reply. He ran his fingers through his yellow curls, as he always did in those days when moved, and levelled his opera-glass at the apparition which had taken his breath away.

It was a demure yet piquant little damsel, seemingly no further advanced in her teens than the freshman himself, modestly dressed as the sister he had left in his rural home, with none of the artificial charms to which his brief acquaintance with the stage had already accustomed him, but with a witchery such as he had never met in mimic or in actual life. Eyes which danced as naturally as her feet, veiled by long lashes needing no circle of paint to heighten their brilliant effect, and lips pointing with sauciness and wit, but yet wonderfully suggestive of innocence and purity, were, perhaps, the *soubrette's* most beautiful features. But there was no inharmonious element to mar the symmetrical curves of her face; and in countenance and figure and bearing there was a nameless

fascination which set this young fellow's heart thumping against his waistcoat till he was fain to press his hand upon the place to keep it quiet. Fred watched her with thirsty eyes as she twinkled about the stage, listened with hungry ears to her birdlike share in the dialogue, and to her clear tones as she sung the simple ballad, "Five o'clock in the morning," which a greater songstress had made popular, but which sounded now a hundred-fold more thrilling to Fred Kingston's ears than when he had heard Parepa sing it the week before. He wiped his swimming eyes as "the old, old story was told again"; and in short, long before the climax of the farce was reached, and the hasty hundred hurried from their seats "to be out before the crowd," the lad was deeply in love with a girl whom he had never seen before, and of whom he knew nothing more than her lovely face, her dainty hand, her sweet voice, and her name — possibly assumed — on a play-bill.

"By Jove!" he broke out, when the glare of the street lamps and the cool air of the night had dispelled the trance which had bound him. "She is the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

"You are not ass enough to mean that white-washed old Juliet!" cried Chester Bennett, — who never used a smooth word when a rough one would answer his purpose as well.

"Pshaw!" said Kingston. "Of course I can mean nobody but Miss Grey."

"Miss Grey? O, you mean Bessie Grey, in the farce. Yes, she is pretty enough, seen across the footlights. But did you notice how horribly she flatted in that song?"

"Chess Bennett, I would not have such a musical ear as you have for an interest in Oakham," said the younger collegian. "You would find discords in the

music of the spheres. But tell me if you know anything about this Bessie Grey."

"To be sure I do, — all about her," replied Bennett, who never confessed ignorance, except to a professor. "She has only been here this season, but has played a year or two in New York. She lives with her mother, like most actresses, and supports the old woman and a little shaver of a brother on what she makes at the Lyceum. She makes great play with her eyes, and has a pretty foot; but she has not learned to act yet; and as to singing, the management ought not to let her attempt it."

"I did not ask you for criticism," said Fred, a little sulkily; and then, as they sauntered about the square waiting for the car, he began again in an off-hand manner very poorly assumed, —

"I wonder how a fellow goes to work when he wants to get acquainted with an actress off the stage."

"Nothing is easier," said his comrade. "They have a benefit every once in a while. Bessie Grey, for instance, is underlined on the bill for a benefit next week, after this star engagement is over. Then the fellows call at their house, or boarding-house, and the girl is dressed up to the nines, and the callers buy tickets, and pay a big extra bonus for the sake of getting them in that way."

"Is that really so, Chess, or are you chaffing again?"

"Word and honor, my boy. In fact, I tried it myself once, in my first year, for the lark of the thing. Called in heavy style on that delicate creature who played Juliet to-night. Gave her five dollars for an orchestra chair, to see her in 'The Octoroon.'"

Further conversation was interrupted by the arrival

of the car, and the rush to secure places. Several scores of the young men's fellow-collegians had been in town at the different theatres, and so our friends considered themselves lucky to obtain one or two square inches each of standing-room on the platforms, where the students thrust their elbows into each other's ribs, and woke the sleepers of the Port with their chorus of "Rolling Home," as the crowded vehicle rumbled through.

Chester Bennett's snores were soon rising and falling with such a regularity of rhythm and profundity of bass as would have delighted his waking ears; but his chum sought slumber in vain, for the first time in his life, and mused of the eyes and eyelashes which had bewitched him, for hours and hours of sweet unrest. At last his thoughts dissolved into dreams, still of the same beautiful face; but it seemed hardly a moment's interval before the clanging of the prayer-bell awoke him, and he caught himself murmuring, —

"And the old, old story was told again,
At five o'clock in the morning."

Next week seemed a long way off to Fred Kingston; but the interval would give him time to perfect a plan which at first thought seemed too audacious for his courage. He could have joined readily enough in an expedition to visit the worn and unattractive leading lady of the Winthrop Lyceum; but to invade the privacy of the lovely and modest little maiden of the after-piece, seemed to involve something of a sacrilege. He revolved all day in his mind the question what he should say and how he should bear himself at the critical moment of finding himself face to face with such a creature; and his recitation in *Livy* was the most imperfect since he had entered college.

The lad went to the theatre again that evening,

though, as the programme was a repetition of the last, he thought it would be useless to ask Bennett to accompany him. He bought a little bouquet, which he selected as carefully from the stock of flowers on the shop-counter as if his life depended on the choice. But when the after-piece began, and the assembly was laughing at the jests of the comedian, he thought it might embarrass the lively little creature who danced in at her cue, to receive an untimely offering; he thought he was too far from the stage to toss the gift gracefully; he thought the flowers, as he peeped at them under his coat, had withered in the close air of the theatre; he thought a thousand things which made him hesitate, until the curtain fell, and the opportunity had gone; and then he carried his flowers away with him, and dropped them tenderly off the bridge as he walked home.

As his second glimpse of his vision of enchantment had wrought no diminution in the depth of his feelings, Fred Kingston summoned up a stouter courage next day. As he brooded to himself over his new, strange thoughts, the lines sung themselves over and over again in his mind:—

“He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts too small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.”

So he tightened up his nerves to the achievement of throwing a bouquet to an actress who had received such a tribute before a hundred times in her professional career, as he might have done to charge upon a hostile battery. He missed a recitation to run in town in the morning and secure a seat suitable for his exploit; and his head was filled all day with the thoughts of what he intended to do.

"I say," he broke out to his chum, in the afternoon, "why is it that the newspapers all give long criticisms to the star actor, at the Winthrop, and none of them have a word to throw at the performances of the stock company?"

Chester Bennett illuminated the subject with a flood of wisdom, as usual: "The explanation is very simple. The criticisms in the papers amount to nothing as criticisms. They are bought and paid for with the advertisements. While this star is here, they are written by his agent and runner, and the critics are glad enough to put them in, and save writing any of them themselves, for a small consideration."

"Are you sure that is so, Chess? I used to write a paragraph about our academy exhibitions at home, and the 'Clarion' would print it; but I supposed city papers were different."

"Of course I am sure of it," said Bennett. "A friend of mine is on the 'Evening Asteroid,' and he told me how it is managed."

Then Bennett plunged into his work, and Kingston tried to give his attention to his book, while new projects of methods of testifying his adoration for Bessie Grey thrust themselves distractingly upon his imagination.

Promptly, when the overture began, Fred was in his place in the theatre, his fragrant little offering hidden beneath his coat. The play was "Richelieu," and Bessie Grey was cast for François, — the bills said, for the first time. The tragedian coughed and hummed through the opening lines of the second scene, in the conventional style; but one spectator gave little heed to him, but waited, all expectation, for the cue for the entrance of the cardinal's page. He hardly recognized his idol at first, in her flaxen wig and male

attire of black velvet; but before she spoke a throb at his heart told him it was she, and, half rising from his seat, he tossed his bouquet with an aim which inspiration seemed to render dexterous, so that it fell at Bessie Grey's feet.

The single line which the actress had to deliver paused on her lips at the unexpected interruption; the frowning tragedian frowned more fiercely than ever; and the actor who played Joseph turned sharply round and peered into the audience as if to see whence the flowers had come. But the delay was only that of an instant; François picked up the flowers with a glance toward the giver, and the merest suggestion of a bow in his direction; and in a moment more the message was delivered, and the messenger vanished to usher in the mature and aquiline Julie de Mortemar. Fred Kingston's pulse beat again; but he was made uneasy by the sinister glances of the priestly Joseph, who seemed to take his tribute as a personal offence. Presently he caught a glimpse of the lithe, graceful form of Miss Grey at the wing at the opposite side of the stage, apparently scrutinizing the audience in his neighborhood; and he exulted in the thought that she was thinking of him already, though she did not know him. He thought it possible she might wear his flowers, or one of them, in the later scenes; but when she did not, he solaced himself with the thought that such an ornament would be absurd in François, the embryo Capuchin, and gave himself up to the enjoyment of the new revelations of her beauty and grace which the evening's part exhibited.

Bessie Grey was not to appear in the after-piece; so when the drama was ended the young fellow, in almost a delirium of delicious passion, left the theatre.

He sought the cool air and comparative seclusion of the Common to cool his brain, and after pacing up and down one of its paths for a while, he betook himself to the reading-room of the nearest hotel, to carry out the second part of the programme which he had mapped out for himself. He had provided paper in his pocket; he had studied closely for a few days past the amusement columns of some of the newspapers; he was naturally a quick writer, and his subject carried its inspiration with it. In half an hour or so, and after one or two false beginnings had been crumpled up and torn to pieces, he achieved something which satisfied him. It ran in this way:—

“The impersonation of François by Miss Bessie Grey was, as we are informed by the programme, the lady’s first assumption of the part. It was a triumphant success in every particular, and elicited the warmest enthusiasm of the audience. The lady’s beauty shone out brilliantly through her masculine disguise, and her rendering of the difficult character was marked by rare excellence, thorough study, and dramatic power. Miss Grey fairly shared the honors of the evening with the tragedian himself, and we congratulate her warmly on the impression made upon the public.”

Kingston thought of adding a line of stern criticism of the performance of Joseph by Mr. Fletcher, to whom he had taken a great aversion; but he reflected that there might be some unforeseen difficulty in obtaining the publication of censure, and decided that it was best to let his eulogy stand alone. He folded the document carefully, and strode boldly through the now almost deserted streets to the office of the “Daily Disseminator.” He did not care to go to the “Asteroid,” lest Bennett’s friend might carry

the story of what he had done to his chum's ears; and he never doubted that all the papers were alike, and that Bennett's theory in regard to them was strictly correct. So he clambered up the long flights of dirty stairs to the editorial rooms, and confidently entered.

The narrow room was hot with burning gas. Half a dozen gentlemen in their shirt-sleeves sat writing at desks and tables, and cutting up sheets of tissue-paper manuscript with long scissors. The rumble of the press in the basement gave the floor a tremor beneath the visitor's feet.

"Is the dramatic critic in?" said he, after a moment's hesitation.

The scribbler nearest pointed with his left hand to a figure in the corner, while his right hand kept galloping over long strips of yellowish brown paper. Kingston approached the personage thus designated, who had tipped his chair back against the wall, and was refreshing himself with an apple and a mug of steaming coffee.

"Do you notice the theatres, sir, for the 'Disseminator'?"

"I have that pleasure," said the gentleman, rather loftily.

"I should like," said Fred, drawing up his chair so near that he could assume a confidential tone, "to have you print this, or something like it, in your notice to-morrow morning of the performance at the Lyceum."

The journalist took the manuscript, and seemed to read it at a single glance. Then he looked at Fred more carefully than he had done before, and with rather a queer expression in his eyes.

"Were you sent here by anybody with this?"

"O no, sir," said Kingston. "It is nobody's matter but my own. I shall be very happy to make it right, of course, on your own terms"; and the lad felt for his pocket-book.

"You are quite mistaken, sir," said the critic, with a fantastic flourish of his pewter mug. "This is the office of the 'Daily Disseminator.' Our praise is unbought, as our censure is unterrified. May I ask if I have not seen you at Old Cambridge?"

"It is quite possible, sir," said the Freshman, a little puzzled; "but I cannot remember having met you before."

"Very likely," replied the other; "I never forget a face, and I am rarely mistaken in a student of Harvard College. As to your discriminating notice of Miss Grey, it may need to be modified somewhat to make it harmonize with my own article; but I will see that something is said."

Kingston was dimly conscious of being quizzed, but there was nothing he could resent; and as the writer took up his pen and seemed to consider the interview ended, he murmured some rather vague thanks, and withdrew. As he reached the first landing he heard a burst of laughter; and pausing involuntarily for a moment, his quick ear detected his own sentences of panegyric read aloud with a rattling fire of comments from several voices. Chagrined at his evident blunder, and attributing it to Bennett's advice, he hurried away; and it was not till he reached the bridge that the soothing influence of a charming image came between his heart and his mortification.

Even this did not wholly eradicate the impression which his visit to the newspaper office had made; for he hastened out into the Square before breakfast in

the morning to purchase a copy of the 'Disseminator.' There was a long analysis of the traits of the star's performance, as usual; and at the foot of it Kingston's eye fell upon this paragrah:—

"Miss Elizabeth Grey (for so we presume she was christened) made a moderately successful first attempt at playing François. This little lady is becoming a pet of the juvenile class in the audiences at the Winthrop, and some of her admirers were quite lavish in their applause; but a maturer judgment finds much crudity and inexperience in her acting, and only careful study and assiduous labor can win her real success in that career to which, from her transfer from farce to serious drama, she seems to aspire."

To some temperaments a blow like this might have had a sting in it; but Fred Kingston was at an age and at a stage of passion which tossed such things off very easily. He saw only virulent malignity in the words of the critic, probably pensioned by some rival actress to decry the rising genius of the stage; and, without stopping to brood over the matter, he set about thinking in what other way he could serve the object of his adoration, and give vent to the feelings of his heart. He must have been musing over it in the night-watches; for it was an amazingly short time after he had shut himself up in his room before he was pacing up and down, running his fingers through his hair, and murmuring; with a careful solicitude for feet and rhythm, the following lines:—

"Fly over the footlights, my gift, and drop down
At the feet of the maid that 's the pet of the town,
And when she bends o'er you, some violet say—
There 's a note snugly hidden, for Miss Bessie Grey.

"One may see on the stage hosts of beautiful girls,
And, bewitched by their eyes and ensnared by their curls,

He may think from the skies they are seraphs astray;
But they 're none of them angels, save pure Bessie Grey.

“ All the rest are composed of the commonplace stuff,
And for aught that I know are good creatures enough;
But there 's one has been touched by a heavenly ray,
And she can be no one but bright Bessie Grey.

“ There 's not one that is worthy with her to compare,
Not one half so modest, so graceful, so fair.
And whether she 's pensive, or whether she 's gay,
She 's equally charming, is sweet Bessie Grey.

“ With her dark waving hair o'er a brow white as snow,
With her cheeks where the pink blushes dart to and fro,
With her eyes which the soul that 's beneath them betray,
There is no one can choose but adore Bessie Grey.”

“ The ending is a little abrupt,” thought Fred, after he had read this production over five or six times, “ but it looks all the more passionate and sincere.” Then he dashed out and purchased the daintiest and glossiest paper in the bookstore, on which to copy his stanzas, appending his name to them in full; and what with a trip in town to secure an eligible seat again, and the selection of flowers worthy to accompany such a missive, there was very little of the day left for the business which had brought him from New Hampshire to Cambridge. But college honors seemed comparatively worthless things to the Freshman at that time; and any complaints of his conscience were easily drowned by the thumpings of his heart.

The play of the evening was a repetition of that of the night before, and Fred's experience had few new features. He waited till the second act before tossing his bouquet; but Richelieu and Joseph were both on the stage as before, and seemed to like his modest nosegay no better than at first. Indeed, Joseph started to pick it up, but François stooped for it too quickly for him. Kingston had tied his note carefully

beneath the flowers, so that its presence should not be discovered till the actress inspected them at her leisure. He remained till the curtain fell, applauding François faithfully when the co-operation of any of her other admirers gave him an excuse, and occasionally, not to seem odd, joining in the applause which greeted the hoarse grunts and coughs of the tragedian. Fred fancied Bessie Grey's eyes turned in his direction more than once; and in her girlish stride in manly boots and doublet, her little hand gleaming through a lace ruffle, her struggle for the precious packet in the rude arms of De Beringhen, he found new food for the passion which had taken possession of him, and new material for dreams, in one of which he saw the little actress, in her jaunty page's costume, standing on the piazza of his house at home, declaiming the lines he had written in the morning.

There are lads, and perhaps there were some then at Harvard who likewise fancied themselves in love with Bessie Grey, who would be satisfied with the solace found in frequent visits to the theatre and a fusillade of boquets. But Fred Kingston was of another sort. He must keep moving, from one step to another, or his love would have torn him to pieces; or at least so it seemed to him. So a day or two after, when he thought the time of the promised benefit was near enough to justify the purchase of tickets, he rung the bell of the quiet house in which, as he had learned after much inquiry, the popular *soubrette* of the Winthrop Lyceum had lodgings.

The waiting-maid scrutinized him doubtfully, and inclined to the opinion that Miss Grey was not in, but consented, upon solicitation, to take the visitor's card up and see. The apparent unexpectedness of such a caller made Fred begin to expect a rebuff, and he was

agreeably surprised when the servant came back with "Would you please to walk up, sir?" He was ushered up several flights of stairs, and left standing at a door at which he knocked with tremulous and eager fingers.

The trim little lady who responded to his knock was the same Miss Grey who had fascinated him across the footlights, and yet different. Her manner was remarkably subdued, but her bearing had an ease and confidence about it in contrast with the young ladies of Kingston's acquaintance in private life. Her voice was low and gentle, and it seemed impossible that it could ever be made to fill the huge cavern of the theatre. Her dress had nothing coquettish about it, and was to the last degree plain, cheap, and serviceable. Her hand, which glittered with rings when on the stage, even when playing a chambermaid, was now unadorned, except with a thimble. Her hair, though no art could conceal its unusual heaviness and quantity, was twisted up almost contemptuously behind her head. But Fred's eyes, as they observed with a glance this absence of all adventitious aids to beauty, rejoiced also in the discovery that the woman was as lovely as the actress had been. The marvellous eyes, the matchless lashes, the pure complexion, the ravishing smile, had gained nothing from the gaslight or the paint-brush; and if he had loved her at a distance, he loved her tenfold more on close inspection.

"Come in, sir. Mr. Kingston, this is my mother."

The personage thus introduced was a plump, comfortable old lady with a silky mustache, who sat sewing by the window, and only half rose at the introduction, glancing at the young man rather-searchingly through gold-bowed spectacles.

One or two commonplace remarks of an unusually

commonplace character gave Fred Kingston time to observe first, that his flowers were set in a vase on the mantel, and second, that the room was a small one, undoubtedly doing duty as a chamber, — though the bedstead was disguised as an imposing bookcase with glass doors, — and that it was strewn with the implements and materials of dressmaking. He was about to refer to his errand of purchasing tickets, when Miss Grey spoke :—

“I dare say you may not know, Mr. Kingston, that it is quite against the rule for me to receive a gentleman caller; but I will tell you why I have made an exception in your case.”

“I beg your pardon,” said the youth, quite confused. “I thought — I was told — could not I get some places for your benefit?”

“O, dear, no, indeed. You will find them at the box-office. Ma does not approve of girls peddling their tickets out themselves, and I quite agree with her.”

“That is something Lizzie has never done since she took to the stage,” put in the old lady, “and never will.”

Fred must have looked a little puzzled at the name, for Miss Grey explained :—

“Lizzie is my own family pet name. There were two or three Lizzies at the theatre where I came out, so the manager thought it best to take another. But nobody calls me Bessie except the public.”

This trifling confidence put the Freshman a little more at his ease; but still he stammered over his apology for having misunderstood about calling, and fumbled with his hat.

“Now don’t apologize, Mr. Kingston,” said the young lady, who had laid aside her work, and was sitting, her chin resting on her hand, in an attitude at

once statuesque and bewitching. "I am sincerely glad you are here, because I have two things to say to you. You won't be offended?"

"O Miss Grey!"

"You can hardly be vexed with the first one. It is simply to thank you for your elegant poetry."

Fred blushed deeply. The young lady noticed it, but remained quite composed, and went on, expressing her delight by a pretty gesture.

"I think it is perfectly superb. Do you know, I never had any poetry before, though I have had loads of bouquets, of course. And then this brought in my name so pat, I was sure it was written on purpose for me."

Kingston began to rally a little.

"I never had a disposition to write poetry to any one else."

"I'm sure I thank you for it with all my heart, and I shall always keep it. Now I am afraid you will be vexed with me if I say what I was going to."

"I hardly think I could look you in the face and be vexed with anything from your lips, Miss Grey."

"I only want to ask you, if you should ever give me a bouquet again, — which I dare say you never will, — to give it in one of my own pieces, — the farces, or where I am first lady, — and not in the tragedy. Star actors never like to have any attention paid to any of the stock; and this one has complained to the manager, and, to tell you the truth, I was threatened with a fine if it ever happened again."

"A fine!" said Kingston, puzzled.

"Yes, out of my salary. I dare say you never heard that theatres had such things, but it is a part of the system. I cannot afford to pay many, so I was wondering how to ask you the favor; and if your

card had not come up just now, you might have got a note from me through the mail. You are studying at Cambridge, are you not?"

Fred admitted it, and murmured some suggestion of departure.

"Now I shall be sure you are put out with me, if you do not sit and chat a moment, and say you forgive me for such an awkward request.

"It is I who should ask your forgiveness for such an awkward blunder. I am rather a new hand at the theatre, and knew no better. In fact, I thought you deserved some sign of the appreciation of your acting much more than the star."

Miss Grey arose, and swept him a stately courtesy, in the manner of Mrs. Kemble.

"If only the manager had your taste, and would show it by sharing the house with me; or the 'Daily Disseminator,' which has just deigned to notice me for the first time, when I have been here more than two months."

Kingston blushed again, but his hostess did not notice it. She hesitated a moment, and then said:—

"I wish I could show in some way a little gratitude for your compliment and for your lovely poetry. I will tell you what I will do, Mr. Kingston, if you will promise not to lisp a word about it. I will play you a solo. I have been positively suffering for a critic; for it is a great secret at the theatre, yet; and mother always throws cold water when I try anything new."

While she spoke the young lady had flitted into a closet, and produced therefrom a delicate little banjo.

"You see," she said, as she tuned the strings, "it is for the new burlesque next Christmas. All the girls are already practising new songs in private, and I have taken a notion to steal a march on them,

and do my own accompaniment. Such things take with the public."

Then in a moment she threw off the young lady, and became the actress. She seated herself on a low chair, and managed her instrument like a master. She sang one of the oldest and most hackneyed of the negro melodies, with a richness of voice, a plaintive sweetness of expression which filled Fred's eyes with involuntary tears, and brought his whole being into sympathy with the sad, wild song. Her mother stitched steadily away at the window, but once or twice she wiped her glasses. Then, without an instant's pause or warning, the young artist dashed into one of the popular comic songs of the day, — a silly, nonsensical affair in itself, but which Bessie Grey's humorous power, command of the eccentricities of facial expression and gesture, and skill with her instrument made irresistibly laughable. As soon as the shock of the transition from pathos was over, Kingston found himself laughing with the uncontrollable glee of a child. He held his aching sides, as the singer went on in apparent unconsciousness of the effect produced. The old lady at the window had recovered her impassibility, and stitched on through the fun with the gravity of an automaton.

"There, Mr. Kingston," said Miss Grey, dropping her banjo and resuming her dignity in the same instant; "now you can judge what we have to contend with. Imagine trying the effect of a new idea in burlesque, day after day, on a listener like this." The girl patted her mother's cheek as she spoke, and the old lady vouchsafed a smile in acknowledgment of her daughter's tenderness which she had not given to her absurdity.

Kingston was vigorously applauding, and recovering from his fit of laughter by slow degrees.

"Do you row in any of the boat-clubs?" said Miss Grey, with abrupt earnestness.

"O yes," replied Fred, recovering his composure at a question which seemed to betoken a personal interest. "I was fond of it before I left home, and so I have a place in the class crew."

"Do you know, I would give the world to learn to row?"

"Do you know, I would give the world to teach you?"

Fred had risen, hat in hand, to go; but something in the expression of the face of the little lady made him continue:—

"I could give you a lesson very easily, if you would really like it."

"I am afraid it could not be managed. I should hardly care to meet your fellow-students on the Charles."

"Of course I should not propose such a thing. I should arrange it in this way. Take an excursion down the harbor. The boats are none of them taken off yet. I will engage a skiff and oars beforehand, and in an hour or two you will learn to row as well as you play the banjo. But you must have a broad-brimmed hat to protect your complexion."

Bessie Grey clapped her hands with pleasure. "Ma, dear, do you hear?" she cried. "Mr. Kingston has invited us to a sail down the bay, and he is to teach me to row, which you know I have been dying to learn. When will we go?"

The old lady rubbed her glasses again, and looked at her daughter carefully. Then she returned to her sewing, having said nothing at all.

"To be sure," said the daughter, "it all depends on my engagements. Tuesday there is to be no rehearsal,

and we shall be back in ample time for the evening. Mr. Kingston, I shall owe you more than I can tell you. It shall be Tuesday. If you will call on Monday, or send us a note, to tell us time and place, ma and I will be ready as prompt as pins. And now good by."

Tuesday, Fred remembered, as he regained the street, would be particularly inconvenient for him; but what college duty should thrust itself in the way of such an engagement as he had made? He seemed to walk on air as he returned to the suburb of study and literature, — or rather, since even that element was too prosaic, to float on the pink clouds of sunset. He was too innocent, too modest a fellow to look upon the sudden favor which had been shown him as some of his classmates would have done in his place. His vanity was not a whit exalted by it, for his love left no room for such a passion in his heart; and he saw much for admiration in the manner in which the modest and prudent girl had interpreted his invitation to include her mother. To be sure, his imagination had not counted upon the presence of that hirsute, observing, reticent old lady, in its picture of the delights of a sail in the harbor; but he saw at once that it was proper and necessary.

Making up for neglect in his studies, attending the benefit with the finest bouquet of a dozen which celebrated that occasion, and completing his arrangements for the harbor excursion, kept the Freshman busy the next few days. His new experiences seemed to make him rapidly grow more mature and manly; and he kept his own counsel, and asked no advice of his chum. But Chester Bennett, with all his bluntness, was sharp enough upon occasion. It did not take the ingenuity of a detective, indeed, to see the way Kings-

ton's thoughts constantly tended. One morning, after watching his friend awhile as he sat musing in his "studying chair," Bennett broke out:—

"I say, young one, you are ailing. You think it is none of my business, I dare say; but I know a prescription that will do you good."

Fred only blushed, and plunged into Horace.

"That is, the first hundred pages of 'Pendennis.' Leave it alone, if you like; but if you read and profit by it, some day you will thank me for the suggestion."

Fred offered no reply; but his curiosity was aroused, and in the afternoon he had borrowed the book and was skimming over its pages with eager interest. Presently he hurled the volume at his chum's broad back.

"Confound you, Bennett!" said he, irritated out of his reserve: "if you think that applies to me you are greatly mistaken. This woman is old and stupid and ignorant, and Irish to boot. She can hardly write, and acts by rote, without a spark of genius. This Pen is a conceited fool, and the comparison is abominable."

"Pray, how do you know the age of the siren of the Winthrop?" said Bennett, amused at the tempest he had raised.

"She is six months younger than I am," rejoined Kingston. "I have seen her birthday stated in the answers to correspondents in the 'Clipper.'"

"If you are so far gone as to accept the 'Clipper' as an authentic substitute for a family Bible, I have nothing to say," said Bennett. "It will pass off in time, like the measles."

Kingston snatched his hat and dashed out, as the only way to resist a temptation to give physical vent to his anger. As he cooled off in the open air, he comforted himself with comparisons of bright, clever,

ardent, witty Bessie Grey with the heavy, stolid, mature and mercenary heroine of Pendennis's romance, and with thoughts of how little either the novelist or his cousin knew of the actual feelings of a man's heart.

Tuesday morning saw a party of three embarked on a clean, shaded deck of the *Rose Standish*: a young girl, quietly yet bewitchingly dressed, full of enjoyment of the sea-breeze, the picturesque sights of the wharf, and all the incidents of the little voyage, and not afraid to let her pleasure be manifest in ceaseless chatter and notes of admiration; a lad, luxuriating with a quieter rapture in what seemed to him the happiest day of his life; and an old lady knitting away for dear life, rarely vouchsafing a glance to the many sights of the harbor, but keeping her eyes open to all the movements of the pair under her charge. Now and then a passenger gave a second look at the bright face of the actress, and whispered her name to a companion; whereupon Bessie Grey dropped her veil, and seemed for a moment to make an effort to preserve a quieter demeanor. But the inspiration of the bracing air and the dancing water was too strong for such resolutions; and she threw off her mask and her restraint together, and braved curious eyes and gossiping tongues.

"Now these impertinent starers will annoy us no longer," said Kingston, as they left the steamer at the first stopping-place.

"If you had been stared at as much as I have, you would not mind it," replied Bessie Grey. "It is the way I earn my living."

"Here is my boat, according to contract, all clean and ready," said the collegian, looking over the edge of the pier. "She's a clumsy tub compared with the shell we use on the river."

"Bless your heart, Lizzie, I never will venture into a thing like that," cried the old lady, in terror evidently sincere. "See how it rocks and tosses now."

"That is only the swell from the wheels of the steamer, I assure you," said Kingston. "When she gets out of the way, the water will be as smooth as glass."

"It is very well for young people to talk," replied the old lady, with great firmness. "But I shall not trust myself on such a cockle-shell. I am always seasick; and I declare I can feel some qualms already, standing here."

Fred looked dismayed; but his energetic little companion seemed equal to the contingency.

"You will do as you like, ma, of course; but I have not come all this way to learn to row, to give it up before I have touched an oar. You will just have to sit still on shore and knit, and keep watch of us to give the alarm if we capsize, and we will keep within sight."

"But I can't sit here," said the mother, looking dolefully at the rough planks of the pier, the lobster traps lying in the hot sun, and the ice and vegetables which the boat had brought down from the city to the sojourners at the little watering-place.

"I have a very pleasant place for you close by," said Kingston, by no means displeased at the modification in the programme. "You can sit at your ease on the covered veranda of the hotel. It is cool and comfortable, and commands a delightful view of the bay."

This arrangement was promptly carried out. The young people escorted Mrs. Grey to her observatory, where she looked with frigid dignity upon a group of fashionable dowagers of her own age, who returned her glances with equal chilliness. The boat was

brought to meet them, at Fred's order, by the amphibious youth of whom he had hired it; and presently a few strokes with his vigorous arms shot the little skiff with its load of beauty and love out into the open water. The fair passenger waved her handkerchief to the watcher on shore, and the signal was acknowledged by a flourish of the tippet upon which the old lady's needles were engaged.

If Kingston thought they had come out for sentiment or for flirtation, he was disappointed; for the young lady had come to take a lesson in rowing, and showed that she meant to go vigorously about it. Fred himself being of an active disposition, accustomed to devote himself with energy to whatever task he had in hand, this earnest conduct of the little actress was far from disagreeable to him, and he threw himself into the business of the hour with an enthusiasm equal to the ardor of his pupil. Interest and natural quickness made Miss Grey an apt scholar, and her progress was rapid. Though light, she was by no means weak, and she pulled stoutly and bravely, now with one oar, now with two, as her cavalier guided the boat up and down the sheltered cove, never quite out of sight of the piazza which was the mother's watch-tower. Now and then she "caught a crab"; once she dropped her oar overboard; but she laughed merrily at her own errors, which grew fewer and fewer as she became familiar with the boat and the water. She was in the most gracious and charming humor; and it was a time of rare enjoyment for Fred Kingston. If his companion was disposed to take a practical view of things, and give him no opportunity to express his emotions, the magnetism of her presence was in itself a luxury; he could not help touching her hand now and then, in his capacity of instructor; and the mere

consciousness that they were alone together was in itself a feast of delight.

So the afternoon wore away. Before Kingston ran his boat on the beach, he was able to inform Miss Grey, with the sincerity of a waterman and none of the exaggeration of a lover, that there were few ladies who could row as well as she. The matron on the piazza welcomed them back placidly, and seemed to have gained by her quiet sojourn on the shore quite as good an appetite as their prolonged exertions had given the rowers for the repast of chowder and chicken which followed. Then they all strolled lazily over the pebbles, skipping stones over the water, and seeking with little success for curious shells. When the white paddle-wheels of the steamer came in sight, they hurried to the landing to be ready for her arrival. As they steamed up the harbor, a gorgeous sunset gilded the masts and chimneys of the city, and tinged with a rosy flush the white wakes of the tug-boats darting to and fro all around them. Bessie Grey was too tired to exhibit the exhilaration of the morning, and said little; so Fred was left to his own thoughts, which harmonized with the evening; and all the loveliness of the scene was impressed upon his memory with a vividness which keeps its minutest details there yet. He left the ladies at their lodgings, and tried to fancy that the pressure with which he accompanied his parting shake of Bessie's hand was returned ever so slightly. He dropped in at the theatre a few hours later, before leaving town, as had become his habitual custom. His arms and shoulders were tired, and he was glad to find a vacant chair; and he marvelled with a new admiration at the sprightliness and freshness with which the slender girl who had striven so valiantly at the oars with him now carried off a merry part in the

farce. She danced about the stage as lightly as ever, and her infectious gayety kindled a light in hundreds of dull, weary faces in the audience.

That glimpse, which told him how distinct from the life of the actress was the life of the woman, was almost the last bright spot in Fred Kingston's romance.

He found at his room that night a despatch from home which summoned him to the bedside of his mother. He spent a fortnight in the old homestead, and returned with a light, happy heart; for the invalid had recovered in spite of the forebodings of a different result, and the relief from anxiety sent his thoughts with an added zest to the new joy which his acquaintance with the actress had brought him.

His chum was absent when he reached his room; and Fred was glad of it presently, though at first he regretted that Bennett's deep voice was not ready to welcome him back. A little heap of letters had accumulated on his desk, and he seized upon one addressed in a strange, feminine hand, with a presentiment of something evil in store for him. As he tore open the envelope, some printed slips dropped out. He paused to pick up the only one which had fallen within reach, and read it before beginning the letter itself. It was marked in pencil, "From the 'Daily Disseminator,'" and ran in this way:—

"The Winthrop Lyceum brought out last evening the new sensational play, 'The Lightkeeper's Daughter.' The piece is like others of its class, a conglomeration of trashy dialogue and absurd incidents, set off by costly scenery and intricate mechanical contrivances. It would hardly have made a hit but for the very remarkable performance of the part of the heroine by Miss Grey. The acting of this lady throughout was much better than any effort of hers

which we have before seen. But the great feature of her assumption was her rowing, in the great storm scene, where the lightkeeper's daughter rescues the hero of the play from drowning. Miss Grey is evidently no novice with the oars; and her skilful management of her boat brought down the house in thunders of applause, which quite drowned the resounding sheet-iron of the property room. We congratulate the lady upon that evident close study of detail which is the first requisite of success as an artist."

Kingston read the extract twice; then turned to the letter itself:—

"DEAR MR. KINGSTON: The very high praise I have won from a critic usually rather difficult to please inspires me with a desire to thank you once more for the instructions from you which contributed so much to my success. I was in despair of ever being able to row either gracefully or naturally across the stage, until your generous offer gave me an opportunity to 'study a detail,' which, as you will see, was essential to my success in the new piece.

"As I am writing, I enclose you another newspaper slip, which I presume you may have seen before this. As we have 'no cards,' there is no more ceremonious way of conveying the important intelligence. I dare say you remember his capital performance of Joseph in 'Richelieu.'

"With renewed thanks, in which ma joins me, for our delightful day down the harbor, I am

"Yours sincerely,

"'BESSIE GREY.'"

Fred found the last half of the letter an enigma, but he more than suspected a terrible solution. He

groped under his desk for the little scrap which had floated there. His eyes could hardly distinguish the letters:—

“We learn that, previous to the performance at the Winthrop on Saturday night, the charming *soubrette* of the establishment, Miss Grey, and the talented ‘old man,’ Mr. Fletcher, were joined in matrimony. Mr. Fletcher’s professional designation is merely a technical one, as he is himself quite young, though the public knows him only under gray hairs and painted wrinkles. The happy pair have little leisure to celebrate the honeymoon, for the bride must be ready on Monday night to ply her vigorous oars as the maid of the lighthouse, to rescue the handsome hero whom her husband, as the hoary wrecker, has thrust beneath the canvas billows.”

I shall not undertake to analyze or to depict the pang which struck Fred Kingston’s heart as he read the words which the writer had penned so airily. He flung himself on the bed, and covered his head with the pillow; and if he sobbed as he had done when a child over a smaller grief, there was no one there to betray his weakness. Chester Bennett opened the door a little later, and after one glance stepped back, and muttered, “Poor fellow! He has come from a sad and broken home, I dare say. He will bear it better alone for a while.” So the youth passed through his dark hour undisturbed. When Bennett came back again Kingston was gone, tramping grimly through the fallen leaves miles away. At last they did meet; and though the Senior learned that he had been wrong in his first surmise, there was something in his chum’s face which deterred him from pressing any inquiry as to the real nature of what had befallen him. Fred Kingston’s face gained that day a hardness and cool-

ness of expression which it has never lost; but the bitterness of the experience which caused the change has passed away, and he looks back on his first, brief romance with little more emotion than upon the other incidents of his Freshman year.

THE BLUE RIVER BANK ROBBERY.

I.

"It is not of the least use to argue the question, father. Tell me plainly, yes or no, and I will bother you no more about it."

"I cannot indulge you in this, Harry. Indeed, you should believe me when I say we cannot afford it."

Mr. Houghton leaned his head heavily on his hands as he spoke, and seemed to deprecate the displeasure of his handsome, impatient son.

"Very well, sir," said the youth of nineteen, his hand quivering, as he rose, with the anger he seemed striving to keep out of his words and tones. "I hope you will never be sorry for the trifle you have refused me to-night. I shall make the trip to Lake George next week, nevertheless, if I have to sell my grandfather's watch and chain to get the money."

A half-groan came from the hidden face of Foster Houghton, and a reproachful "O Harry!" from his mother, whose eyes had been filling with tears as she sat silent through the stormy interview. But the boy was angry, and in earnest, and he twisted the chain in his waistcoat to give emphasis to the threat. Then as he took his cloak and cap from the closet he continued:—

"You need not sit up for me, or leave the door unlocked; I am going to Tinborough with the fellows to the strawberry party, and as there will be a dance, and the nights are short, I shall wait for daylight to come home, if I do not stop and catch a nap at the Valley House before starting."

"Who is going from Elmfield?" inquired the father, more from a desire to show an interest and win the boy from his moodiness than any real curiosity.

"Nearly everybody of my set," said Harry, with something of studied coldness; "Arthur Brooks and Tom Boxham and Frank Pettengill, — and Harrison Fry, if you want the whole list."

His father turned sharply away, but the mother spoke appealingly: —

"If you would cut off your intimacy with Harrison Fry, now and forever, I think there are very few things your father would refuse you. I have seen his evil influence over you ever since he came back from the city. He was a bad boy, and will be a bad man."

"Like myself and other wicked people," said the boy, looking at his watch, "Harry Fry is not half so black as he is painted. But I am not as intimate with him as you fancy; and as to father, I don't think his treatment of me to-night gives him a claim to interfere with my friendships."

Henry Houghton shot his shaft deliberately, for he knew his father's sensitive nature, in which it would rankle cruelly; and in a moment he was off, bounding through the low, open window, and running with fleet steps down the gravel sidewalk toward the common.

The family circle thus divided was that of the cashier of the Blue River National Bank of Elmfield. Foster Houghton was a man past middle age, and older than his years in appearance and in heart. He

had petted his only son in his childhood enough to spoil most boys, and now made the balance even by repressing the exuberance of his youth with a sharpness sometimes no more than just, sometimes querulous and unreasonable. The boy's grandfather, old Peleg Houghton, who died a year before at ninety and over, had almost worshipped Harry, and, on his death-bed, had presented his own superb Frodsham watch to the lad; and both father and mother knew he must be deeply moved to speak so lightly at parting with it.

"I fear Henry is getting in a very bad way," said Mr. Houghton, gloomily, after a pause in which the sharper click of his wife's needles told that her thoughts were busy. "He goes to the other church too often to begin with. He smokes, after I have repeatedly told him how the habit hurt me in my boyhood, and what a fight I had to break it off. He is altogether too much in Harrison Fry's company. He has been twice before to Tinborough, driving home across country in the gray of the morning. And this project of going alone to Lake George on a week's trip is positively ridiculous."

"Very likely you are the best judge, my dear," said Mrs. Houghton. She always began in that way when she meant to prove him otherwise. "I fully agree with you about that reckless young Fry. But as to Harry's going to the brown church, and his visits to Tinborough, I think the same cause is at the bottom of both. Grace Chamberlain has been singing in the choir over there this spring, and now she is visiting her aunt at Tinborough. And as to that, she is going with her aunt's family to Lake George to spend July, and I suppose they have expressed a wish to meet him there. Grace Chamberlain is a very pretty girl; and Harry is like what you were at his age."

“Bless my soul, Mary,” said the cashier, “then why did n’t the boy tell me what he was driving at? Chasing across the country after a pretty face is foolish enough, at his age, but it is not so bad as going to a watering-place merely for the fashion of it, like some rich old nabob or professional dandy. If Harry had told me he wanted to dangle after Grace Chamberlain, instead of talking in that desperate way about the watch, I might have received it differently. There is a charm on the chain with my mother’s hair, that I would n’t have go out of the family for a fortune.”

Just here the door-bell rang, as if a powerful, nervous hand were at the knob. Mr. Houghton answered the ring, for their one domestic had been called away by a message from a sick sister, and the mistress of the house was “getting along alone” for a day. So when her quick ear told her the visitor was one to see her husband on business, she quitted the room to set away the milk, and lock up the rear doors of the house for the night.

The caller was Mr. Silas Bixby. He would have been a sharp man in Elmfield estimation who could predict the object of one of Silas Bixby’s calls, though there were few doors in the village at which his face was not frequently seen. He was the constable, but he was also the superintendent of the Sunday school, and the assessor of internal revenue in the district, to say nothing of his being the agent of two or three sewing-machine firms, and one life-insurance company, and the correspondent of the Tinborough “Trumpet.” He owned a farm, and managed it at odd hours. He gave some of his winter evenings to keeping a writing-school, with which he sometimes profitably combined a singing-school, with lucrative concerts at the end of the term. He was a clerk of

the fire company, and never had been absent from a fire, though some of his manifold duties kept him riding through the neighboring towns in his light gig a great deal of the time. He had raised a company and commanded it, in the nine months' army of '62. He kept a little bookstore in one corner of the village quadrangle, and managed a very small circulating library, with the aid of the oldest of his ten children; and he was equal partner in the new factory enterprise at the Falls. So Mr. Houghton did not venture to guess on what errand Mr. Bixby came to see him, and showed him to a chair in the twilighted sitting-room, with a face composed to decline a request to discount a note, or to join with interest in a conversation on the Sunday school, or to listen to a report on the new fire-engine fund, with equal ease and alacrity.

Mr. Bixby looked about to him to see that nobody was in hearing. "You'll excuse me, I know, 'Squire, if I shut the windows, hot as it is"; and before his host could rise to anticipate him he had suited the action to the word. "It's detective business. It's a big thing. It's a mighty big thing. Do you know I told you, Mr. Houghton, the first of the week, that there was dangerous characters about town, and asked you to keep your eyes open at the bank. Will you bear witness of that?"

"I remember it very well, Mr. Bixby, and also that there has not been a single person in the bank since that day, other than our own townspeople and friends."

"That is just it," said Silas Bixby, twisting his whiskers reflectively: "they have got some accomplice who knows the neighborhood, and whom we don't suspect. But we shall catch him with the rest. The fact is, Mr. Houghton, the Blue River National

Bank is to be robbed to-night. The plot is laid, and I have got every thread of it in my hand."

Foster Houghton was one of a class in the village who were habitually incredulous as to Silas Bixby's achievements, as announced by himself; but there was a positiveness and assurance about the constable's manner which carried conviction with it, and he did not conceal the shock which the news gave him.

"Just you keep very cool, sir, and I'll tell you the whole story in very few words, for I have got one or two things to do before I catch the burglars, and I have promised to look into Parson Pettengill's barn and doctor his sick horse. There are two men in the job, beside somebody in the village here that is working with them secretly. You need n't ask me how I managed to overhear their plans, for I sha'n't tell; you will read it all in the Tinborough 'Trumpet' of the day after to-morrow. They are regular New York cracksmen, and they have been stopping at the hotel at the Falls, pretending to be looking at the water-power. They come here on purpose to clean out the Blue River Bank."

"Do they mean to blow open the safe?" inquired Mr. Houghton, who was pacing the room.

"Just have patience, 'Squire," said Silas Bixby. "I thought it best to prepare you, and so led you up kind o' gradual. They have got false keys to your house door and your bedroom door. They are going to come in at midnight or an hour after, and gag you and your wife, and force you at the mouth of the revolver to go over to the bank and open the combination lock. Your help, they say, has gone off; and they seemed not to be afraid of Henry."

"Henry has gone to Tinborough," said Mr. Houghton, mechanically.

"I presume they knew that too, then," said the constable. "They calculate on forty thousand dollars in the safe, government bonds and all. Their team is to be ready on the Tinborough road, and they mean to catch the owl train. You they calculate to leave, tied hand and foot, on the bank floor, till you are found there in the morning."

Foster Houghton stopped in his rapid walk up and down the little room, and took his boots from the closet.

"Fair play, 'Squire," said Bixby, laying a hand on the cashier's arm as he sat down and kicked off his slippers. "I've told you the whole story, when I might have carried out my plan without telling a word. Now what are you going to do?"

"Going to order a stout bolt put on my front door at once, and to deposit the bank keys in the safe at Felton's store."

"You will think better of it if you will just sit still and hear me through," replied the visitor. "Don't you see that will just show our hand to the gang who are on the watch, and they will only leave Elmfield and rob some other bank and make their fortunes? Moreover, the plot never would be believed in the village, and such a way of meeting it would make no sensation at all in print. No, Mr. Houghton, you are cashier of the bank, and it is your business to protect the property. I am constable at Elmfield, and it is my duty to capture the burglars. I propose to do it in such a way that the whole State shall ring with my brilliant management of the matter, and yours, too, of course, so far as your part goes. The programme is all complete, and you have only to fall in."

"Well, Mr. Bixby," said the elder gentleman, again

surrendering to his companion's superior force and determination of character; "and what is the programme?"

"As far as you are concerned, simply to remain passive" said the rural constable. "You are to show no knowledge of expecting the visit, and after a proper display of reluctance you are to go with the burglars, with your keys in your hand. If I were to arrest the rascals now, I should have nothing to charge them with, and could only frighten them out of town. When the bank is entered, the crime is complete. I shall be on the watch, with two strong fellows I have secured to help me, — men who served in my company, stout, afraid of nothing, and not smart enough to claim the whole credit when the job is done. When you are fairly inside the bank we shall pop out from behind the bowling-alley, guard the door, flash our lanterns in their faces, and overpower them at once. It sounds very short now; but it will easily fill a column in the city papers."

"Mr. Bixby," said Foster Houghton, with a good deal of deliberate emphasis, "I have always thought you a man of sense. I think so now. Do you suppose I am going to stand quietly by and see a couple of ruffians tie a gag in the mouth of my wife, at her age, when I know and can prevent it beforehand?"

"No, sir, I expect no such thing," said Bixby, not at all embarrassed. "I expected like as not you would bring up some such objection, so I have provided for it in advance. John Fletcher's little girl is very sick; they have gone the rounds of all the folks on our street, taking turns watching there; to-night they came to me and said, 'Bixby, can't you find us somebody to watch?' and I said I knew just the one that would be glad to help a neighbor. So I will deliver

the message to Mrs. Houghton, and you need n't have a mite of anxiety about her, up there as safe and comfortable as if she were twenty miles away."

While her husband yet hesitated Mrs. Houghton re-entered the room; and Bixby, quick to secure an advantage, was ready at the moment with his petition.

"Good evening, Mrs. Houghton. Been waiting very patient for you to come in. I called to see if you felt able and willing to set up to-night along with John Fletcher's little girl. The child don't get any better; and Mrs. Fletcher, she's just about sick abed herself, with care and worry."

"You know I am always ready to help a neighbor in such trouble," said the lady, graciously, with the prompt acquiescence which people in the country give to such calls. "And now I think of it, Mr. Bixby, I have another call to make on your street. I think I will walk up with you, and so get around to Fletcher's at nine o'clock. My husband has several letters to write, so he will not miss me."

Foster Houghton sat in a sort of maze while fate thus arranged affairs for him, though they tended to a consummation which was far from welcome to his mind. His wife went out for her smelling-salts, her spectacles, and her heavy shawl; and Bixby snatched the brief opportunity.

"I have told you everything, 'Squire, that you need to know. Keep your mind easy and your head cool, and the whole thing may be done as easy as turning your hand over. Remember it is the only way to save the bank, and catch the men that may have robbed a dozen banks. Do not stir out of the house again this evening, or you will excite suspicion and ruin the game. Between twelve and two you may expect your company; and rely upon me in hiding close to

the bank. Mum is the word." For Mrs. Houghton was descending the stairs.

"Come in again when you come back, Bixby; can't you?" said the cashier, still loath to close so hasty and so singular a bargain.

"Not for the world," replied the constable. "It would expose our hand at once, and spoil the trick. Now, Mrs. Houghton, I'm raaally proud to be the beau to such a sprightly young belle."

And so, with a word of farewell, they were off, and Foster Houghton sat alone in the house with his secret.

He was not a coward, but a man of peace by temperament and training, and the enterprise in which he had been enlisted was both foreign and distasteful to him. How many incidents might occur, not set down in Bixby's programme, to make the night's work both dangerous and disagreeable! His very loneliness made the prospect seem doubly unpleasant. A dozen times, as he sat musing over it, he put forth his hand for his boots with intent to go out and frustrate the robbery in his own way, regardless of Bixby's schemes of capture and glory. As many times he fell back in his easy-chair, thinking now that he was bound in honor by his tacit agreement with the constable, and again that the whole story was nothing but the fruit of the officer's fertile imagination, and that only the inventor should make himself ridiculous by his credulity. Now he wished his wife were at home to make the waiting moments pass more quickly; then that Harry were there to give the aid of his daring and the stimulus of his boyish enthusiasm in the strange emergency. And sometimes the old man's thoughts wandered, in spite of the excitement of the hour, to his boy, dancing away the night at Tin-

borough. He recalled his anxieties over his son's dissipations, his associates, his growing recklessness of manner, his extravagant tastes, the look of hard defiance in his face but an hour or two before. His heart yearned over the lad in spite of his wild ways, like David's over Absalom, and he resolved to try the mother's method, and imagine excuses, and replace harshness with indulgence, hereafter. The village bell clanged out from the steeple close by, and Foster Houghton dropped the thread of his reverie with a start, and went back to the robbery again. Clearly he was getting too nervous. He must do something to shake it off.

"I'll get Harry's revolver," he thought, with little purpose what he should do with it; and he took the lamp, and went up stairs to the boy's empty room. The drawers were thrown open in a confusion which offended the cashier's neat prejudices acquired in the profession. He knew where the pistol was kept, but its box was empty; and he exclaimed under his breath, —

"That is a boy all over. He goes to Tinborough to dance and eat strawberries, and he carries a pistol, loaded I dare say to the muzzle. It is ten to one he will shoot himself or his sweetheart before the evening is over."

As Mr. Houghton fumbled over the bureau his hand encountered a covered flask. Even his unaccustomed nose was able to recognize its contents as whiskey; and his regret at such a discovery in his son's room was lost in the joy with which he hailed a stimulant so greatly needed to put his nerves in condition for the events to come. Perhaps he forgot how long it was since he had called in such a re-enforcement; perhaps his hand shook; perhaps he thought the occasion

required a large dose. He took a hearty one; and when he was down stairs again the difficulties in the way of bagging the burglars vanished from his mind. He was a young man once more, and entered into the romance of Bixby's plot, he said to himself, as enthusiastically as Harry would have done. He paced the room with an elastic stride very different from the nervous, wavering step with which he had heard the news. Bixby and himself, he thought, would be enough to overpower any three burglars. Then his head was heavy, and he felt drowsy. To be in proper condition for the emergency, he reflected, he needed all the sleep he could get. The resolve was one to be executed as promptly as formed; and a few minutes later the cashier had locked the door, fastened the lower windows, and was snugly in bed.

A gentle tinkle of the door-bell aroused him again before, as it seemed to him, he had fairly closed his eyes. "The robbers at last!" he thought; and then he rebuked himself for the absurdity of supposing that a burglar would announce his coming by the door-bell. "It is Bixby, of course," he said to himself, "come to own he was a fool and the story all nonsense." But he paused before he turned the key, and said in his fiercest tone, "Who is there?"

"It is only me, Foster," said the sweet, familiar voice of his wife, without; and when he had admitted her she told him, in her quick way, that after she had watched with the child an hour or two, a professional nurse who had been sent for a week before had arrived unexpectedly, and that she had been glad to give up her vigil and come home.

Foster Houghton rarely did anything without thinking twice about it, if not more; so it came about that, while he balanced in his mind the *pros* and *cons* as to

revealing to his wife the secret which Bixby had confided to him, and thus giving her a fright in advance for what might prove to be a false alarm after all, the tired lady went sound asleep; and thus the scale was turned in favor of reticence. Perhaps the husband's continued drowsiness contributed to the resolve also; for his eyelids still drooped with strange obstinacy, and an influence more powerful than even the apprehension of danger transformed his terrors into dreams again.

II.

ONE, two, rang out from the belfrey on the breathless June night, already heavy with the rising fog from the river. Foster Houghton found himself broad awake as he counted the strokes; but even while he thought it was the clock that had disturbed him, he felt a cold, hard ring of steel against his temple, and saw through the darkness a man by his bedside.

"Not one word, or you will never utter another."

He noted the voice even in the whirl of the moment, and knew that it was strange to him. He turned towards his wife, and saw that there was a man by her side also, with revolver aimed; felt, rather than saw, that she had waked when he did, and was waiting, self-possessed, for whatever was to come. As the darkness yielded to his eyes, he was aware of a third figure, standing at the window.

"Perfect quiet, remember, and we will tell you what is to be done," said the same voice, cool, firm, with an utterance entirely distinct yet hardly louder than a whisper. "You have nothing to fear if you obey orders. A knife is ready for the heart of each of you if you disobey. The lady has simply to lie still; as she

will be bound to the bed and her mouth stopped, that will be easy; and the gag is very gentle and will not hurt if she does not resist. Mr. Houghton will rise, put on his trousers, and go with us to the bank, always in range of this pistol and in reach of this blade. The keys are already in my pocket. Number Three, will you scratch a match that I may help the gentleman to his clothes."

The figure in the window stepped noiselessly forward at the summons. As the blue flame lighted the room Foster Houghton observed that his visitors were all masked with black silk, through which a narrow slit permitted vision. He noticed that their feet were shod with listing, so thick that a step made no audible sound upon the straw carpet. He noticed that long, thin, black cloaks covered their forms to the ankles, so that no details of clothing could be noted to identify them. And while he observed these things, not venturing to stir until the threatening muzzle was withdrawn from his face, he felt his hand tightly clutched by the fingers of his wife beneath the coverlid.

Years of familiar association had made him apt at interpreting his wife's thoughts and feelings, without the aid of the spoken word. Either by some peculiar expression in the grasp itself, or by that subtle magnetism which we know exists among the unknown forces, he felt that there was something more than the natural terror of the moment, more than the courage of a heart ever braver than his own, more than sympathy for his own supposed dismay, in his wife's snatch at his hand. More alarmed, at the instant, by the shock thus given him than by the more palpable danger, he turned his head towards his wife again, and in her eyes and in the direction they gave to his saw all that she had seen.

The masked figure in the centre of the room, in producing a match, had unwittingly thrown back one side of its cloak. By the sickly flame just turning to white, Foster Houghton saw, thus revealed, the twisted chain he had played with in his own boyhood, the golden crescent with his mother's hair, the massive key with its seal, just as he had seen them on his boy's breast at sunset. In an instant more a taper was lighted; the curtain of the cloak was drawn together again. But the secret it had exposed was impressed upon two hearts, as if they had been seared with iron. As a drowning man thinks of the crowded events of a lifetime, Foster Houghton thought, in that moment of supreme agony, of a dozen links of circumstantial evidence, — the boy's baffled desire for money, his angry words, his evil associates, his missing revolver, his deliberate explanation of a night-long absence, his intimate knowledge of the affairs of the bank, except the secret combination of the lock which he had often teased for in vain. Two things were stamped upon his brain together; and he was thankful that his wife could know the horror of but one of them.

His own son was engaged in a plot to rob the bank, by threats of assassination against those who gave him life.

He himself was irrevocably enlisted in a plot to capture the robbers, and so to bring his boy to infamy and a punishment worse than death.

The discovery compels a pause in the narrative. It made none in the actual progress of events. The man who had spoken motioned the cashier to rise, and assisted his trembling hands in covering his limbs with one or two articles of clothing. The one on the opposite side of the bed, moving quickly and

deftly as a sailor, bound Mrs. Houghton where she lay, without a touch of rudeness or indignity beyond what his task made necessary. A knotted handkerchief from his pocket was tied across her mouth. The third figure stood at the window, either to keep a watch without or to avoid seeing what took place within; but Foster Houghton's eyes could discern no tremor, no sign of remorse or hesitation, in its bearing.

"Now, cashier," said the one voice which alone had been heard since the stroke of the clock, "you will have to consider yourself ready, for we have no time to spare. I feel sure you know what is healthy for you, but still I will tie this rope round your wrist to save you from any dangerous temptation to try a side street. Number Two, you will go below, and see that the coast is clear."

With one more look at his wife's eyes, in which he saw outraged motherly affection where the strangers saw only fright and pain, Foster Houghton suffered himself to be led from the room. One of the robbers had preceded him; one held him tightly by the wrist; one, the one whose presence gave the scene its treble terror, remained only long enough to extinguish the taper and to lock the door. The outer door was fastened behind them also; and then the noiseless little procession (for the cashier had been permitted to put on his stockings only) filed along the gravel walk, through the pitchy blackness which a mist gives to a moonless night, towards the solitary brick building occupied by the Blue River National Bank.

They passed the school-house where Foster Houghton had carried his boy a dozen years before with a bright new primer clutched in frightened little fingers; then the desolate old mansion of his own father,

where the lad had been petted and worshipped as fervently as at home; a little farther on, the church, where the baby had been baptized, and where the youth had chafed beneath distasteful sermons,—its white steeple lost in the upper darkness; and, a few paces beyond, the academy, within whose walls the cashier had listened with such pride to Harry's eloquent declamation of "The Return of Regulus to Carthage" on the last Commencement day. He thought of these things as he passed, though so many other thoughts surged in his mind; and he wondered if another heart beside his own was beset with such reminiscences on the silent journey.

Before they had reached the bank the man who had gone in advance rejoined them.

"It is all serene," he said, in a low tone, but with a coarser voice and utterance than his confederate's; "nothing more than a cat stirring. I have unhitched the mare, and we should be off in fifteen minutes."

"All right, Number Two," said the leader. "The swag will be in the buggy in less time. Cashier, you are a man of prudence, I know. If you work that combination skilfully and promptly, not a hair of your head shall be harmed. If you make a blunder that costs us a minute, not only will this knife be at home in your heart, but we shall stop on our way back and set your cottage on fire. Our retreat will be covered; and you know the consequences there before the alarm will rouse anybody. I have sworn to do it."

Foster Houghton fancied he saw a shudder in the slighter figure beside him; but it might have been a puff of wind across the long drapery.

"O, blow the threats!" said Number Two. "The man values his life, and he is going to open the safe

quicker than he ever did before. Open the door, young one, and let's be about it."

The robber who had not yet opened his lips, and whose every motion the cashier still watched stealthily, stepped forward to the bank door; and as he drew a key from under his cloak the prisoner caught another glimpse of the chain he could have sworn to among a thousand.

The door swung open. The cashier's heart was in his throat. He had not heard a sound of Bixby; but he knew the village constable too well to fear, or hope, that he might have given up the chase. All four entered the building; but before the door could be closed behind them there was a shout, a cry of dismay, a rush of heavy feet, a flash of light in a lantern which gleamed but a moment before it was extinguished, the confused sound of blows and oaths, and the breaking of glass, punctuated by the sharp report of a pistol. Foster Houghton could never give a clearer account of a terrible minute in which his consciousness seemed partly benumbed. He took no part in the struggle, but seemed to be pushed outside the door; and there, as the tumult within began to diminish, Silas Bixby came hurriedly to him, dragging a masked figure by the shoulder.

"Houghton, you must help a little. We have got the better of 'em, and my men are holding the two big fellows down. But the fight is not out of them yet, and you must hold this little one three minutes while I help to tie their hands. Just hold this pistol to his head, and he will rest very easy."

Even while he spoke Bixby was inside the door again, and the gleam of light which followed showed that he had recovered his lantern and meant to do his work thoroughly.

Foster Houghton's left hand had been guided to the collar of his captive, and the revolver had been thrust into his right. There was no question of the composure of the robber now. He panted and sobbed and shook, and made no effort to tear himself from the feeble grasp that confined him.

If the cashier had been irresolute all his life, he did not waver for an instant now. He did not query within himself what was his duty, or what was prudent, or what his wife would advise, or what the bank directors would think.

"Harry," he whispered, hoarsely, his lips close to the mask, "I know you."

The shrinking figure gave one great sob. Foster Houghton went right on without pausing.

"Bixby does not know you, and there is time to escape yet. I shall fire this pistol in the air. Run for your life to your horse there, and push on to Tinborough. You can catch the train. May God forgive you."

The figure caught the hand which had released its hold as the words were spoken and kissed it. Then, turning back, as if upon a sudden impulse, the robber murmured something which could not be understood, and thrust into the cashier's hand a mass of chilly metal which his intuition rather than his touch recognized as Peleg Houghton's watch and chain. He had presence of mind enough to conceal it in his pocket, and then he fired his pistol, and he heard the sound of flying feet and rattling wheels as Silas Bixby accosted him.

"What in thunder! did he wriggle away from ye? why did n't you sing out sooner?"

"I think I am getting faint. In Heaven's name go quick to my house and release my wife, and tell

her all is safe. The fright of these shots will kill her."

Foster Houghton sunk in a swoon even as he spoke, and only the quick arm of Silas Bixby saved him from a fall on the stone steps.

"See here, boys," said he. "If you have got those fellows tied up tight, one of you take 'Squire Houghton and bring him to, and I'll go over to his house and untie his wife, before I start after that pesky little rascal that has got away. If I had 'a' supposed he would dare to risk the pistol I should have hung on to him myself. Mike, you just keep your revolver cocked, and if either of those men more than winks, shoot him where he lies."

Having thus disposed of his forces, and provided for the guard of the prisoners and the restoration of the disabled, the commander was off at a run. Half Elmfield seemed to have been awakened by the shots, and he was met by a half-dozen lightly clad men and boys whom he sent on this errand and that, — to open the lock-up under the engine-house, to harness horses for the pursuit, — vouchsafing only very curt replies to their eager questions as to what had happened. He was exasperated on arriving at Foster Houghton's dwelling to find the door locked and the windows fastened. So he raised a stentorian shout of, "It's — all — right — Mrs. — Houghton! Robbers — caught — and — nobody — hurt"; separating his words carefully to insure being understood; and then scud at full speed back toward the bank again. He met half-way an excited, talkative little group, the central figure of which was the cashier of the bank, restored to life, but still white as death, and supported by friendly hands. Assured that Houghton himself was now able to release his wife, Bixby ran on to the

green, and in five minutes more was settled in his gig, and urging his cheerful little bay Morgan over the road to Tinborough, mentally putting into form his narrative for the "Trumpet" as he went.

III.

THUS it came about that it was Foster Houghton himself who unloosed his wife's bonds, — bending his gray head, as he did so, to print a kiss of sorrow and sympathy on her wrinkled cheek, and leaving a tear there.

"He has escaped," he said, "and is on the road to the station."

"Will he not be overtaken?"

"I think not. He has a fair start, and knows what is at stake; and the train passes through before daylight."

Then the woman's heart, which had borne her bravely up so far, gave way, and she broke into terrible sobs; and the husband who would comfort her was himself overcome by the common grief, and could not speak a word. Silently they suffered together, pressing hands, until the entering light of dawn reminded them that even this day had duties and perhaps new phases of sorrow. They could hear the quick steps of passers evidently full of excitement over the event of the night, and talking all together. They could not be long left undisturbed. As they dressed, Foster Houghton — unable or reluctant to describe in any detail the scene at the bank, as his wife was to ask him about it — suddenly encountered in his pocket the watch, entangled in its chain.

"He gave me this, and a kiss," he said, every word

a sob; and Mary Houghton pressed it to her heart. Then, as a quick step sounded on the porch, she hastily thrust it into a drawer.

“What shall we say?” she asked.

“I do not know. Heaven will direct us for the best,” he replied.

The step did not pause for ceremony, but came in and up the stairs as if on some pressing errand. Then the door opened, and Harry Houghton ran in,— his curls wet with the fog of the morning, his cheeks rosy as from a rapid ride, his eyes dancing with excitement.

His father and mother stood speechless and bewildered, filled with a new alarm. But the boy was too busy with his own thoughts to observe his reception. Thick and fast came his words, questions waiting for no answers, and narrative never pausing for comment.

“What is this Bixby shouted to me when I met him about robbers? And what is there such a crowd at the bank about? Did I come sooner than you expected me? We had a glorious time at Tinborough, you know, and when we were through dancing I decided to drive home at once. And a few miles out I met Silas in his gig driving like mad, and he shouted at me till he was out of hearing, but I could not catch one word in a dozen. But before anything else, I want to beg your pardon for my roughness last night. I am old enough to know better, but I was angry when I spoke; and I have been thoroughly ashamed of myself ever since. You will forgive and forget, father, won't you? — Hallo, I did n't suppose you felt so badly about it, mother darling.”

Mary Houghton was clasping her son's neck, crying as she had not cried that night. But the cashier, slower in seeing his way, as usual, stood passing

his hand across his brows for a moment. Then he spoke:—

“Henry, where is your grandfather’s watch?”

“There, did you miss it so quickly? I meant to get it back before you discovered it was gone. I will have it after breakfast. The fact is, I was not myself when I left the house last night, with temper, and Harrison Fry offered me two hundred dollars for it, to be paid next week, and in my temper I let him take it to bind the bargain. I was crazy for money, and I sold him my pistol too. I regretted about the watch before I had fairly quit the village; but he broke his engagement and did not go with us to Tinborough after all; so I have had no chance to get it back again till now.”

“Harrison Fry!” exclaimed Foster Houghton; and his hands clasped and his lips moved in thankful prayer.

“But if you don’t tell me what is all this excitement in the village, I shall run out and find out for myself,” cried the boy, impatiently. “You never would stand here asking me questions about trifles, if the bank had been broken open in the night.”

Foster Houghton put his hands on his boy’s shoulders and kissed him, as he had not done since his son’s childhood. Then he took from its hiding-place the watch and hung it on Harry’s neck, his manifest emotion checking the expression of the lad’s astonishment.

“There is much to tell you, Harry,” he said, “and perhaps you will think I have to ask your forgiveness rather than you mine. But my heart is too full for a word till after prayers. Let us go down.”

Then the three went down the stairs, the mother clinging to the boy’s hand, which she had never relin-

quished since her first embrace. Foster Houghton took the massive Bible, as was his daily custom, and read the chapter upon which rested the mark left the morning before; but his voice choked and his eyes filled again when he came to the lines:—

“For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.”

Silas Bixby galloped into Tinborough two minutes late for the owl train; and the fugitive was too sharp to be caught by the detectives who were put on the watch for him by telegraphic messages. In a few hours all Elmfield had discovered that Harrison Fry was missing, and had made up its mind that he was the escaped confederate in the burglary. The Blue River National Bank offered a reward for him, but he has never yet been found. The zealous constable found compensation for the loss of one prisoner in the discovery that the other two were a couple of the most skilful and slippery of the metropolitan cracksmen, known among other aliases as Gentleman Graves and Toffey Ben. Silas Bixby's courage and discretion received due tribute from counsel, press, and public during the trial that ensued the next month in the Tinborough court-house; and by some influence it was so managed that Mrs. Houghton was not called to the stand, nor was Foster Houghton closely questioned in regard to the manner in which the third robber had escaped from his custody on the steps of the bank.

Harry Houghton went to Lake George that summer, starting a day after the departure of Grace Chamberlain; but this year they go together, and the programme of the tour includes Niagara and Quebec.

OUR BREAKFAST AT THE ASTOR.

THE newspapers have had a report lately that the Astor House was to go the way of all things down town, in New York, and be converted into profitable but uncomfortable stores. I believe they have contradicted the rumor since, and given the delightful, homelike, Bostonish old hostelry at least three years more of life; but I shall still act upon my original impulse, conceived when I first heard the painful story, and relieve my conscience of a weight it has carried altogether too long, by unburdening myself of a certain incident in the secret history of the steady old inn, for the benefit of all concerned and the rest of mankind.

It was in the winter of 1862-63, and I was engaged as army correspondent on a Boston paper of enterprise, vivacity, and entire respectability combined. If this description leaves any curious reader in the dark as to the identity of the paper, he will have to turn back to the files in the Athenæum, and see which it was that had the lead in a brilliant though sad account of the battle of Fredericksburg,—for it was with that very account in manuscript nearly complete in my pocket that I was travelling post-haste through New York, on the occasion which I am about to describe.

I have intimated that I beat all the other newspaper men in the field on this occasion; and the details of how I did it might form materials for another story, for there is no room for them in this. After confused, bewildering hours, I hardly know how many, of desperate fighting, beginning in high hopes and ending in darkest despair, and on my part of rapid writing, page

after page of my note-book filling up with the diary of the moments on which hung the fate of the army and of the war, as I sat on the steps of the Phillips House and gazed across the river with my glass between each sentence, — at last came the decision for retreat. My good fortune consisted in hearing of this climax of ill-fortune a little in advance of any of the other eager but weary journalists who were sleeping near me at the moment. It did not take long to map out my plans; and then came a night ride across that dreadful sea of fathomless mud to Acquia Creek, the horrors of which I could not describe if I would, but at the close of which I sold my horse to a Yankee sutler near the wharf for a cup of coffee, five dollars, and a rubber blanket. Perhaps some notion of the ordeal of the ride may be obtained from that fact; for he was a good steed in the beginning, and I owed him gratitude for many hard rides successfully accomplished before, on the Peninsula and in the Valley of Virginia. He never did the newspaper which paid for and the rider who trusted him a better service than his last; for just as I swallowed the scalding, milkless, black coffee which restored my own strength, and just as he sank steaming in the yellow puddle which fronted the sutler's tent, I learned that a hospital transport with some of the wounded of the first day's fighting was at that moment leaving the wharf for Washington.

A quick run brought me on board a minute before the plank was withdrawn; but it took a large share of the money I had about me to persuade a Pennsylvania Dutchman, who happened to be sergeant of the guard, that I was not an able-bodied, demoralized straggler from the front, but one of those unrecognized gentry who conquered a right to go into all forbidden places by the mystic word "Press," or when that failed, as

now, by the talismanic greenback. During the day which followed, we sped up the Potomac—a groaning, writhing cargo of agony, borne up by patriotism, tended by an agent of the Sanitary Commission and myself, and alternately mutilated and neglected by a drunken surgeon who swore at our interference as he staggered from a drink in the captain's cabin to a murder on the noisome, crowded deck. Doing what I could, I still found time to attend to the duties of my own profession, and made up a clear, terse, and graphic account of the events on the Rappahannock for telegraphing, besides obtaining the name, regiment, and condition of every wounded and dead man on board the steamer. It was late in the afternoon, and in that drizzly December day already quite dark, when our slow steamer touched the Sixth Street wharf in Washington. I calculated the time before the departure of the New York train to a fraction of a minute, and found I had none to spare,—so broke my rule in regard to Washington hackmen, and in a minute or less from the landing had chartered a carriage with a costly proviso that no other occupant was to be waited for, and was trundling through the mud toward the Avenue.

I was lucky enough to find our resident Washington correspondent in his office, or “bureau,” as the boys were absurd enough to call it in their despatches; and he was keen enough to comprehend the situation in a moment, to inform me that by the difference between army time and Washington clocks I had fifteen minutes less than I supposed, to take my precious despatch of exclusive intelligence for the telegraph wires with less than a dozen words of explanation, and to send me off to the railroad station at the full speed of my carriage, after a halt fabulously brief. His cool alacrity,

unperturbed either by newspaper victories or national defeats, quite took away my breath; and it was not till we turned the corner near the station that I remembered that one of the two things I had to say to him was, to request the loan of enough money to make me sure of having sufficient to get home with, as my hasty departure from Falmouth and the unexpected draft at the landing had reduced my immediate resources to a very low ebb.

My memory came quite too late to turn back, however; and as we arrived at the station I paid my driver his quickly earned five dollars with more of a sigh than I had ever wasted over the expenditure of office money before. I had but three fives and some small change left; and as I recalled the price of a Boston ticket, it needed no long process in mental arithmetic to convince me that, hungry as I was, my twenty-four hours' journey must be made on very short commons. Poverty sharpens the wits; and this temporary impoverishment sharpened mine, as I ran to the ticket-office, to such an extent that I bought a ticket to New York only, instead of for the whole journey, remembering that the price of the through ticket included seventy-five cents for a coach-ride through New York, while the distance might be traversed by a street-car for one tenth of the sum. I jumped on board the starting train not a moment too soon; and my first act after finding a seat was to make a thorough survey of the financial situation.

Six dollars were first thrust resolutely out of the way, in an inner compartment of my wallet, for my fare to Boston; and the balance which remained for the purchase of commissary supplies, after several countings, over of the fractional currency,—then rather a novelty, and fresh and new from the press,—

amounted to precisely ninety-five cents. Any wild desire which might have existed to expend the whole in the luxury of a berth in a sleeping-car was crushed by the remembrance that the price was one dollar; and I solaced myself with the thought that I was tired enough to sleep soundly and comfortably anywhere. There was a refreshment saloon attached to the night train at that time; but as I knew from old experience that the smallest viand on its counter would exhaust my entire resources, I resolved to insult my hunger with an apple, and then smother it in sleep, and so reserve the bulk of my fortune for the next day, when my appetite would be more peremptory and could be more economically satisfied. So I supped stoically on the mealy fruit which the basket of a passing vender supplied, and easily put myself to sleep with variations on a formula something like this:—

Apple	05
Horse-car fare in New York	06
Newspaper	05
Breakfast (coffee, boiled eggs, and buckwheat cakes)	30
Dinner at Springfield, (baked beans and ale)	45
Margin for accidents and contingent expenses .	04
	<hr/>
	95

My very neat and symmetrical plan was not destined to be carried out beyond the first item: for as I opened my eyes in the ferry-boat at Jersey City (I had contrived, in some mysterious way, to effect a change of cars then necessary at Philadelphia without awakening to consciousness, beyond that of an unusually hideous dream) my slow-returning senses were jogged by a vision of charming Sallie Burton of

Boston, sitting on the opposite side of the cabin, wrapped up to her eyes in shawls and furs, yet looking as lovely as ever, and—though she must have travelled all night in the same train with myself—as fresh and blooming as when I bade her good by the previous summer on the piazza of the Rockland House.

She saw me almost as soon as I discovered her, and the genuine joy and tenderness that mingled in the tones of her startled little cry, "O Robert!" as it blended with my "By Jove! Sallie," made me feel as if it were the news of a glorious victory instead of that of a tragic defeat that I was carrying home to Boston. I had been wooing the dear girl furiously in those halcyon days at Cohasset, and had just begun to dare to hope of winning her, when the order came from the office sending me post-haste at an hour's notice to join McClellan on the Chickahominy. I had dallied with my fate ever since, dreading to risk my future happiness on a letter, and forcing myself to be content with the sweet dreams of Sallie's face which came to me night after night as I shared the soldier's bivouac, and strove with every nerve to gain that promotion and distinction which should give me a better title to ask her for heart and hand when the day should come. Now, her sudden appearance at the very moment when I seemed to have got so near the goal, the evident emotion with which she met me so unexpectedly, seemed like a taste of Paradise.

But the cabin of a ferry-boat is hardly the place for outward manifestations of ecstatic sentiment, and I dare say our fellow-voyagers across the bay overheard our conversation without discovering that either of us was different from ordinary mortals. In the words of somebody or other in one of Mother Goose's dramas,

it was "How do you do, and how do you do, and how do you do again," and then it was:—

"But how in the name of wonder came you here, and where did you come from?"

"Why, I have been to Washington to see the opening of Congress and visit my cousins, and am on my way home. But how came you here?"

My own story need not be recapitulated; but its main fact, that I was bound to Boston, and on the same train with the young lady herself, elicited an "O, how nice," that was the sweetest music and most exquisite poetry to my ears. Of course, I took possession of the satchel, waterproof, checks, ticket, and other impedimenta of my fair fellow-traveller at once, with the air of a regularly appointed guardian. A glance at the long series of coupons which formed the ticket, however, reminded me that of course Miss Burton was ticketed through to Boston, and that her natural means of crossing the metropolis was by the lumbering coach which stood before us as we quitted the ferry-boat, and into which an unsavory Irish woman, with half a dozen whimpering children, was already crowding her way.

"O Sallie," said I, with a sudden inspiration, whether of good or evil I have never yet quite decided, "let us not ride in that disagreeable thing. We can easily walk to Broadway and take a car, and then we can stop and take breakfast at some better place than those horrible restaurants near the depot."

"Certainly, I would just as lief, if you think it would be pleasanter, Mr. Delton," said she, without a moment's hesitation. "I suppose there is plenty of time, and I am sure I am hungry."

I believe Sallie thought I was moody and offended during that walk through Courtlandt Street, because

she had called me by my surname; but I hardly noticed the lapse, for the memory of the state of my pocket, forgotten in the sound sleep and sudden surprise, just then struck me, as it were, between the eyes; and none of the mental arithmetic I could muster could create a satisfactory example with the materials I had at command. Six more cents out of my ninety, for a double car-fare, left only seventy-eight for the day's provision for two people, putting the longed-for newspaper out of the question as an unjustifiable luxury; and though such a sum might be an abundance in Pekin, with my knowledge of New York restaurants and railway dining-rooms I could not contrive a practicable way of making the two ends meet.

Some matter-of-fact reader may growl that of course the young lady had money enough, and that all I had to do was to borrow a few dollars of her for a day, and be at once relieved of all anxiety. But I think those who have been in the peculiar condition of mind and heart that I was in then, feeling, as I did, that a most momentous crisis was very near at hand, will admit that such a course of procedure was quite out of the question. I was not sure enough of my fate to venture any risks, however slight; and the risk implied to my mind, in confiding to the being who held my happiness in her hands that I was two hundred miles from home with only ninety cents in available funds, would have been fatal to all my hopes of success.

No; the exigency of the hour demanded a conception and execution almost Napoleonic; and by the time we had reached Broadway I was ready for the test.

"I think, Sallie," said I, as cool as I had seen General Burnside forty-eight hours before on the hill over-

looking Fredericksburg, — “I think, on the whole, we had better breakfast at the Astor House. It is quite near, very comfortable, and you will have a chance to get thoroughly warmed before taking the horse-car.”

Sallie called me by my Christian name again as she assented joyfully to the proposal, and the conversation glided off into a track where I need not follow it. The sun was hardly up, I remember, and none of the shops in that part of Broadway would take down their shutters for an hour or more. The newsmen rushing by with damp bundles of papers, and the hacks driving to and from the early boats and trains, were about the only occupants of the street; and Sallie thought it very different from the Broadway she had known in her visits to New York, and worth being out at that unearthly hour to see as a novelty. At length we reached Vesey Street, and as we turned the corner I think my heart beat faster than it had ever done in any of the perilous positions of my war experience. Suppose the door of the ladies' entrance should be locked at this early period of the day; or suppose we should be met at the head of the stairs by a polite waiter! In either case I think I should rather have been in even General Burnside's boots than mine that morning. But no untoward incident overthrew my scheme at its beginning; we entered, ran up the stairs, and, without meeting an inquisitive eye, crossed the hall into the little reception-room, where a jolly fire already burned in the grate, and gave an opportunity for Sallie to doff her overshoes and warm her pretty feet in the most enchanting way imaginable.

Of course I left her, ostensibly to report myself at the office; and of course I did not go near the office, but made a hasty toilet in the wash-room, including renovation to the extent of a clean paper collar from the

recesses of one of my pockets. I needed the splash of the cold water to dispel the nervousness which kept creeping over me when I thought of the dangers of my position and the immensity of the interests at stake. I think I would have given a slice of my reputation to have met any of my newspaper friends in the familiar lobby, with five dollars in his pocket; but journalists are not abroad so late in the morning as half-past six, and no such means of relief was to be hoped for. I would have pawned my watch willingly, or sold it for one tenth its value with absolute pleasure; but neither my uncle nor the jewellers open their doors till eight, at least. We had time enough, but none to spare; so I braced myself with bold resolution, assumed as much of the air of an established guest as possible, and sauntered back to the reception-room, where Sallie was waiting in the firelight, leaning her head on her hand, and in the prettiest attitude of fatigue and meditation in the world. She donned again her outer garments briskly, I shouldered overcoat and minor luggage, and we marched, she as innocent as a lark and as gay, and I weighed down with apprehension and suspense, into the cosy little breakfast-room.

Nobody stepped up to question my right there: the waiter designated a table for us as a matter of course, and evidently took us, as I meant he should, for guests of yesterday, compelled to an early breakfast on account of departure in the morning train. There was one such party in the room already, eating, bonneted and shawled, and with nervous glances at the clock. The fires glowed in the two grates with a cheerful lustre, and the screens before them, serving also as heaters for the rolls and plates, reminded me of the tin-kitchens of my boyhood's days. We had a

table to ourselves in one corner. Sallie clapped her hands joyously, and said it was splendid; and we combined to order such a breakfast as might have suggested to the waiter that we were just from a journey, and not just starting out. I remember I sent the waiter off with a bit of currency to buy me a morning's "Herald," quite as much to add an air of luxury to our repast as to reassure myself that no New York newspaper man had stolen a march upon me by a balloon or aërial telegraph with an account of the battle. There was only a half-column of sensational headings and a few confused lines of contradictory statements vaguely shadowing forth the defeat. My newspaper triumph was certain, and with it I felt assured of a promotion and an established reputation in my profession which would give me the right to ask Sallie the question to which I fancied her eyes had already said yes.

It was a most bewitching breakfast. With youth and health and love and novelty to season our viands, there was no sickly sentimentalism about our appetites. Mine had the added stimulus of the remembrance of six months' campaign fare in Virginia and Maryland; but I think we both enjoyed the feast about alike, and shared each other's steaks, cutlets, omelets, chicken-wings, and successive plates of smoking, luscious cakes, in a merry mood of rivalry and comparison. True, to me it had some of the elements of Macbeth's feast: as a step resounded in the corridor I fancied my Banquo in the shape of the gentlemanly clerk, coming to ask me to "call at the office and register"; like the Egyptian, I had a grinning skull at my banquet in the ebony waiter who might ask me at any moment for the number of my room; and when the closet door opened I conjured up a

skeleton in the shape of a curt detective who might take me off to the Tombs as a new edition of Jeremy Diddler, with my delayed despatch in my pocket, and Sallie in tears of wrath. With such thoughts constantly popping up, the words of adoration, of entreaty, which kept rising to my lips as I looked across the table at the dainty form opposite, had to be resolutely repressed ; for should any of these interruptions occur, I thought how speedily would the tenderness that danced in Sallie's eyes turn to flashing scorn, how dark would be the prospect otherwise so bright before me.

But the meal, with all its delights and all its terrors, came to an end at last ; we had still more than half an hour to reach the New Haven station ; and I breathed a sigh of relief as the waiter helped me on with my overcoat as obsequiously as if I had been Mr. Astor himself, with a check for a million in my pocket in place of that wretched ninety cents. I would have given him half my cash as a fee, in my joy, but that I feared to expose the emptiness of my pocket-book. We passed down the stairs unmolested as we had come up, followed by the *bona fide* departing guests who had breakfasted near us, and who had a carriage waiting for them at the door. We made our way to the horse-car, which, at that early hour for up-town travel, we had nearly to ourselves, and arrived at Twenty-seventh Street in ample time for the eight o'clock Boston train.

It may be imagined that with the weight of my rash experiment off my mind and Sallie's pretty head occasionally resting on my shoulder, with the horrors of the defeat growing dim and the consciousness that I had distanced all the press of the East in speed that morning and should beat them all in minuteness and

accuracy of detail the next, I soon recovered my natural spirits. I saw no longer any reason for delaying my own attack upon the fortress I had besieged so long. I opened my first parallel at Bridgport, began the assault in earnest at New Haven, carried the citadel long before we reached Hartford, and fired a salute of victory in the next tunnel. We mutually celebrated the triumph in another way at Springfield, where a judicious expenditure of my remaining seventy cents procured a lunch of wholesome New England viands quite as liberal in quantity as our hearty breakfast had left us an appetite for. But it was not till long after that, that I told Sallie the secret history of our Astor House feast, and how, when I gave her up temporarily to her father in the depot that happy night, I walked to the office with hardly money enough to jingle in my pocket.

Of course, in the happy years that have followed, I have felt an occasional twinge of honorable remorse as I thought of the contemptible way in which I had swindled the Astor House. I did indeed contemplate explaining the whole affair at the office when I next passed through New York; but when I came to the test, the stately severity of the clerk's manner quite froze me with dismay at the thought of such a confession to such a man, and I only asked him to give me the key of my room. So absurd an idea as sending the amount of which I had defrauded the establishment in an anonymous letter, as people are constantly sending such missives to the Treasury Department, was not to be thought of. I strove to make such reparation as I could by always staying at the house when I visited New York,—never again with empty pockets; but then, I have reflected that the thorough comfort and homelike atmosphere of the place would

have induced this choice in any other circumstances; and so I have decided to ease my conscience by a sort of public confession, and have therefore put faithfully down in black and white the whole story of the first time my wife and I ever breakfasted together at the Astor.

OUR MAID: HOW WE LOST AND HOW WE FOUND HER.

A FEW SCENES FROM A HOUSEHOLD DRAMA.

I.

FIDUCIA and I had been married six months. We had been keeping house five months and a half. The difference of time represented the wedding trip we had taken to Montreal and Quebec. The whole six months had been but one long honeymoon. Not a cloud from any quarter had disturbed the serenity of our home-life; and I had fairly made up my mind that the stories my friends had told me of the worries and annoyances of city housekeeping were all bug-bears, invented for timorous bachelors. My surprise, therefore, was the greater when, coming home one afternoon tired from the labors of the office and the encounters of the court-room, Fiducia met me at the door—not exactly in tears, but with lips very firmly closed and eyes very resolutely kept from winking to prevent such a demonstration—with the startling information that Ellen had left us. Now, Ellen had been the strong point of our establishment. She had been bequeathed to us by a friend about starting for

Europe, in whose family she had served for several years, and from whom she had the heartiest recommendations. She had fulfilled the requirements made of a girl-of-all-work to our entire satisfaction, and we already, in our experience, considered her a permanent member of the family. But on this memorable day, Fiducia said, she had been offered the position of second girl, with her own sister as associate servant, in a family rich enough to keep several attendants, on the condition of accepting it at once; and, having no inconvenient scruples on points of honor to embarrass her action, she had thrown to the winds all such trifles as an agreement to give a month's warning, and had already departed. Even while we spoke the expressman came down stairs with her trunk, — a monstrous affair of the Saratoga model, which quite threw Fiducia's modest little portmanteau into the shade. My wife had completed the cooking of dinner, which the departed damsel had left half done; and as our wrath diminished under the influence of the pudding made as she had liked it in her childhood, we discussed more composedly the catastrophe and its remedy.

"After all," said I, "it would not be so bad if it were not for this case that takes every second of my time this week. Girls are plentier here than in the country, and if none advertises to-night in the "Transcript," perhaps we can find one at the nearest intelligence office, when we can get time to go there."

So we cheered up and made light of it; though Fiducia's flushed face and weary eyes, the results of her experiments over the unfamiliar range, made me resolve not to accept her assurance that she would not much mind doing the work herself for a few days.

When the sharp ring of the carrier at the door-bell announced the arrival of the "Transcript," we both

waited a minute or so for Ellen to bring the sprightly sheet in as usual; and then the reaction from our happy forgetfulness made us turn, as soon as we opened the sheet, to its long column of "Situations Wanted."

But there was not a maid for us in the "Transcript." There were four applicants for that delightfully named position of "parlor girl" in a small, genteel family; three who would serve as chambermaids, and as many to take care of children; one fastidious person who was willing to assume the charge of "a very quiet infant"; and several advertisers who wanted places for two inseparable sisters in the same house. There were plenty of people, apparently in the same plight as ourselves, seeking for servants of all classes and descriptions. But not a single girl in the city, it seemed, was so desirous of a place to do general housework in a very small family as to give publicity to her wishes through the newspaper.

"Now, don't bother your poor, tired head about the matter another minute," said Fiducia, as we reached the foot of the catalogue. "Smoke your pipe and digest your dinner in peace, and I will attend to it in the morning."

"But, my dear," said I, "you would be sure to get taken in at an intelligence office."

"I have too good a judgment of faces for that," protested the confident little woman. "And, moreover, I have not lived six months in Boston for nothing."

Indeed, I needed all my nerves and all my thoughts for my case then pending, — fancying, as every young lawyer does, that my whole professional reputation and the success of my career depended upon my winning it. So I dismissed the kitchen from my mind, and proceeded, according to the unprofessional habit

which the duration of my honeymoon had fastened upon me, to make all the intricacies of the suit clearer in my own mind by explaining them minutely to Fiducia. She gave such attention as one never gets from a juryman; and some of her keen questions and apt suggestions were worth gold eagles to me, and the hints they gave were employed to great advantage next day in the cross-examinations of uncandid witnesses.

II.

THE trial engrossed all my thoughts during the next day; and it was not till I came in sight of my own door that I thought, with a mental growl at my own lack of sympathy, of the perplexities that must, during the same time, have been besetting Fiducia. But I was reassured when that lady met my eyes in the bay-window, busily stitching away at the slippers which were to surprise me on Christmas day, and when I caught a glimpse of a calico-clad form through the window of the basement story.

"It is all right again, Dick," said Fiducia, as she met me with "No Thoroughfare" held in her hand in a manner quite to defy suspicion. "I have hired a girl from the intelligence office for the same wages we gave Ellen; and so far I think she's a perfect wonder."

"Where was her last place, and why did she leave it?" said I.

Fiducia's first reply was a look of surprise. "I am sure, I don't know. Ought I to have found out, Dick?"

"Of course you asked for her references," said I, never doubting that she had done so.

"Indeed, I did nothing of the kind," replied Fiducia. "I never should have thought of such a question;" and then, noticing the look of doubt which I could not keep from my face, "just hear what my experience was, and you will wonder I had wits enough left to ask any questions at all."

So we sat down comfortably in the parlor, and, as I changed my boots for the worn-out slippers which my landlady's daughter worked for me in my bachelor days, and the decay of which I always thought Fiducia looked upon with complacency, she told me her story.

She had gone over to the intelligence office, the whereabouts of which she had learned from the newspaper, as soon as the breakfast dishes were disposed of. She had waited a few moments in hesitation at the long row of staring girls who confronted her when the pert young woman in charge had overwhelmed her with the inquiry, "What kind of a situation *she* wanted." After this trifling misunderstanding had been recovered from (not apologized for), she had been presented to a tall, strapping young woman, not many months from Ireland, who had proceeded to catechize her: "Had she changed girls often"; "Did she give her girl a pleasant room"; "Was the girl expected to wash the windows"; "Did she expect a warm dinner cooked on Sunday"; and so on, till at last an indignant negative to one of this exacting dignitary's essential conditions had brought the conclusive "Then I think your house won't suit me, ma'am." Another and another had come up for examination with substantially the same results; until Fiducia had begun to think all the dreadful stories her friend had told her of intelligence offices were true. But at last she had been presented to a young woman

whose simplicity and good manners seemed like an oasis in a desert of impudence. This remarkable being had asked no questions, and had answered many satisfactorily, as to her ability to cook, even in the mysteries of cake-baking, her willingness to do all the household work of our little family, her content with the privileges of absence two evenings a week, her acceptance of the weekly wages we had formerly paid. Fiducia seemed to have been fairly fascinated, and — till I broke the spell by the inquiry I have recorded — had not reflected upon the fact that she had not learned from her new maid a single thing about her antecedents and personal history, except that her name was Mary Mitchell.

“O, well,” said I at last, “perhaps it is as safe to rely on your shrewd instinct in the matter. All Ellen’s florid recommendations did not prevent her from leaving us in the lurch at a moment’s warning.”

“I am sure, I think, from what I have seen, she will prove to be a treasure, Dick,” rejoined Fiducia; “only since I came home I have had some misgivings lest she might be dangerously charming.”

This implied fear of my susceptibility was met, as it was made, with a laugh; and we went to dinner.

Certainly our new servitor was not one of the common run of kitchen maids. If her name had not dispelled the association of Hibernian origin which inevitably comes up in this connection, her presence would have driven it away. Tall and lithe, with a white arm and a little hand, a pale face and an expression of dignified reserve, it needed all the plain calico gown, the brown hair ruthlessly drawn back and rolled into an unbecoming knot, the thorough respectfulness of demeanor, to suggest the servant-girl at all. But the dinner and the manner of its serving

proved her experienced and accomplished in the duties of her position, and so dispelled all doubts. I might as well turn this story at once into a supplement to Thackeray's "Memorials of Gormandizing," as to attempt to convey a conception of the subtle and marvellous art with which Mary Mitchell provided for our breakfasts and dinners, then and afterwards, while she remained with us. The halibut was browned as daintily as a hungry soldier might see it in a dream; the beef was cooked just to the point where not one cook in ten thousand is quick enough to leave off; the sauce to the pudding was a new delight; and with all these material excellences there was a mysterious something in the very setting of the table, in the method with which Mary with noiseless movement and no unseemly haste changed the dishes as we passed from one course to another, that seemed to impart a new dignity, almost a new poetry, to the little city dining-room. But Fiducia says I always get beyond my depth in rapture when I try to describe Mary Mitchell's cookery; and were I to continue for a column or two, much must still be left to the imagination.

The best of it was that the genius which stood her in such good stead at the range accompanied her through the rest of her wide range of duties. Says old George Herbert, —

" A servant with this clause
 Makes drudgery divine;
 Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
 Makes that and the action fine."

Mary Mitchell not only swept a room with the thoroughness of an acute conscience; she made the silver shine with a brilliancy that brought back memories of the new glitter of the array of gifts upon our

wedding-day; she gave my shirt-front such a miraculous polish that I began to feel the dandy pride of bachelorhood. And when little Fred Greenleaf of Beacon Street came to call on us, she opened the door to him and showed him up stairs in such a serene way that Fred raved about her for full fifteen minutes, and I began to think of him in the character of King Cophetua.

The long and short of it was that, having fairly discovered such an unexpected jewel in the mire of an intelligence office, and recognizing some mystery about our new acquisition which we could not make up our minds to violently fathom, Fiducia and I decided not to intrude upon the dignified reserve of our new housemaid by putting that neglected question about references and former services, but to trust to time and the unrestrained intercourse of daily life to reveal all that was needed. And when day after day passed until a week had gone by, and we were as much in the dark as ever (my wife testifying to a certain unexpressed but unmistakable unwillingness of Mary to follow the lead of any conversation tending to her own affairs), any misgivings we might have had were lulled to sleep by the entire propriety of her behavior, the honesty of her face, and her manifest ability to perform all the services we might require. And if Fiducia suggested that the refinement and cultivation which, unobtrusive as she was, could not but be seen in our housemaid's manner and language, were inconsistent with her position in life, I received it with the incredulity of a legally trained mind, and explained all by referring it to the influence of some former mistress, or the beginning of a new Utopian era in "servantgalism." I found my bread really toasted and positively hot, my buckwheat cakes light as

air, and cooked to perfection; and I revelled too heartily in the novelty to disturb myself with wonderings which in themselves were absurd; for figs might sooner grow on thistle stalks than romance could be expected to blossom in an intelligence office.

Perhaps I should mention that there was one occasion when Mary Mitchell seemed about to lapse into one of the chronic failings of her class. It was at dinner. In continuation of my habit of confiding to my wife the incidents of my professional life, I read to her, in the course of the dessert, a letter which I had received at the office. It was from the Hon. David Wentworth, the rich cotton manufacturer and local magnate of Tothersex County in New Hampshire. He had been a client of the firm for half a century; and now that my partner was dead he continued the relation, although thus far I had never seen him.

Thus he wrote:—

“WENTWORTHVILLE, December 17.

“SIR: I enclose a note which I wish you to address properly and hand to the most eminent private detective in your city. As I have directed him to apply to you for your professional aid if it be necessary, I will state that the commission relates to the discovery of my daughter, who has wilfully and without my consent left her home, for the purpose, as I believe, of meeting and marrying a certain lieutenant in the navy, named Barlow. I have reason to believe that the marriage has not yet taken place, as, soon after my daughter's flight, a letter arrived addressed to her, stating that the writer had been suddenly ordered to Washington, and asking her to defer her departure. If, therefore, the detective agent whom

you may select shall discover her place of concealment in time the affair may be prevented. But if this is not accomplished, I shall have immediate occasion for my will, which is placed with other papers in the safe of your firm. You will, therefore, please forward the document to me immediately; and if you have any occasion to communicate with me in the course of the search, use the telegraph freely, and if necessary I can myself go to Boston at any moment. I have given out that my daughter is visiting her aunt in Chicago, and remain at home to prevent any awakening of scandal.

“I have described the young lady, and given all the clews I have as to her probable places of refuge in the letter enclosed.

“Your ob’d’t servant,

“DAVID WENTWORTH.”

“The old fellow,” I explained to my wife as I read, “has written as stiffly as if he were directing me to foreclose a mortgage; but I can see the feeling, and passion too, in his handwriting. His fingers must have trembled amazingly in making some of these words. I promptly delivered the enclosure, which was sealed, to James Seek; and if the runaway is to be caught, he will catch her.”

It was during this very dinner that Mary Mitchell, coming in, in her calm way, with the teapot, — a very quaint and pretty little bit of Wedgewood ware which my bride and I had selected on the first day of our housekeeping, — found it too hot for her hands, and dropped it before she reached the table. We prized it foolishly; and I know I should have said something sharp, but that I saw the cloud gathering on Fiducia’s brow; and a similar sight, I suppose, kept her from

any rebuke. Mary looked thoroughly frightened, and grew fairly white as she swept up the pieces of the perished nose; and when Fiducia reported after dinner that she had been having a little cry over her accident in the kitchen, we were both glad that neither of us had contributed to a regret which went quite deep enough for the trifle that caused it. We almost forgot the spoiling of our cherished set an hour afterwards, as we talked over the family trouble that had come upon old Mr. Wentworth in spite of his wealth. And I do not know which of us was the most surprised the next day when Mary Mitchell—who had asked an hour's leave of absence for the first time, in the morning—came in at the proper stage of the dinner with a new teapot, the precise counterpart of our ruined beauty, which we had thought unmatchable in the city. She did it as serenely as she did everything, as if it were the most usual thing in the world for a kitchen-maid to repair the results of her carelessness; and we neither of us seemed at the moment to have words to exclaim upon the phenomenon before she had left the room.

“I declare,” said Fiducia, as she sipped and luxuriated in the delicate aroma which Mary seemed to preserve so much better than any one else, “I think we have been harboring Cinderella, sent out in disgrace for staying too late at the ball; and her fairy god-mother is helping her to perform miracles to amaze us.”

“At least, my dear,” said I, merrily, “there are some fashionable people too wise to try to put their feet into her little slippers.” And in due time I had my ears boxed for the impertinence, and was compelled to take back the insinuation, which, I am bound to say, in my wife's case at least, was unfounded.

III.

ANOTHER week passed away, its office hours dotted with calls from James Seek to report no progress in his inquiries among hotels and boarding-houses, and letters from the millionaire of Wentworthville full of increasing petulance and minute directions about the new will I was framing for him; and its home hours enlivened by constant new discoveries of the capabilities of our reticent cook in the way of ethereal and flaky pie-crust. After dinner was over one day, as I smoked my pipe in the bay-window, I saw our maid in her gray walking-suit leave the house by the area door, and walk in the direction of "down town." She trod the sidewalk so genteelly that I watched her as she went,—Fiducia looking over my shoulder,—and saw her pass up the steps of No. 20, where my friend, Dr. Forceps, plies his dreadful but necessary steel; saw her run down again five minutes later, and disappear round the corner.

Now, these circumstances were very trifling in themselves; but I thought for a time I should have to testify to them on the witness-stand. For Mary Mitchell never came back!

Of course it was some time before her absence began to disturb us. The evening wore away. Fred Greenleaf called, and jocularly expressed his disappointment because I opened the door to him with my own hands; and it was not till bedtime drew near that we indulged in any wonder that a member of our family should be out so late. We set the chessmen to while away the minutes of waiting till we should hear her ring; and it was not till "checkmate," pronounced after a very intricate struggle, released our attention to seek the clock-face, that I exclaimed:—

“Upon my word, Fiducia, we must count the spoons, and examine your jewel-box.”

“That is just like you, Dick,—suspicious of rascality the very first minute, like a — lawyer as you are. With such a face as Mary Mitchell’s, I wonder you can think of such a thing.”

Nevertheless, we went over the list of our silver, and checked off article after article. Not one thing was missing. The little jewel-case had lost nothing. The wardrobe was undisturbed. All in the kitchen was in perfect order,—even the fire built in the range in readiness for the match, the dining-room table set for breakfast.

“Of course, I never for an instant doubted the girl’s honesty,” said I, as we completed our tour of inspection. “The thing is clear enough. She has found some sick friend at the West End or South Boston, and stayed to watch with her.”

“Then she never will do it again without coming home to ask leave,” said incredulous Fiducia, pursing up her lips; and so, for the night, we dismissed the subject, though not the perplexity it occasioned, and reluctantly locked up the house.

I opened the door in the morning half expecting to see Mary Mitchell waiting on the steps with her apology all ready. But there was nothing there save the can left by the milkman. The kitchen was cold and dreary in spite of its neatness.

Notwithstanding all the confidence I expressed and felt, I looked again in the plate-closet; but no burglar had been admitted by false keys or otherwise, and the little carven goat slept on the cover of the butter-dish as usual. Fiducia was for setting about preparing breakfast at once; but I could not wait for a beginning to be made *de novo*, with the fire unkindled, and

suggested a trip to Parker's instead. Naturally our vanished maid took a large place in our thoughts and conversation. We stopped at No. 20, on the way down, to make the only inquiry which, in our entire and (as I now saw) inexcusable ignorance as to Mary Mitchell's friends and acquaintances, seemed possible.

"Certainly, I remember the caller," said Dr. Forceps, "and recognized her as your new maid. She simply asked if I could spare her five minutes at once to appease an aching tooth. I had a long job on hand, and asked her to appoint an hour to-morrow; but she said she would try another dentist."

I explained the circumstances of her disappearance; but the doctor's wisdom gave us no light.

"She has got tired of you and gone in search of another place. I was served just so by an Irish girl when I was young and raw at keeping house."

"But did your girl run away with two weeks' wages due her?" said I, seeing no amusement in my friend's joke.

"That alters the case," admitted the doctor. "I think you will see her back again before the day is out."

"She shall never come back to stay without a full explanation," said Fiducia, firmly, as we waited for the car; and I admitted that the affair would look very dark, were the missing maid any maid but Mary Mitchell; and that I could suggest no plausible explanation of the mystery.

Dr. Forceps had invited us to dine with his family in default of Mary's return during the morning; so Fiducia, though she returned home as soon as we had breakfasted, to be on the spot when the truant should appear, did not touch a match to the frowning range, and got along very easily after my office-boy had been

up to hurl the heavy shovelfuls of coal into the furnace. I returned at the usual hour, feeling sure that an explanation of the whole story would be ready for me at the door. But there was none; and Fiducia, waiting and wondering alone, had grown very nervous.

"There is just one theory I can present," said I, as the dinner at Dr. Forceps's pleasant board was over; "only one theory consistent with Mary Mitchell's modesty, sobriety, honesty, and apparent high character."

"What is that, pray?" said my wife.

"She was in search of a dentist," said I. "She may have fallen into the hands of one unskilful, or a scoundrel, have taken ether, and have been unable to get home."

"By George!" said the Doctor, springing up with a fiery energy unusual even with him; "you may be right. There are some great quacks and greater villains who hang on the outskirts of the profession. I have heard of just such a case."

The fervor of the Doctor inspired me with contagious belief in a theory which I had thrown out merely as a wild conjecture.

"But, having once harbored such a suspicion, what is one to do about it?" said I.

"Put it in the hands of the police," said the Doctor; "they could make inquiries at the office of every dentist in Boston in two hours."

"I am afraid your estimate is based on your knowledge of the police system of Paris," I replied. "I have not so strong a faith. And, after all, I think the girl would come quietly home to laugh at our excitement before the search was half over."

"Then you put less trust in Mary Mitchell than I

do," said Fiducia, stoutly. "I cannot believe she would absent herself in this way, without leaving a word of explanation behind her, if she were able to come home."

"Good heavens!" exploded the Doctor, to whom the evening paper had just been brought in, "listen to this." And he read aloud the paragraph, which I shortly afterward cut out, and have still preserved in my pocket-book as a memento of the day:—

"A woman who gave her name, as nearly as it could be understood, as Mary Miffin, was found by officer Harris in Temple Place last evening, in a state of utter stupor, produced by intoxication. On recovering her senses in the cell at the station-house, she twice attempted to strangle herself. She was brought up in the Municipal Court this morning, and was sent to the Island for thirty days."

"And what do you make of that?" said I. "I would believe anything sooner than that the Mary Mitchell who has lived in my house would ever be drunk in the street."

"Don't you see, don't you see!" said the impetuous Doctor, running his fingers through his hair, and pacing up and down the room in a fever of excitement. "It is as plain as a pike-staff. Mary Mitchell goes to a dentist,—so much we know for certain. She is drugged, stupefied,—turned out at last in the street. She is picked up by a policeman who cannot tell ether from alcohol; registered by a sergeant who hears her broken utterance with his elbows; she is an honest girl of no little refinement and breeding; finding herself in a cell, fancying herself disgraced forever, her brain still topsy-turvy, she tries to strangle herself with her garter. Why, man, I've known a woman do the same thing in coming out from the

effects of ether, after only pulling a tooth for her. She is put through the mill of the court in the morning with twenty drunkards and vagrants, and by this time she is on the Island."

"I must say you seem to me to have hatched up a very ingenious cock-and-bull story," said I, trying to reassure Fiducia, who was trembling and pallid with horror.

"Suggest a more reasonable hypothesis of the girl's absence yourself," said the Doctor.

"That challenge is too much for me," I rejoined. "At least, I will sift your theory without a moment's delay. For anything I know, I am the nearest approach to a friend the poor girl has in the city, and it is my duty to investigate the case. I will go down town to the station-house at once."

"I will go with you," exclaimed the warm-hearted, hot-headed little doctor.

So we arranged that Mrs. Forceps and the girls should go over and sit with Fiducia, to keep her company in our absence; and the Doctor and I sallied forth on the wildest night of the season, — horse-cars all taken off, snow-ploughs just giving up the contest, — for the walk down town. The fierceness of the storm seemed to contribute to the horrible apparitions he had conjured up; and by the time we reached the streets, not altogether lonely, we had both become about convinced in our own minds that Mary Mitchell had passed through terrors we dared not picture, and was at that moment going crazy in her cell at Deer Island.

The lieutenant in charge was urbane, as he always is, and ready to do all in his power for us. But neither his information nor that to be derived from the register was much more definite than the newspaper para-

graph: "Mary Miffin," was the entry, in the broad, subdivided page of the ledger, — "color, white; age, twenty-five; height, five feet four inches; born in Maine; hair, dark; offence, drunkenness; cell, No. 7; officer, Harris; remarks, tried to hang herself in the night; sentence, thirty days." That was all the book told us. If the doctor's theory was tenable, it might be our Mary Mitchell, for anything in the dry, soulless catalogue to contradict it. But the police officer did not look at the theory with much favor.

"What did she get from you, sir?" he had said, when we began our inquiries.

"She took nothing at all," I explained; "she is merely missing, not a thief."

"O, well, sir," said he, losing his interest somewhat; "if you've lost nothing, better let it alone. If a girl will run away and get drunk, better give her up as a bad lot, and try another."

"But if this is my girl," I remonstrated, "she has not got drunk at all. I suspect she was stupefied with ether, and turned out in the street."

The officer gave a long look at us, as nearly approaching to wonder as the countenance of a veteran policeman is capable of assuming, and then turned to attend to a miserable remnant of humanity who had come in out of the storm to seek the hospitality of his cheerless cells.

"Do you know whether this woman offered any explanation, any defence, when she was brought up in the court this morning?" inquired Forceps, when the almoner of the city's bounty was again at leisure.

"O, for the matter of that, probably not," said the officer. "Most of them just sit still in the dock, and if they say nothing it is taken for granted that they have nothing to say, and they are sent off at the rate of four a minute."

“When can I get down to the Island?” said I.

“You can go in the morning, of course, sir,” said he; “but if you ’ll take my advice, you will not trouble yourself about it. This woman must have been an old stager, or she would never have tried the garter business.”

“Will you tell me what time the boat leaves?” said I, a little impatient; for this man did not know Mary Mitchell, and I considered his advice an intrusion upon the ardor of our crusade in her behalf.

“The steamer will sail at nine o’clock, sir,” replied the officer, all dignified frigidity at once. “You will need a pass to go down. Here it is.”

He gave me a little card, the blanks of which he had filled up, and Dr. Forceps and I battled our way home again.

IV.

THE next morning my enthusiasm had a little cooled down, and I had begun to think respectfully of the police instinct, even in a matter of which the policeman might be said to know nothing. But Fiducia was at once ardent and logical, and pointed out that I had no proof that all might not have happened as Dr. Forceps’s rapid imagination had pictured it. So I started early, despatched the breakfast of toast and eggs we had prepared on the fire, which at last we had lighted, and had just time to run into the office for my letters before going to the wharf. At the office I found James Seek waiting to see me.

“Well, ’Squire,” said he, with that rusticity which he has never worn off, and which I think he affects as a desirable trait in his profession; “I reckon I have got track of that missing girl at last.”

“You don’t mean to say you have been looking for her, too,” said I, startled.

“But I fear she is married and out of the old gentleman’s reach,” continued the detective.

“O, pshaw! you mean Miss Wentworth,” said I. “I have not an instant to spare, — back by noon at latest”; and I rushed through the snowy streets to the wharf, and arrived just in time.

People who have been in the habit of taking dog-day excursions in the Rose Standish, or the venerable wheelbarrow that trundles to Nahant, can form little conception of the trip to Deer Island in December. If I had been going down as a convicted pickpocket, I should have gloated over a long term, if it had spared me the thought of coming back in winter. But as the whole expedition terminated in a blind alley, I will not weary the reader by a narrative of its terrors. Suffice it to say that I never fully sympathized with Dr. Kane until that day. I disembarked at last, and pushed my inquiries as guardedly as I could. After some formalities had been gone through with, Mary Mifflin was ushered into the little office, where I sat thawing my ear and shaking my tingling fingers. A great, hulking, coarse, blowsy wench, in whose history drunkenness might have been passed over as a comparatively trifling weakness, she was no more like the delicate damsel I sought than Claudius to King Hamlet. She came in all eagerness and curiosity; which, when she discovered that I had nothing to say but that I had made a mistake, changed into a scorn she was amply able to express.

“Did you want to adopt me, sonny?” she cried, in great glee, “or did you see me in the court and fall in love with me? Come, get up a petition and pardon me out, and I’ll come and keep house for ye.”

I know not how long the laughing superintendent might have permitted the wretch to go on; for I saw the boat about to start on her return trip, and made a hasty departure, not to be left behind. If the trip down the harbor was a taste of Nova Zembla, the journey back again, with my Quixotic mission and and its ending to reflect upon, was a positive glimpse of the North Pole. I stamped up and down the narrow deck full of wrath at the simplicity of Forceps, as if I had not shared it; and it was not till we had thrown our hawser to the wharf that my indignation had subsided enough to permit the recurring wonder, "Where was Mary Mitchell, then, all this time?" Even then, my personal sufferings seemed to overcome my feelings of interest on her account. I forgot even to notice that Seek did not keep the implied appointment of my parting words to him; and when I reached home at dinner-time I was grinding my teeth with disgust at the ridiculous story I had to tell Fiducia, whom I pictured waiting in breathless anxiety for the result of my mission of rescue.

V.

WHAT was my surprise, therefore, to find that usually staid little lady fairly dancing with delight, which sparkled in her eyes and twinkled in her lips.

"What do you think I have found, Dick, — and in the flour-barrel all this time?"

"Don't keep me in suspense," I exclaimed, snatching her hand; for at the moment an absurd image of some mangled remains stored in our prosaic pantry, as the climax to a horrid tragedy, or some new version of the old story of Ginevra in her oaken chest, flashed across my mind.

“Why, a note from her, to be sure,” cried Fiducia, talking at lightning speed. “She thought the first thing we should do when the housework fell on our hands was to open the flour-barrel, so she pinned it in there; and we, lazy children that we are, have never cooked so much as a biscuit till to-day. But who do you guess she is, Dick?”

“I have been guessing on her conundrums too long,” said I, almost savagely. “Tell me what apology the baggage made for deserting us.”

“The baggage is a runaway heiress, my love. Read that!”

So, with a brain almost dazed, I read it:—

“DEAR MADAM: Do not imagine I should ever have left you so *clandestinely*, but that I heard your husband read the letter from my father, which showed they were acquainted. I feared by telling you (as I had before that intended to do when the time came), to *betray all*. When you find this to-night I shall be George Barlow’s *wife*; and my *unkind* father can do nothing more which I shall *fear*. I long to see you with the *mask* off, to explain how I was compelled to deceive you, and to thank you for many *kindnesses* while I hid from my pursuers as your maid. If you can forgive the deceit I have *unwillingly* practised, we shall be happy to see your husband and yourself any time this week at the Revere House.

“MARY MITCHELL WENTWORTH.”

“By Jove!” was all I could say.

“But why do you look so solemn over it, Dick?” said Fiducia. “I am sure I think it is splendid. I never heard of so much spirit in my life.”

“You forget old David Wentworth,” said I. “What will he say when he knows I have hid his daughter in

my kitchen all the time he has been scouring the city for her with detectives?"

"Never mind him," said Fiducia, tartly. "What should we have done if my father had set his face against you in that obstinate style?"

"At least you could never have rivalled Miss Wentworth as a cook, if you had been forced to such an expedient," said I.

"How do you know that, Mr. Sceptic?" replied my wife. "Come and partake of the chicken I have fricasseed for you, and say that again if you dare. I want you to go with me this very night to call on Mr. and Mrs. George Barlow. See, here is the marriage in this evening's paper."

So go we did; and the bride received us as sweetly, and withal as simply, as she had received our visitors in my little entry. Fred Greenleaf came in while we were there. Barlow was an old chum of his, and his congratulations became doubly hearty when he found out who was his friend's wife and how she had been won. We heard the odd story a dozen times in different words; but as the reader has guessed its purport already, it need not be rehearsed here in detail. The fugitive heiress had learned of her lover's necessary absence only when it was too late to return home without humiliation. She knew the prompt measures her stern old father would set on foot for her discovery, so she resolved to seek complete concealment through the medium of an intelligence office. As soon as Barlow had been able to get released from the order which summoned him to the capital, he had returned, and she had joined him half an hour before they were married. A skilful and veteran dentist, a few blocks from the office of Dr. Forceps, had relieved her, on the way, of one of those persistent pains which

will disturb the happiest hour of human existence. Her departure from us had been made after the French fashion, as has been explained, only because she had discovered in me one of the very "bloodhounds of the law" from whom she was hiding. I never should have told her — but Fiducia did — how I looked for her among the guests of the city in the mansion by the sea, when I might have found her in the very apartments which the municipal hospitality assigns to such visitors as General Sheridan and the Prince of Wales. I felt almost rewarded for my freezing journey by the smile with which Mrs. George Barlow thanked me for the solicitude I felt for her who had been so few days my housemaid.

The bride and bridegroom insisted upon our taking our Christmas dinner with them next day, especially as there was no cook at home to prepare our own feast. Fred Greenleaf was of the party; and I bore an invitation to Dr. Forceps, — a slight acknowledgment of the zeal which prompted his night expedition with me, — which family and professional calls prevented his accepting. The table was spread in the young couple's own apartments; and Mrs. Barlow presided with a queenly grace in which I could see the same noble simplicity of manner that had seemed so admirable in our housemaid. After all, it is the same great quality of womanliness which is the highest attribute of a woman in every station of life. There was but one shade over the jollity of the banquet, in the thought of the sad, fierce old millionaire in his angry loneliness at Wentworthville. But I am glad to say that even that shadow passed away with the coming of the summer. The old gentleman accepted the inevitable, as such fathers in fact and fiction usually do; discovered many

good points in his son-in-law; burned the new will, and sent the other document back to slumber in my safe in Court Street. So far from bearing us any malice for our innocent share in the success of his daughter's escapade, he has invited us to take our Christmas dinner this year, with Mary and George, at his family mansion in Wentworthville.

MARRYING A PICKPOCKET.

RALPH will persist — most mischievously, as I say — in telling the children all sorts of nonsensical stories about it; never the simple truth, but always some absurd fable or other, full of extravagance, which only stimulates their curiosity. No sooner is he out of the house than Edgar or Belle, or both together, will march up to me with the gravest of little faces, and the solemn inquiry, "Did you really pick somebody's pocket, mamma?" or, "Did papa really find you in the old ugly Black Maria wagon?" and of course they are not old enough to understand the actual story, or to remember it rightly if I were to tell them a dozen times over. So I think, as I have thought many times before, that I will write it all down just as it happened, "nothing extenuate," as Mr. Booth says at the theatre; and then the dear boy and girl will never get a wrong fancy in their heads; for I might lose in time the vivid remembrance of every incident of it which I have now; and as to Ralph, I think he has made so many fanciful additions from time to time, all in fun, that he might almost begin to believe some of them were true.

We read almost every day in the newspapers of worthy old ladies and gentlemen, who, at threescore and ten, take their first ride by railroad, after living all their lives within hearing of the locomotive whistle, or who die without ever having tried the experiment, or even seeing a train of cars. So I suppose it is not altogether incredible, and perhaps not so very discreditable, that I, Mary Gilman, had grown to be a woman at the foot of a mountain from whose summit the dome of Boston State House can be seen in a clear day, and yet had never taken a nearer view of it, nor, indeed, set foot in any city whatever. I had no business to take me from home; journeys for pleasure were rare with the hard-working residents of our neighborhood, busy as they were through the summer, and snow-bound in winter; and my mother had always said, "Another time, child," when I had teased to be allowed to go with Uncle John on his quarterly trips to replenish the stock of his little store. Now I was alone in the world; my mourning clothes were almost worn out; the school term was over, and the money for teaching ten weeks — thirty dollars — was in my pocket; and I had answered an advertisement in the "Journal," and secured a position as an assistant, at a much better salary, in a high school in a large manufacturing town in Maine. To get there I must pass through Boston; and I had studied myself into a headache over a railroad guide, and had ascertained that, by taking an early morning train, I could reach that city in time to leave it at noon on an eastward train, and be at my destination before dark.

So I had all my worldly goods in my trunk twenty-four hours in advance; spent the last day in bidding good by to old family friends, as well as to the little people to whose education I had devoted my last

year, and the pleasant households with which I had boarded in rapid succession during the last term; and in the gray winter morning I took my seat in the "jumper," which replaced the lumbering stage-coach of summer, and was driven across the creaking snow to the station. I was not sorry that there was not a person I knew waiting there for the same train; for I was old-fashioned enough in those days to like to enjoy first sensations alone, and I felt quite in the mood of a daring discoverer at the thought of making my way to Boston and through it on my own responsibility.

"I suppose I have plenty of time to take the 12.20 train from the Maine station?" said I, when the urbane conductor vouchsafed me ten seconds or so of his precious time, to take the ticket I held in readiness for him.

"12.20 train taken off, ma'am," said he; "change of time last week."

I almost felt my courage taking wing at this first obstacle to the easy programme I had marked out; but I retained enough of it to snatch at this hurried official the next time he passed me, with the query when the next train would start for Portland.

"2.45, ma'am," said he, as placidly as before.

After a brisk resort to the mental arithmetic which had lately filled so large a share in my daily life, I felt reassured. Two hours and a half lost would still carry me to my destination in season to find the committee-man who had secured my boarding-place for me, before he would be likely to be inaccessible. Two hours and a half in Boston would give scope for an amount of agreeable exploration and adventure I had not dared to hope for. I had read in some philosophical newspaper paragraph that the first requisite

of a good traveller is coolness; so I rose above the condition of worrying, and amused myself with a study of the faces and manners of my fellow-passengers.

In the seat before me was a happy young mother with her baby, which, notwithstanding the early hour at which it must have been taken from its cradle, never once intruded its voice upon the attention of its elders, but slept and smiled with wonderful amiability. Behind me were a couple on easy flirtation terms, who took no pains to keep their conversation from my ears, and varied the tedium of the trip by the excitement of a bet of a pair of gloves as to whether the baby in front of them was a boy or a girl. Across the aisle was an old lady, who, I was pleased to perceive, asked the reticent conductor more questions than I did, and always had an inquiry ready to intercept his every transit through the car. And so the complement was made up of all the inevitable characters—so new to me in those days—whom my subsequent travelling experiences have taught me to look for in every railway journey.

About half an hour before noon we arrived at the Boston station, and my heart had thrilled at the recognition of the plain shaft on Bunker Hill as we passed over the water to reach the city. I suffered myself to be captured by a hackman, and taken across the town to Haymarket Square, for the sake of getting my trunk there; and I can remember to this day how strange looked the high brick walls, the brilliant shop-windows, the hurrying crowds that have since become such familiar objects, as I peered, half sick with loneliness but excited with the novelty of the scene, from the windows of the carriage. I think it all appeared more wonderful to me then, fresh

from the country as I was, than a glimpse of Jeddo or Peking would now. Even the people seemed like foreigners, as they rushed along with inexplicable haste close beside me; and the signs furnished reading as interesting as a novel.

This taste of the sights of the city, I suppose, made the quiet of the Maine station particularly tedious to me. I could not check my trunk until half an hour before the train would leave; but I could leave it with entire safety in the baggage-room, my hackman told me, and I myself saw him deposit it there, and noted the spot. I ate my lunch—a sandwich and a slice of sponge-cake—in the waiting-room; and as I read the inscription, “Beware of Pickpockets,” which hung by the ticket-office window, I remember mentally congratulating myself that I had put all my store of money, except enough for the needs of the journey, safely in my trunk. Ralph has told me since that that was the beginning of my follies, and the fruitful source of all my woes; but I thought at the time it was a remarkable piece of womanly prudence. At least, it relieved me of my anxiety, as I resolved to spend the two hours at my command in rambling about the city; and I set forth with a stout heart and eager anticipations of pleasure.

I paused, however, at the threshold, and looked upon the noisy tumult of the square, thinking whether I had any special point to aim at. I knew but one person in the city,—a Mr. Churchill, who had paid a hunting and fishing visit to our village in the summer, had extended his stay far beyond his original purpose, had visited my little school, and had left his photograph in my keeping when he came, in a merry mood, to say good by. Decidedly, I should like to see Mr. Churchill; but, decidedly, I would not go to his office

to call upon him. Perhaps I might meet him. I had noted the windows of Washington Street, as I rode through, as offering the most positive attractions; so I determined to go there for my walk, and, if I saw Court Street by the way, to look up and down the walls for the strip of board which Mr. Churchill had told me indicated his office there.

A burly policeman gave me the right direction, with a courtesy and clearness which made me set down a mental credit-mark very near the maximum standard of a hundred, as I used to grade my pupils at school, for the whole class to which he belonged. By dint of long waiting at the crossings till a wide gap should appear in the endless processions of teams, and frequent questions when I found myself getting astray in the confusing labyrinths of a part of the city in which now, as a resident, I often get puzzled, I made my way to Washington Street, and speedily plunged into the delights of bookstore windows and millinery windows with an enjoyment only interrupted by inspections of my watch about once in ten minutes, in my nervous fear lest I should overstay my limit. I walked around the Old State House, and fixed, by a combined effort of memory and imagination, upon the very spot which must have been stained by the blood of the Boston Massacre, so familiar to my mind from frequent listening to parrot-like recitations of its history as coldly told in the school-books. I stopped a full minute to look at Mr. Whipple's revolving-sun, — now only a memory of the past, — until people trod on my skirts, and the expressmen stopped to smile at my curiosity, as they trundled their bundles and boxes in and out of the office close by. Every little incident of that hour is photographed upon my mind, as the trifles often are that go before a great calamity or a serious fright; but it is not worth while

to recall them all here. I saw Mr. Churchill's gilt sign under a window on Court Street; but I did not see his bright face under any one of the countless black hats which swept by me as I strolled up the street. At last it was one o'clock, and I thought at the next corner I would turn back, and so have plenty of time to reach the station.

The window at which I had paused as I made this resolution was the most florid and the most persistent in its appeals to the public that I had seen. Its contents clamored for attention, with great placards in staring letters, "A Few More Left—only Seventy-five Cents," and equally alluring inscriptions, attached to yellow chains and lockets which, in my innocence, I should have fancied to be of the finest gold, had they thus not proclaimed their own baseness. Vases that looked like porcelain, statuettes that looked like bronze, chessmen that looked like ivory, trumpeted forth their inferior material by similar ostentatious announcements of cheapness. Strings of beads and toy tea-sets, cases of soap and packs of playing-cards, babies' rattles and old folks' spectacles, mingled in the heterogeneous assortment; and little boys on the sidewalk thrust handbills into my fingers, to assure me that the entire stock was to be sold off at an alarming sacrifice on account of removal. But it was none of those temptations which led me on to my fate and made me enter the shop. It was a paper doll that hung in the window, with her wardrobe beside her, all in a single sheet, ready for the cutting out,—just what would fill with unbounded delight the soul of little Susy Whiting, the one member of my deserted flock who had actually been moved to tears at the news of my going away. My heart seemed to be turned anew towards Susy by the chilly, unsympa-

thizing rush of the throng which swept past me; and when I thought how easily this addition to her scanty family of rag-babies could be sent to her in a letter, I hurried in to secure it.

The shop was so crowded — with women almost exclusively — that I made my way to the counter with difficulty; and I clutched my pocket-book tightly as the sight of a policeman at the door reminded me of the caution posted at the railroad station. The young women behind the counter were busy as bees, and I waited patiently fully five minutes for my turn.

A sudden scream startled me; and the lady standing next me turned round, all flushed and half frantic, with the exclamation: —

“My money! O, my money is gone!”

The attendant behind the counter, and all the customers in that part of the shop, crowded around with eager inquiries; and the policeman was there in an instant, putting quick, curt questions. There seemed no prospect of my getting immediate attention for the little purchase I contemplated; and, thinking at the moment only of the lapse of time and the distance through strange streets to the station, I turned to go without Susy’s paper doll, — committing thereby, my acute husband informs me, blunder number two.

“Please wait a minute, miss,” said the blue-coated officer. “The lady has only missed her money a minute; it may not have got out of the store. Just keep that door shut, will you,” — this to another man who had joined him.

“I assure you, sir,” said I, committing I know not how serious an error in my amazement and consternation, “I am on my way to a train.”

“Going to a train, eh?” rejoined the policeman, with a perceptible diminution in the tone of respect

he had used at first; "seems to me I have heard just such a story before. Do you think you can tell who took it, ma'am?"

The lady who had lost the money—rather an elderly person, with sharp, unattractive features—seemed greatly flustered by the incident.

"O dear, O dear, no such thing ever happened to me before," said she, talking at telegraph speed, and at intervals thrusting her hand again and again into the depths of her pocket, as if the thief might have left a glove there, or as if she expected her purse to reappear by magic. "I had it but a moment ago. It must have been this woman who stood next me."

Full of wrath and bewilderment as I was at this abominable accusation, the tears did not come to my eyes as they usually do at moments of excitement. I seemed rather dazed and stunned by the interruption to my sight-seeing, and perhaps I looked calm outwardly to the group who were scrutinizing my features as if I were already on exhibition in some rogues' gallery.

"You will have to be examined, ma'am," said the policeman. "If you will step to the rear of the store, it will only take a second. You will please come also,"—to the lady whose loss had occasioned my misfortune,—"I may want to take your name and address."

"I am entirely willing," said I, quite rejoiced at a suggestion which promised my immediate exculpation; "only pray do not detain me longer than is necessary."

But as I moved to follow in the direction indicated, something fell to the floor. It was a morocco pocket-book. Half a dozen hands hastened to pick it up.

"You see you have merely dropped your money,"

said I to my feminine accuser, already beginning to assume the haughtiness of vindicated innocence.

"Not a bit of it," said Officer Knox. (I was destined to learn his name soon after.) "There is not a cent of money in this wallet. How much is there missing, Mrs. ——?"

"Mrs. James Proctor is my name, and I live in Ames Place. There was sixty dollars in the wallet, and some small silver, and a gold eagle."

"I shall feel it necessary to take you to the station," said the policeman, addressing me again. "There is no call to search you here. You see, ma'am," turning to Mrs. Proctor again, "it is not probable she has the money on her. They work in pairs, generally, and when this one took your money she passed it directly to her pal, who would make off with it at once. I saw a woman pass out rather hastily, just before you sung out."

"This is too much," I exclaimed, gathering courage for one desperate effort. "I never saw the woman who went out, but I presume she was the thief. She must have dropped the wallet into my skirts. My name is Mary Gilman; I am a school-teacher from the country, and a stranger here. Your mistake will make me lose my train."

The officer's face showed no more sign of attention to my remonstrance than did the bright buttons on his coat.

"Will you be so good as to come to the station in half an hour," said he to Mrs. Proctor. "You will merely have to state the case to the captain of the district."

"You see it is your duty to the community, ma'am," put in another of the group of ladies who clustered around us: "if you have no chance of getting your

money back, you should feel obliged to bring the thief to justice for the security of the rest of us."

Mrs. Proctor wavered. Abstract justice seemed a very trivial thing to her by the side of her sixty dollars.

"It is by no means certain that the money is gone beyond recovery yet," said Officer Knox, reassuring her. "When this woman is fairly frightened by seeing she is going to be dealt with, she will be very likely to offer terms, and put you in the way of getting it all back again. It is more often done so than to bring the case into court."

So to the habit of bargaining with crime, which was rife even then, but which the newspapers have only lately begun to talk about, I owed the persistence of my accuser.

"I will come there directly," she said to the policeman; "and if the money is got back," in a whisper, "the gold eagle shall be yours for your energy in assisting me."

In the midst of the tumult of thoughts and emotions suggested by my dreadful predicament, I remember thinking that the real pickpocket they took me for was not a whit worse morally than these honest people conspiring for their common advantage. But Mr. Knox, in his imposing uniform, probably cared little for my good or ill opinion. He offered me his arm, with the same politeness which I had seen his comrades of the force showing to the ladies they escorted across the snowy street. "Not that, at least," said I; "let me walk before you or behind you; you need not fear my running away." For I had made up my mind that Officer Knox was too stupid to be reasoned with to advantage. "Surely," thought I, "the captain he speaks of will have pene-

tration enough to see that his captive is not a thief. A word of explanation in an unprejudiced ear will at once release me from this ridiculous dilemma. It must be that, after twenty odd years of staid New England life, I have enough of manifest respectability about me to satisfy a captain of police." So I walked rapidly through the streets, in the direction which my captor indicated, he following close behind me, with an apparent unconsciousness of my presence for which I was deeply thankful. He was sufficiently near, at the corner of every intersecting street, to show me that there was no hope of escape by sudden flight, if I had contemplated such a wild manœuvre; and in the midst of all my crowded thoughts as to the methods to be taken to make my honesty clear, there hummed over and over again in my mind, like the burden of some old song, the words, "Driven like a lamb to the slaughter,— driven like a lamb to the slaughter."

"Here we are," in the gruff voice of my guide, interrupted my musings, and scattered my half-formed plans and carefully elaborated sentences of explanation into chaos again. We ascended a short flight of steps, and entered a room wainscoted to the ceiling, in which a row of staves, caps, and blue coats, hung against the wall, suggested to my distempered fancy the night policemen here suspended to take their rest in seemly erectness and uniformity. Behind a wooden railing sat a tall, burly man with a prodigious length of preternaturally black beard, which he caressed and smoothed, with a fat, white, ringed hand, unceasingly during my whole acquaintance with him.

"Ah, Knox, what now?" said this personage, looking through me at the wall behind, with entire ease and overwhelming dignity.

"Big thing, Cap," said my policeman, entirely forestalling my purpose of stating my own case before an unprejudiced mind. "Party caught picking a pocket in a store on my beat. Pal, dressed in black like this one, made off with the plunder before I could lay hands on her. Empty wallet thrown away by this one when I proposed to search her. Lady coming here presently to identify her. Sixty dollars in bills gone, and some small silver."

"O most discreet schemer," thought I, with all my horror at this succinct statement, "to avoid all mention of your promised eagle!"

"If you please, sir," I began, when the curtain of beard and mustache parted, ever so slightly, with the question, "Seen her before, Knox?"

"Had my eye on her for several days, Cap. Always keeps her veil down, but know her by her general rig and build. Think she is lately from New York."

(Ralph says it is a part of the professional police etiquette to have known everybody before. But I thought at the time it was a deliberate lie.)

"Will you hear me a moment, sir?" said I, with a forced calmness that was anything but real, and I presume deceived nobody. "This is all a most silly mistake. I am a school-teacher, never in the city till to-day in my life, and going to Maine this afternoon. I know no more of this robbery than you do."

"We always take down these things in order, ma'am," said the serene official, opening a huge ledger, and substituting his left hand for his right in the task of stroking his flowing whiskers, while he picked up a stumpy pen. "What is your name?"

"Mary Gilman."

"Age?"

I told him.

“Where born?”

“Massachusetts.”

“Not a person of color, I see,” murmured the captain, as he jotted down something in each of the ruled-off columns. “Charge, picking a pocket, you say. Officer Knox. Complainant?”

“Mrs. Proctor, of Ames Place,” said Mr. Knox, promptly.

“Now, ma’am, probably it would be pleasanter for you to empty your own pockets,” said the superior officer, passing both hands alternately down his superb cascade of whisker, and gazing lovingly at the scintillations of a diamond thus set off to advantage. “You can pass the things right over to this desk; and if there is anything more you want to say, I’ll hear it.”

I began to detest this man, imperturbable, glassy, self-satisfied as he was, more than I did his blundering, impulsive subordinate. But there was nothing to do but to obey him. I took from my pocket my wallet, my handkerchief, the key to my trunk, with its long, blue ribbon, my little bottle of ammonia.

“There is very little more to say than I have already told you. I left my home, fifty miles from here, this morning, on my way to Maine, where I have a school engaged. I left my trunk at the station, and was merely taking an hour’s walk before the train should leave, when this man pounced upon me. The pocket-book must have been dropped in a fold of my skirt by the thief as she left the store.

“Have you any friends in Boston?”

I hesitated. I need not set down all the reasons why I did not desire, in my present plight, to send a policeman to Mr. Churchill. Had I liked him less, or known him better, I might have done it earlier. But

I could not yet believe my condition so desperate as to require this remedy.

"There is nobody whom I wish to disturb about this matter."

"You will see, Mr. Knox, more and more, the longer you remain in the force," proceeded the captain, most deliberately,—the white hand sailing down the black ripples more luxuriously than ever,—"you will see how incapable these people are of making up a tolerable story. Let them be ever so smart in their regular line of business, their lies are always clumsy." I clutched the railing involuntarily, but the men regarded me no more than they did their spectral comrades on the pegs in the wall. "Now, this party has done very well,—very well, indeed. But just look at it. She is on her way to Maine to stay several months, and she has only six dollars in her pocket-book,—barely enough for a ticket. She has left her trunk at the depot, but she has not provided herself with a baggage check. She is out for a walk only, and you catch her a mile from the depot in a crowded store. She hangs fire when I ask for her Boston acquaintance. It seems as if any one ought to have done better, Knox; but they are all the same. You can put her in No. 9, Knox. Your property will be quite safe, Mary Gilman, in this drawer." The captain unfolded a copy of the "Herald," which a boy had just brought, and put his polished boots on the railing.

I am afraid I exhibit myself in the eyes of my children as having been a girl of very little spirit. I did not audibly resent the police captain's very logical and professional analysis of my folly and falsehood. If I thought anything at all in the bewilderment of the hour, it was that dignity on my part would impress

my persecutors more than any display of wrath. But my dignity was thrown away. Officer Knox took down a key from a row of them that hung just inside the railing, and, in obedience to his gesture, I followed him from the room to the door of the cell designated for me. One glance at its gratings, its chilly floor, its neat, narrow bunk, dispelled all my fastidiousness as to means of rescue.

"Will you go for me," said I, "to Mr. R. H. Churchill's office, in Court Street, and ask him to come to me for a moment?"

"Now you begin to talk," replied my custodian. "I am glad you have had the sense to give up that school-teacher story at last. But Churchill has got mostly beyond this branch of business. I haven't seen him in our court for a year or more."

"If you will speak to him as I ask you, I think he will come to see me."

"Well, perhaps, if it is an old client, he will make an exception in your favor and defend the case. Shall I tell him the same name you gave here?"

I hesitated again. I saw the honest officer chuckle at my pause for reflection, as a new proof of his own sagacity. But should I present myself to Mr. Churchill in such distorted character as this officer might give me? It seemed better to tell him the whole story myself. "You need not give him my name at all," said I: "simply say that a lady whom he knows wishes to see him at the station on very pressing business, — not as a lawyer, but as a friend."

"Just as you please," said Officer Knox; and then the door swung into its place, the great key was turned, and I was left alone. There was no window, but a sort of twilight came into the cell through the door. I threw off my bonnet, pressed my hands to my

brows, and sat on the edge of the little berth to think. If I had a volume at my disposal, I could fill it all in telling what I thought in the few moments I spent in this way. I remembered shutting little Freddy Lee in the wood-closet of the school-room a week before, because I could not find it in my heart to give the slender boy a severer punishment, and how pale he looked when I released him. I tried to remember what sentence was given to pickpockets, and where was the prison to which they were sent. I wondered whether judges and juries looked at innocent people through such spectacles as blinded the eyes of the policemen. I wondered where the guilty woman was with Mrs. Proctor's money. And as memory and conjecture were thus busy confusing each other in their eagerness, the door opened again, and the hideously familiar face and buttons of the patrol gleamed before my eyes in the passage-way.

"Sorry to say Mr. Churchill is not in his office. May not be back to-day; and his boy says he is going for a visit to the country to-morrow, to be gone a week."

This news seemed hardly more than a fresh drop in the full bucket of my despair. I felt relief rather than additional woe when Officer Knox continued: "Mrs. Proctor is here. She is going away to-morrow, too, and if she is to appear in court it must be this afternoon. So, as the court happens to be in session, I will take you right over, and have this thing disposed of at once. It can't make any difference to you anyway, as I see."

"By all means, let us have it over as soon as possible," said I, tying on my bonnet again with trembling fingers.

"Nothing you want to say to me before you go in,

I suppose," said the officer, looking at me through eyes half closed.

"Nothing but to thank you for doing my errand."

"O, very well, I like your pluck," he replied. "You know you won't have another chance to make an advantageous arrangement for getting the money back."

I said nothing in reply to this further hint; and the agent of the law stalked below me into the outer room again. I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Proctor leaving it for the court-house. The captain had lighted a cigar; but the task of watching its fumes left his hands and beard still free for their endearments. He did not once look at me as I stood waiting before him, while Mr. Knox gathered up my possessions from the drawer and thrust them into his own capacious pocket. Then we left the captain, and I never saw him more.

I could not have told whether my guide and I had walked a mile or two rods when our destination was reached. All was a blur before my eyes. Streets and alleys, stairs and passage-ways, were all alike to my dulled consciousness, until I found myself in a sort of pit, so walled and railed about that I could see nothing but the ceiling overhead; while I knew from the murmurs which reached my ears that there was a room full of people just outside the barrier, before whom I was destined to appear by ascending a short flight of steps. At the head of these steps stood a man all rags and tatters, volubly explaining to listeners outside some charge against himself, but speaking in a brogue so rich that I thought at first he used a foreign tongue. Officer Knox had disappeared, but presently I saw his face over the railing above, and he seemed to whisper to me, "You come next." Then

the oration of my ragged comrade in misfortune came to a pause, as I thought for want of breath; but a period was put to it by the announcement in a clear voice, I could not see from whom, "Four months, House of Industry"; and the fellow, his face grinning as if rather pleased than otherwise at his fate, turned and descended the steps to a seat by my side.

The summons to myself, which I had braced myself to answer bravely, did not follow. There seemed, as well as I could judge from the murmur that reached me, to be some unusual interruption in the proceedings of the court. One or two people came and peeped at me curiously over the walls of my den, and disappeared again. Presently I thought I heard my own name, and in a voice that sent a great thrill of delight to my heart. The shrinking horror at the idea of being seen which had before beset me departed; conquered by my own curiosity, I crept cautiously up the steps until I could just see over the wooden barrier at the top. There, talking eagerly with a gray-haired man who occupied the most elevated seat in the room, was indeed Mr. Churchill. In his hand was my pocket-book, and the little photograph of himself that he had given me, and which had lain hitherto undisturbed in one of the compartments of the wallet. Close by stood Officer Knox, perplexity and chagrin chasing each other over his countenance. Manifestly my champion had arisen, and was fighting my battle in his own way, without having notified me of his interference. As I looked, Mr. Knox stepped gingerly across the room and consulted gloomily with Mrs. Proctor, who sat opposite me. The judge made a gesture of approval, and fell back into his cushioned chair. Mr. Churchill turned towards me, discovered my eyes watching him over the railing, and in a

moment had snapped back the bolt of the little door, descended the steps, and grasped my hands.

I had no eloquent speech ready for him, like the rescued heroines of the novels. I only said, "O Mr. Churchill!"

"Not a word, Mary Gilman, till we are out of this hole."

He opened the door by which I had been ushered in, and while the stentorian voice of some clerk above us declared the court adjourned, he hurried me out, and, putting my arm in his, led me at breathless speed through the building and the street, in at another door and up stairs again, seating me at last in an easy-chair in his office.

"Tommy," he said, to an urchin disturbed from a luxurious nap by this movement, "go to the post-office and wait until the mail is assorted."

Tommy was off at the word; and then Mr. Churchill, pacing up and down the room as he spoke, relieved his mind in his fashion.

"Upon my word, Miss Gilman, this is a charming scrape I find you in. Don't speak a word. You must be half frightened to death by your adventure. Let me tell you how I discovered you, while you cool down, and then you can tell me what I do not already know of your story. Most accidental thing in the world that I happened into that courtroom. Have n't been inside the door before for a year. I sauntered in, casually took up some prisoner's property on the desk, and was amazed by the discovery of your name in the pocket-book, and this most flattering portrait to assure me it was no other Mary Gilman but yourself that owned it. Of course, my first thought was that your pocket had been picked. But when I went with my

inquiries to the policeman, I found that, by some incredibly stupid blunder, he had arrested yourself in the place of some cunning thief. I thought it not worth while to disturb you until I had relieved you of all embarrassment; and by giving my personal assurance of your entire superiority to any such suspicion, I obtained a reprimand for Mr. Policeman, and your immediate release on his withdrawal of the charge against you."

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and Officer Knox appeared. His haughty aspect had vanished, and he seemed like the convicted thief in the presence of his judge.

"Beg pardon, sir," he began, "I merely brought Miss Gilman's key and things, that were left on the court-room table. I hope, Miss, that you will not bear malice against me for this unlucky mistake. We have to be very suspicious in our line, and to doubt appearances; and that old woman was so sure it was you. She says now she remembers her pocket was on the other side, and that it was the woman who went out before she spoke that stood next her on the right."

"Well, well, sir," said Mr. Churchill, almost fiercely, "bother us no more about it."

The forgiveness I was about to offer to the contrite officer was prevented by his abrupt departure upon this admonition.

"If it were not for the loss of my train, I do not think I should regret the whole affair very deeply," said I. "It will be something to laugh about for a lifetime, when I have got over the shock of fright and annoyance."

"What train have you lost, pray, and where are you bound?" inquired Mr. Churchill.

I told him as succinctly as I could of my destination, and the plan and purpose of my journey.

"By Jupiter! Miss Gilman, you have time enough for the train yet. It is only twenty minutes of three and we can get to the station in four minutes. Will you try it?"

Of course I was ready, though unable at first to believe that events which had seemed so long had really passed so quickly. We went through the streets at a pace I never had ventured upon in the country, but not much faster than the city habit. Mr. Churchill found and checked my trunk, while I secured a seat on the train. I noticed that he did not accept my words of inadequate gratitude and good by as final; but I did not suspect that he was to accompany me, till he took the seat by my side as the cars left the station.

"You are too kind, Mr. Churchill," said I: "you must not undertake this journey on my account, especially if, as I heard from your office when I sent to you, you are going to-morrow into the country."

"I have given up that trip," replied the gentleman, very placidly. "Since I decided to make it the rural districts have lost their charm for me."

I am not going to set down all the conversation of that railway ride for my children to read, and perhaps I may as well stop here as anywhere. Mr. Churchill escorted me to my journey's end, and returned to Boston by the night train. The story I proposed to tell is told; and the children know just how much and how little their father means when he tells them jocosely about marrying a pickpocket. They are both too sensible to allow it to prejudice them against the sagacity of policemen in general; for they both remember how when Edgar tumbled into the Frog Pond last summer, and Belle could do nothing but

scream, Officer Knox, now a veteran and most efficient member of the force, popped up most opportunely to the rescue ; and they have not forgotten what a whistle of delight he gave when the dripping boy — whom he had wrapped in his own coat — told him he was to be carried to his father's, Mr. Ralph Churchill's, on the other side of the Public Garden. Mr. Knox took that occasion to renew his apologies, interrupted ten years before, for a blunder made when he was new to his work ; and I learned from him then that Mrs. Proctor never recovered her money.

THE END.

